

Trey Vaz

W08

Letter to My Pops

Dear Dad,
I miss you why'd God dismiss you
Need a tissue 'cuz my whole life is an issue
Mom's dyin', tempers flare, bombs flyin'
Tears runnin' down my cheek is calm cryin'
No sobbin', but focus isn't on science
It's on AIDS effects, not non-bias
I remember when you used to tuck me in
I knew the world, but didn't realize what we in
Death is a part of life, some just die faster
Found out you was gone, froze up and cried after
Used to be a quiet kid with shy laughter
That part of me died after you went to the nursing home
Lost innocence, you was a different man
Whole life changed all in an instant and
Dad I was spoiled, but I appreciate you
Love you, dear dad why'd God take you?
Why'd God make you other than to make me
Why'd God save me, couldn't infiltrate me
AIDS disease both parents that raised me
Positive I'm, positive I'm almost crazy
They know Trey V, dad I got a name now
Whether it's the insane sound, no James Brown
Or when I'm walkin' through the lame town Willi
Guys push up Daisies, girls push up Lilys (Phillies)
Yeah dad I been exposed to it
It's everywhere, even the pros do it
Now you know I go through it, tempted to go do it
But when I'm stressed, I just write mo' music
Might go lose it, I'm like so stupid
Yet so smart 'cuz I aint like no dufus
Can be ruthless but neva' am I truthless
Truth is dad I don't know if you knew this
Much talent would come from me rappin'
I think you woulda had a different first reaction
But if you can see me, are you ashamed J.V
'Cuz the pain changed me, red flame angry
But that aint an excuse for the choices
That I make it's crazy like I hear voices
Big dreams to ride in Rolls Royces
But that goes back to those choices
I know what I gotta do
But I'm stubborn and uncontrollable
I got alot of you

Been jumped been in six one on ones
One time I fought two people but neva bought a gun
Literally lost innocence 3 months after your death
Write to find the right way 'cuz hope's not left
Oxygen tank reminds me with every single breath
That the flames of hell are in my heart and I am just a guest
I confess to fightin' no warrant for my arrest
Neva been arrested or cuffed no bluffin'
Stuffin' my emotions it turns into anger
Rema add a D 'cuz the D is for danger
Didn't want to be a stranger so I wrote you
Love you and miss you like any son supposed to
Neva called you Johnny so to J. Vaz
Sincerely,
Your son,