Mystery featuring Raphael Jakob & DJ Steel 04:07

96 caught in the mix of a hood rat thug

He flipped my switch knew how to pull that plug

I met him through a friend and I was a fool because

I was the new fish in the pool to school for them thugs

First time fresh out of school and he knew what’s up

I really don’t even know what I was thinking of

Seventeen with a twenty nine year old fool in love

It was cool till the dude blew up

Was possessive cruel and ruff, had moods and stuff

No talking to other brothers the rule in clubs

Threatened me but then apologised in a rush

Told me what to wear cos he cared that much

And let me not even mentioned that he stared too much

The eyes that first cared, glared out dared to crush

Every bone in my body fought back became tough

Memories I rarely dare to touch

Now do I leave or stay caught in this back and forth

I ought to know the direction of south and north

I reckon my perception had to stay in doors

Only seen in hindsight these days of course

I was caught in a maize this craze of us

This phase of wars tirades of trust

But pain don’t fade it pervades and plus

My heart turned to stone not to feel too much

I was stumbling, crumbling, broken apart

Had bows and arrows aimed at my heart

Piercing each artery leaving its mark

It’s scary I’m still bearing these scars

I recovered but I will never feel the same

Caught in the grips of a ball and chain

Chocking suffocating in the falling rain

And I’ll never wanna speak even if he calls again

See I was told that all that glitters ain’t true gold

And carrying pistols don’t make you bold

These bitter old memories I leave them out in the cold

I’m taking the higher road

So excuse me pardon while I manoeuvre far from

These peaks and lows, with my feet and toes

Changing cheap seats back for front rows

I did do that, god knows I have done those, things

Like I’d er take you back,

Falling for people saying well he’s a good catch

But time can always rewrite history in fact

I’ve left with my spirit in tact

No more raving and ranting mishandling me

Taking and breaking, dismantling the

Eyes that were blind can now clearly see

And now I am finally free

Music by: M. Ryser ▪ Lyrics by: B. Amansure & R. Jakob ▪ Lead vocals on chorus and ad-libs by: R. Jakob ▪ Produced by: DJ Kermit ▪ Scratches by: M. Snaidero ▪ Recorded at: Souloud Studio (Bern) by Pan & DJ Steel’s Crib by DJ Steel ▪ Mixed by: Shuko at SHUKO music Production, Bad König