

I was at a bar the night before last when I envisioned my whole life leading up to my car crash.

I use to chase bread and get hard cash but then I hit rock bottom hard and fast, my bones healed but the mental scars last like a felony on your record <sup>even</sup> from the far past, you need to pardon that.

I'm changing the way I'm living coz the beginnings no longer where I wanta start it at.

I've sold cars I didn't drive, flipped birds that didn't fly matter fact I flipped birds so I could get high but now I got a daughter whose years just got done exceeding 5, fine I'm succeeding mine, my oldest is proceeding to nine, I'm hot but I'm feeling fine.

Stressed is no longer me and hateful aint appealing blessed is me, grateful is the feeling, no more finding to get high, no more plottin and scheming, no more folding my hands now I'm the one dealing and I can deal with the pain but lord my family needs healing, I'm takin back control coz theres a hole inside my soul that needs some filling if I dont, the older I grow its only me I'll end up killing.

I'm not saying you couldn't walk a mile inside my shoes I just dont think my size will fit you.

were on two different levels dawg I'm a pit-bull, your a shitzu so you know it'll hurt like hell if I bit you, imagine if I hit you, you'd have a hose in your stomach for you to shit through and a bag on your hip for that shit to go into, this I wouldn't kid you so its better off that you and Shroom dont have any issues!

~ Shroom