

# In My Eyez

## Phora

He just wanna be recognized by the OGs  
And spray paint in the alleyway while he smokes weed  
Middle finger up like, "Fuck the judge and the police"  
Runnin' through the streets late nights, so we don't sleep  
He went to work, stashed his Glocks, said, "Look out for the cops"  
All he ever knew was the streets, always out on the block  
As he pours a little liquor for his homies to pass  
He starts to wonder how long it'll last  
He never pray to God 'cause he ain't get no answer  
All he feels God did was give his grandma cancer  
Only faith he had left was his Glock 9  
Hustled on the corner, tag his name on the stop sign  
No mercy for his enemies  
Agony and ecstasy  
The only thing that ever made his heart warm was the Hennessy  
He sipped from the bottom until the last drop  
And he says, "Sorry mama, but I just can't stop, I can't stop," look  
Yeah, he ran the streets stuck in one time  
R.I.P. tat for his homie who just died  
He done went to 16 funerals by 17  
One his 18th birthday all he needed was one 9  
With 20 in the clip, that's how you survive in the streets he was from  
Only way to stay alive just tryna see 21  
For his homies, he'd ride for 'em  
His homies, he'd die for 'em  
Ain't scared of death 'cause he knows eventually it'll come  
Flowers and candles, filled a memorial on his street  
In memory of his boy that got shot last week  
He left behind two little girls  
He had a family—they'd gather here every night in hopes that God might speak  
The whole time he had—murder on his mind  
All he thought was payback and loaded up his 9 and  
Got with his boys, and he hopped inside the whip  
Went to an enemy spot and started shootin' out the ride and  
It's hard to say if it's wrong or right  
And now he's behind bars with a case to fight  
'Cause in the end, nobody wins  
No matter what situation, it's never your job to take a life  
I had to visit you 'cause your moms don't wanna see you this way  
I pray to God every night to fight your demons away  
I just feel like I'm losin' you, homie  
Can't you see what they doin'? They just usin' you, man, they foolin' you, homie

The streets don't love us, man, they never did  
Always so worried 'bout death that we can't ever live  
See, the streets got you brainwashed, they fuckin' with ya head  
That's when he looked at me and said  
"I lost my only two brothers to the streets that I rep  
Besides, my mom is the only fam I really got left  
The only family I ever had  
They treated me like a son, I ain't have a dad  
See, the streets taught me loyalty, respect, and how to live by a code  
They never taught me no different, this is all that I know  
Even though your pops was crazy and he wasn't always there  
Even though he made mistakes, homie, that motherfucker cares  
See, I can't say the same about mine, homie  
Really I could give two fucks if he died, homie  
After the way that he beat my mother, he ain't never love us  
That motherfucker's already dead in my eyes, homie"  
I told him, "A real man stands up on his own  
And doesn't need a fuckin' gang to have his back 'cause he's grown  
I know you think nobody cares, but man, that ain't true  
Your mom's already lost two men, she can't lose you  
You think these cats would do the same for you?  
Think they'd take the blame for you?  
Think these motherfuckers would put they family through pain for you?  
Where is your hood at when it's all said and done?  
You ain't pull a trigger when that bullet shot from that gun  
Takin' the blame 'cause you don't wanna snitch, dog, is you dumb?  
Takin' care of your moms makes you gangster, not where you from  
Dog, is you dumb?  
Takin' care of your moms makes you gangster, not where you from"  
He said, "It's kill or be killed, understand that shit  
I got accessory to murder, dog, they planned that shit  
How dare you come visit me and act like you better  
Motherfucker, we from the same place, I can't stand that shit  
You always preach God, but do you really believe in Him?  
If we all sinners, man, what the fuck do we mean to Him?  
Either He don't exist or the Devil is beatin' Him  
When my grandma was down, where was God when she needed Him?  
You can go your own way, but this the life for me  
Don't call, don't visit, and don't write to me  
We all sin, you know better than the next man  
You ain't God, you can't tell me what's wrong or right for me  
Some people meant to win, I was meant to fail  
Some people meant for Heaven, I was meant for Hell  
Some people meant to live and be free, but not me  
Been in this system since 7, I was meant for jail  
I guess nobody is perfect  
Tell my mama, I'm sorry, but there's no way to reverse it  
I guess nobody is perfect

Tell my mama, I'm sorry, but there's no way to reverse it..."

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>