

Eyes To The Sky

Jon Bellion

Oh, yeah
Anxiety dances across my pillow case
My god, it dances
It's like, 1, 2 step
It's asking stupid questions
Like are you living, right, such stupid questions
'Cause I'm just trying to
I'm trying live, I'm trying rise, above the shit, the Devil tries
Which is why I keep my eyes to the sky

Insert something really dope right here
I'm supposed to write a hook but all I wanna say is
I just wanna be happy, I just wanna be happy
Wanna be happy, yeah
I'm supposed to write a fucking hook right here
Money and riches blah blah, yeah yeah
I just wanna be happy, I just wanna be happy
Wanna be happy, yeah

I've been working my ass off
That's why Christina left me, been working my ass off
On this project but I guess that it's okay
My family never liked you, I guess that it's okay
Now I'm just, I'm just
I'm trying live, I'm trying rise
Above the shit the Devil tries
Which is why I keep my eyes to the sky

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Listen boo boo, bear with me
Smarter than your average
Raised around Brooklyn based Italian
There's so much soul up in my Johnson, I don't need a rapper on it
'Cause the urbans in my testes but I come and pop packaging, yikes
Bunch of freaks talk shit, we call that cactusin'
We don't want no fight, club don't want no Brad Pitt'in
Braymance like this shit just when I'm ad-libbin'
Fronting on my Sean Penn, what movie are you actin' in?
Seventh grade I said I'm 'bout to leave the masses then
My ex-girlfriend's sister said, 'You babbling'
Even back then cook crack, drug trafficking

I'm trying live, I'm trying rise above the shit the Devil tries
Which is why I keep my eyes to the sky
You're gonna be ok kid, you're gonna be ok