

Handwriting

Big K.R.I.T.

(Handwriting's on the wall)
Yeah, it's on the wall
I'm a keep drankin' til they toss me out this
motherfucker man

Excuse my tone of voice but today was just a bad day
Label hit me about another single and said I ain't had
play
Since Country Shit, hell they thought that was a
reasonable record anyway
But thank God for Bun B and Ludacris because they had
faith
That shit would take off and it did, guess I was too
country to quit
I make albums not hits, these rich folks don't know
about this
But that's cool, I'm back to that K.R.I.T. Was Here
Pray to God this was meant for me, a king to be
Hoping my time was near
Maybe I'm rappin' in vain, maybe this wasn't my lane
Maybe I'm hurtin' myself, talkin' bout real life
instead of the fame
How can I change? Shawty I swear I think I'm wastin'
time
On the phone with my pops like, "I just wanna save some
lives"
I just want a deuce to ride with the ones I was dealt
My pride might be my downfall, but I ain't askin' for
help
I wear my heart on my sleeve, don't run into me cause
it bleeds
No disrespect to your craft, but I make my own beats
Shit the handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall...)
Man the Hennessy do somethin' to a nigga man sometimes
that shit...
I just can't hold back, you feel me?

First quarter got me like boilin' water with soda in it
Drop my project in the pot watch it lock up like those
in prison
Gotta prove these people wrong that don't see the
vision
Three nominations, number one on 106, hell I forgot to
mention
Two free albums minus label support
Fired my publicist cause I forgot what I was payin' him
for
Drunk til I'm barely conscious, call Johnny tell him
put y'all on 3-way immediately
Cause I'm sick of bein' lied to and I'm wagin' war
Then I'm goin' back to Sippi-land and I'm quittin' rap
Ain't that bad cause when I was poor, hell I was fat
and happy
Dealin' with the critics and the comments got me
trippin'

Like my accent and my tone make it really hard to
listen
I was scarred but I was driven before the politics came
Lynchin' rappers and droppin' albums, and watchin' em
hang
I pushed mine back with fear that they might just do me
the same
Cause I rebel I might get shelved, but that's part of
the game
Hell, the handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall...)
Goddamn right it's on the wall
I take this shit seriously man
This is my life, this all I've ever known
This all I'll ever do and I promise to God I won't let
nobody take it from me

I did it for all of mine and all of yours
Ten toes deep in the game I'm in
I'm bound to lose if I'm livin' in sin
If I play to win will I make it out?
I'm tired of feelin' my heart Lord I just wanna scrape
it out
This the road less traveled, shit I just gotta stay the
route
I hear the hate and all the betrayal I just gotta phase
it out
With another shot, better chase it down with a glass of
Crown
Put that on my tab, yeah I'm doin' bad
Cause music's all I've ever known, shit, all I've ever
had
Tryna say somethin' tryna do somethin' tryna be better
Ain't much time left, I gotta make do, I can't live
forever
Ain't that what makes me me? No smoke and no mirrors
And I don't even wear Loc's, so they can see me clear
And you can say that I'm bitter but tell me if I'm
trippin'
They stick their noses up and talk down on Mississippi
Imagine how you'd feel to know you work hard, and you
educated
And they treat you like you never made it
The handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall, final curtain's about
to fall
Just ain't no feelings left at all, the handwriting,
handwriting's on the wall)