I Miss Mikey

Murs

Days going by, I'm losing friends
You never know when it's gon' end
Some in the pen, some underground
Souls that are lost, hope they are found
If heaven's a place, I hope that they're there
Wherever they are, they know that I care
It's coming for me, so I get prepared
Look in my eyes, the fear isn't there
'cuz I been aware, I live in the shadows
The valley of death, where I do my battle
One day Imma lose and then I'll be gone
I'm making these songs, so that I live onDeath is like, it's a crazy thing and I'm gonna talk about it
And my mom, she...
She feared for me and my brothers because we seen more death that she's seen in her sixty-something years...
I miss Mikey cuz, that's the way it is
You start to lose your friends and you don't wanna live
You gotta give it time, and the pain will pass
I miss Walker and Camu and the homie Poo
In the days past and days to come
You got to live your life and make each day your favorite one
In the days past and days to come
You got to live your lifeYou're put on this Earth for however long
It favors the weak and never the strong
They say it's a game, so I play along
Some say I'm king, some say I'm pawn
Live from the soul to the break of dawn
You never know the day you'll be gone
No matter the odds, I'm taking 'em all
Some say I'm right, some say I'm wrong
Wanna escape the path that you're on?
Erasing the pain by waving a wand
Some roll a J, some hit the bong
I let the beat play, then I make a song
You know, niggas is smoking and drinking and all feeling the same pain
And we come from a culture where it's not, it's not all the way legit to share your feelings, so some of us don't even know how to connect on that level, you know?And I feel like sometimes that's the even, like the main, the reason that I got, I got married, is because I wanted to have the homies in, in dress-up for something that wasn't a funeral for once, 'cuz the only time we wear these fucking clothes and these fucking shoes and these shirts and these ties is, shit, is when when motherfuckers get put in the ground. Or for a court day, where a motherfucker get

hit with numbers. Like, what the fuck man? You know? And then through all this shit, that's all, you know, death is a normal point, like everybody goes through that shit. Like on top of the fucking police fucking with you, on top of bitches ass niggas fucking with you, on top of, you know what I'm sayin', your pops not being there or someplaces your mom and your father not being there and they throw it all on you. Uh, you go: "You know, have a nice life"STRAAANGE! Music

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