

Keep Livin

Jean Grae

I'm feeling numb, thinking of changing my name to crystal meth
Playin' this game, holding my mic like a pistol: aiming at death.
But I Love nobody, alone in this world that's how I came in it

But shit could flash and reverse the same in a minute.
I don't even love life no more, my niggaz I just live it.
And I don't love love, all the hurting is infinite.

I cry myself to sleep sometimes, wept the and the tears
From malice, divorce meets to lost peers.

Drowning in a haze of smoke and glasses that never run empty
Bottles of soho, cheap vodka and twenty; twenty.

Spending my penies on thoughts for
Got none pain like the movie have plenty. Like a shotgun
Double barrel fully loaded ready to blow, I wanna turn around
And aim at myself, been feeling my health I hardly even eat no more.
My lunch is munshies from the corner store: tropical fantasy.

Me and my family, me and my niggaz used to be tight
And now we see eachother on the block with no pound
Keep it moving you gotta move on. I know I'm doing it right
I'm still livin' hustling life and still here.

For all my niggaz that smoke a pack a day
For all my niggaz hold the bottle drink the pain away: what type of life is this?
For all my niggaz that getn' the cash, and all my niggaz that chill on the a
v
Let's keep livin.

For all my niggaz drink the pain away
For all my niggaz smoke a pack of newports a day: what type of life is this?
For all my niggaz that getn' the cash, and all my niggaz that chill on the a
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Let's keep livin.

Grew up as a, child of an alcoholic, sister to schizophrenic, already inheri
ted one and they both a genetic. When sun falls I gets no sleep, nights are
filled with party and bullshit, bicardi and full clips just to deal with it.
I got a full heart, but don't feel with it no more. I got fury of a woman s
corned.

Just live my life like the x-files and trust no body. Forgetting everyone, a
nd now I'm just forgetting the money. Funny how shit can change and switch u
p fragile to whip on you.
Spent too much of my young life just trying to stitch shit up.

I'm living day by day now, every step is play by play hand to mouth; I'm jus
t trying to make the moments count.

Eyes stressing my soul, Chest roll from a heavy smoking addict since nine: a
nicotine addict devoted at it but still, I need some kinda relief. I quit t
he trees at least.

I'm learning niggaz but I'm slow at it.

Always give my motherf**kers the benefit of the doubt. But it seems that everybody is just out for self.

I used to love her, but now I gotta make her work for my wealth: I gotta eat !

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From rappin to nicotine, niggaz will clap and niggaz will fiend from some shit I never seen to everything I been through. It's like, losing the love of your life twice in the same night. Being deaf for years, gained your hearing and losing your sight.

Tryin to shine, but just getting eclipse. I'm just tryin to find the perfect words to fall from my lips.

Thinking too hard about what shit has fallen, mainly the chips hoping by the next time installment that I'm not attempting to slit wrists.

Got nothing down, I work my way up from the bottom to the top of the ladder, claim what's rightfully mine. Working against time, it's been too long and I havnt had a chance to leave ya'll yet: I apologise.

Getting older and wiser. Seen the picture painted. My destiny faded for this, and not for easy times. I put my heart in these rhymes always. Love it or, leave it or ready to die?

Yea I'm ready.