

Heavenly Father

Isaiah Rashad

Now everybody tellin' me a lie
Lordie, give me something for my soul
See I don't wanna think of suicide
So please don't take the lucky off my dome
See I been tired of fucking all these girls
And I been tired of spending all my dough
And if I give my story to the world
I wonder if they'd book me for a show
See you can't handle pressure on your own
So why you carry boulders by yourself
They stole the story they tell it wrong
And glorify the horror and the rough
And mama call me tell me coming home
And I just need some guidance in my steps
I know I'm not the only one alone
I know I'm not the only one who felt

Heavenly father why are you so far away
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I'm praying that I make it 25
They be calling doctors for my health
I know it's kinda hard to say the drugs
Because I been having problems with myself
I been asking questions, where the lord?
And they don't give me answers just a check
And they don't know my issues as a child
Because I was busy cutting on myself
And hanging from the playground wasn't wrong
Until you got a rope up on your neck
And I been losing more than just my mind
Gathering whats left of self-respect
And daddy why you call me while you drunk?
And why you never love me when I need it
And I don't wanna be like you no more
And I been tryna cope I'm getting weak

I smoke too much, the problems of a 20 something
I drink too often, there's liquor pouring from the faucet
You would assume by following the tunes
And I'm doomed to die young, addicted to dry plum
These bitches ain't shit and pussy is my greatest vice
I love smoking weed, I hate advice
I know some niggas that talk good
The wise men from a long line of bitch made and bridesmen
You never had nothing but fucking dreams
You just caught up in the hype
The fashion and so it seems, the limelight
I know that I rhyme tight
No need for your 2 cents and burning your blueprints
These people think I really give a fuck about the shit they give a fuck about
Just need a moment of silence, just close your fucking mouth
Infatuated with violence, gun in my fucking mouth
So you don't even know that I'm serious, know what im talking 'bout

So like you got punchlines for days
So generic your flow
You're too cold, you're aged
And you got punch lines for days
So generic your flow
You're too cold, you're aged
And I'm so misrepresented by niggas that claim trill
And they souls was never in it
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