

# I Need A Song

Devin the Dude

I need a song  
That I can sing  
When I'm alone  
With my smoke, and my drank  
I need a place  
Where I could live  
With a piece of mind  
I need some time  
So I could chill  
Get in my zone  
I need a song

To help me through my days, and help me with my nights  
I chant my words like prayers to help me deal with life  
In front of this mic I control the world I'm living in  
The stage is my pulpit while I preach to my citizens  
Don't care 'bout fitting in, just want who listening  
To know the words I quote are sincerely from deep within  
Whenever I grab my pen and share this part of me, I only speak the truth, respect my artistry  
The liquor gets me lifted and the coffee keeps me focused  
It helps me find a zone away from all the shit thats bogus  
I'm tryna touch bases that writers often leave alone  
I'm letting my words fall on these papers when I write these songs  
I wanna feel as if I'm Marvin back in '74  
And when my brother went to war and "what's going on" was a song I wrote  
I'm tuned in at what I know would make you feel me  
Go deep inside this music tryna show the world the real me

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When I'm feeling overwhelmed and stressed  
It's like I could hardly even tell that I'm blessed  
Having dealt with the mess so long being still again  
But I feel like I'm failing a test  
Tell with the rest that my soul needs ease  
How can he cheat when the block is knee deep  
But my kids need me so my mind needs free  
So I can still keep giving y'all a piece  
Johnny Hathaway had me find a path away  
To take my mind away from trouble  
What a hater got to say  
What bills be paid, chicks need laid, who stayed and got straight played  
How much who made, made time for the hood  
The bad, the good, misunderstood  
But it never crossed my mind, hold my grind, little time it would  
Sometimes I wish I could turn my cell and laptop off and ride on a plane unt

il I get dropped off  
Bucket of Heineken with the top popped off, then I hopped off  
Don't nobody know I'm there  
Never heard my music and they really don't care  
Don't point, take pictures, don't stare  
Keep the mixture in the air, exotic textures everywhere  
Got me swinging off fixtures like yeah  
Feeling good like yessir I'm there  
But that's just a dream, reality is this tracks a holler  
Three minutes ago I needed a song and now I got one

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