

# Too Many Choices

Bad Azz

What I'm going do, what I'm going be  
If I have to please you and I don't please me  
I got too many choices, too many choices  
What I'm going do, what I'm going be  
If I have to please you and I don't please me  
I got too many choices, too many choices

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I've been so many places, still I don't know where I want to be  
People forever changing, rearranging, I see things  
I gotta go, don't want to know your name  
Cause your life, is none like  
But I want you to know before I go, that baby, we could've had it all  
We could've had it all

Just to be alive is a blessing to me  
Hey, you can lose your mind and heavy stress moving  
Recently, I've been talking to myself a lot  
I answer back, thinking 'I ain't supposed to answer that'  
Is that a fact? Am I losing it for what I said?  
Or is it 'cause a nigga talking and ain't no one there  
I can't remember 'cause I'm scared, I don't look back  
It's hell behind me and I ain't trying get took back  
I know you feel me, stressing, learning lessons of life  
Till they kill me, and we'll be, alright in the long run  
Maybe mix son gin with my life 'cause we all gone crazy  
And maybe, we'd learn to maintain  
It'd help us stay sane, for the time we remain  
Or maybe, the rest of the world'd lose they mind  
And we'd die not knowing how we wasted perfect time  
Damn, (we could've had it all)

I'm on top of the world and about it  
Yeah, it don't make sense, only chase for sex and presidents  
Probably next on the set but I check myself quick  
My old homies want to get me (fuck why y'all), the devil want to hit me  
Flashing cash that like ? on ass  
Giving into greed, doing dirty deeds for the last time  
I swore to God it was, but I lie  
I try to stay clean but clocking green made the Holy Ghost die  
That's why B.T. banging now, that's why bigets is slanging 'round  
It's 'cause we don't know how, to stay sane in this game  
Having chips and then they took away, it's just another face of pain  
And while I got a couple bitches try and dirty up my name  
Getting served by a couple hoes, gobble up the game, going crazy  
And still grind sales in this paying-the-world game  
But I choke, it ain't nobody fall but Lil' Beau  
Tell the tag on my toe and nigga mourn what he here for  
Friends be the snakes in disguise so I fear for 'em  
Knowing Jesus watching all my homies and my kinfolk  
Guide me the right way, you'll pay for ? yourself, yeah

I wake up early in the morning everyday, when the sun rise  
Just praying for the world to come together before my son rise  
And get old, and have to go through life without a daddy  
Just because your Caddy came through with a barrel pointed at me  
Life is short to being happy, so I live with smiles and hugs

But some folks, they rather trip to spitting rounds of slugs  
I keep it real for those that choose to learn game from me  
I'd probably blast myself before you'd ever see a change in me  
I'm going crazy out here, God help me if you will  
I try to keep it real, on my journey up the hill for a mil  
But still, I got too many choices to make  
And while Tha Lowlifes rising to the top they hoping we brake  
Lil' Tip'll never fall without a reason from God  
You will never fall without a reason from God  
(I got too many choices, too many choices, we could've had it all)