[Verse 1] I'm never alone It's me, myself in this misery Darkness despite the 5/8 gliterries Plug me in like I'm the new kinect, 360 XBOX Yeah, plug me in like I'm the new connect, slanging crack rock Under the influence, underrated My booth a sweat shop Hang towels and tank tops on my Sony C800 Doctor tell me to quit, enzymes rising in my liver But that's where me and him differ, nigger I am not a quitter Half the time mind's in the shitter I'm in the clouds, I hit a spritzer Most of us don't love to be givers Pretty swell listeners, providing for those relying You can't define who you are Give fine line print refinement Motives for better timing My motive's forever rhyming I open the forum for them They're waiting for me to chime in And say what I say, Simon I'm debating if I should sign here [Hook] [Verse 2] I'm never alone It's me, myself, and my son I'm up before the sun for my son That's my number one priority Majority of people are minority Underhanded, I understand it Being taken advantage of ain't the best feeling is it? (nah) The actions are found through anger Named it concealed imprisonment I'm trying to implement the simple shit Not hoping for episodes of incidents Which is prevalent without a settlement I'm heaven sent, hellbound, fresher than luxury with lemon scent And peppermints, leather, tints, rev the 6 Series Beep the horn and see if she can hear a bitch clearly Make a bamboo earring got her name in cursive in the center A self-centered woman with no room for you to enter (on her vagina) Agenda, got my name embedded, permanent henna I'll forget the times we had, will find another to resemble her There's always that somebody Could you possibly be that somebody that's... Watching learning scheming, turning tables There's always somebody, there's always that Could possibly be that somebody behind your back Watching learning scheming, turning tables Watching learning scheming, turning tables

[Outro]
Y'knamsayin?

Nowadays you just gotta watch your back, baby
I mean you gotta watch your back like you got two backs
You feel me? Can't be trusting these motherfuckers
They all scheming, man
All they want is your motherfucking paper
Your motherfucking talent, whatever you got
Don't give up your independence, nigga
And your motherfucking mind and that's all you got, y'nahmean?
Besides your work