

(How) Am I Supposed To Rap

How am I supposed to rap?
My brother did music and that was that.
Being lost in the judgment
Was a matter of fact,
But I could always rap and that was that.
My brother's prints became an artifact
footsteps in MY path but HIS tracks.
A couple bars under high pressure
second thoughts led my mind
to who was always better.
So I Put it down forever.

Tour bus exploration and new constellations
dark skies with a shimmer light.
The connection evaporating it will be alright
missing family no substitute can suffice,
but a man changing lives can miss a fight
two younger brothers started in the night.
While his pencil erased the norms for the
betterment.
Too much pressure of steppin' in
to a life I could never live or one that I could
never settle.
Can never do it better.
So I won't rap forever

How am I supposed to rap.
My pops sold records to keep me on his tab,
the Family on his back
provided and sheltered from his own rap.
Word by word he changed the track
religious music was running down fast.
He put an end to that mindless cap.
And began to paint a picture of a
timeless fact
Rap can change lives and that's a
matter of fact.

I just want to rap
So I put it together in the basement of "eyes"
That's his song.
I cannot groove to my music of lies
when my mind
stuck on Tru And all the amazing times
It took to grow
Past the judgmental eyes.
Looking down on you.
SELF MADE JUDGMENT
Thrown onto you
By YOURSELF
So why don't you rap forever
And FORGET about that realm.
I WILL change lives too.
It's in ME
I just gotta FIND and TELL.