

What we are (feeling)

Making music, I put my fears just away.
I wish I could eat lunch already, pasta day.
I send love to my favorite rapper, he passed away.
He told us to always be true and, set things straight.

I aint never felt like this,
but it still aint true love.
Its not like my hands are bound together, but Im wearin two gloves,
In a metaphorical way.
Two guys wanted to save lives,
Now they go to jail.
You think this is,
Just a story I tell,
But its true man, we might all go to hell.

Thats the bad part, and things dont sound great.
But you do what ya gotta do, that is the way.
Good point is, you dont have to do nothing.
Cause not helping a dying person is like,
putting the final nail in the coffin.

So ask yourself, whats the point of life.
Is it killing much and, doing crime?
Is it just a good beat, some freestyle rhymes?
Or what we share for it together,
Having all a real god time?

Im freestyling, but this isnt the time of mine,
Man Im sharin this rhyme so you can feel,
feel more than just fine.
Its what makes us great,
Its the skill to share, share the pain we feel,
In the way we cry.
Share the good we do,
Till the day we die.