

Publicerad 2009-12-26 19:15 av Timon Sanchez

*we don't share tears, we share blood.*

*you still want to be a thug..?*

### **When thugs cry, what is the meaning?**

ask me to be polite, tell the truth girl don't fight me  
se baby i love the way i came up, through vitality  
rose through mud and dirt, to overcome myself the earth  
it hurts when i walk the cemetery, see so many caskets infinity  
masses, when we die will we be alive in eternitys  
because all information gaining in our brains, for a reason  
when we live we breathing, feel me come up on you closer  
let me lose my head as we rock the bed tonight in mood  
of making true love, sexy as we move, it is the hood life  
that made our passions so nated, to each and others strife  
get in and out like a knife through the flesh, stretched  
like we trying so hard to live, farfetched when i act alive  
when i die, will you think of me, as i thinking of you today?  
human beings, just like me, but soo much unlike me, praise!  
the lord, when i am in my graved digged by my friends  
watched over by my enemies if i in time comes back again  
as a ghost over your house, a host in your nightmares  
can you dig it, when you digging with spades in gravler  
i wanna sunk in, through flava i used to get drunken in  
sins of living what mind are supposed to being with in  
as i love to believe there is reasons why we be in this things  
why i write this scripts with reasons, and be locked to things  
like bars i have around my dreams, locked in to mind prisons  
can we get out a little bit, with realness closer death then it  
when triggig on the pistols of shootings through buildings  
with crazy people threatening to kill masses, with no reasons  
more then decisions they don't believe in nothing's real in their visions

when thugs cry, i hear motherfuckers screaming  
what is it's meaning, when thugs cry, in dreams  
catching all bullets of the outlet to my brothers and family arms  
no harm when im living, to them in my own blooded heart

we don't share tears, we share blood

*you still want to be a thug..*

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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