Balance

Back in the days you can go and not worry about nothing.
Now you go on the streets looking at every corner thinking you're getting shot or not.
Now you have little kids copying what rappers saying in lyrics thinking it's all true.
Everyone carrying something for survival.
Fast money
Nice cars
Using drugs and selling drugs
And for what? Dying the next day, soon as you have everything?
Gangs making markings on their body thinking living immortal until death.
Causing problem make a person hating you more.
One man's pain in the next man's pleasure
One man's trash is the next man's treasure
One ask forgiveness; one says never.
Next thing you know there's nothing we could do besides go on the track your life is listening to.
There's right and wrong
Ying and yang
Everything happens for a reason.