

He was fourteen years old
all his life he never left
the west side (oh)
I walked past him everyday
heading downtown
always on the go
he was the kind of guy you never gave your real name to
so young but still trying to game you
But what he was going through
I never knew

Its such a same
how people change
and I never really knew his name
But it takes more than two to raise a youth
and for that we all did lose
Because if one of us had noticed you
How I wish I was there for you
I was busy filling my own shoes

All his life
he heard "You won't amount to nothing"
Low expectations
In need of money
few too many choices
and no patience
So what do you know
for a good cash flow
you can always sell
it's easy to fit the role
But when your living the fast life
he considered all times a go

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Is that how he came around
for his child he'll know now
'Cause he left him with bruises
his words just abusive
The love he didn't show
And what his boy was going through
He had never imagined
But when love turns to hate
It's the worse out of passion
His son was bold
And by then it was too late
From his friend they get console
Then his hands, his shoes
The life or death they couldn't hold
Oh- two seconds cold
He was fourteen years old
Locked up until he's old

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