

# Nowhere To Go

Kerser

[Sampling]

Are you alone?  
No ones out here  
Are you alone?  
No ones out here

[Verse 1]

Same day, started as the last one  
Nothings changed, kinda hopin its a fast one  
Now my mates man I hardly ever see 'em  
I know they feel I changed but I'm feeling like I'm dreaming  
Now when we drink up, we reminisce and laugh  
I'm feeling bad I'm out it but they still stuck in the raw  
Weighing drugs on a scale just to pay bills,  
Plus the boys doing time, how do they feel  
No matter what, I am stuck in the gutter  
Money can't change shit, its my brain motherfucker  
If I had enough bills, I'd get all the crew fed  
But I gotta feed my fam and remember you said  
You had my back while I'm needing the support  
Try and move but I crash, plus I'm fiending just to talk  
Nobody wanna listen so I'm walking these dead streets  
Feeling like the only thing that knows is a NEBS beat  
What the fuck you thinking cause I got fans now  
That I don't need your help, fuck I'm putting the pen down  
Wait I can't do that, cause thats the shit right  
This the medicine thats gonna save a kids life  
But I talk about drugs, so now I'm no good  
Show your parents what the fuck around your own hood  
Then maybe just maybe you'll fucking understand why  
And hate me but rate me and the exact same time, cause I

[Hook x2]

Feel alone like there's nowhere to go, I try to  
Find a home but I'm back on the road, another  
Mate rang but I missed the call,  
So you can use your fucking brain but you ain't thinking at all  
And yeah I

[Verse 2]

I could be drug fucked, that would make sense  
You try to hold the weight I'm holding it would break legs  
Cones that I've packed, every tab that Ive popped  
On the phone to my dad, but he don't know that I'm lost  
Cause I play it all good, no one needs to know shit  
Don't know if I should, don't know why I wrote this  
Feeling so confused, why the fans showing love  
Why I'm writing shit like this, does it mean I'm growing up  
If thats the fucking case I'd rather feeling like a kid again  
When we was running mucks I probably had them people listening  
Now a days, its not the same, or tell me is this what the fame is doing to m  
y brain I've gone insane I need a doctor mate  
I got a lot at stake, I gotta stop it aye, they tell me drop the pills I end  
up fucking popping eight  
I got my girl and thank fuck for that, I love her need her cause I'm losing  
all my trust in rap  
Plus she found my fucking stash and she flushed it down the toilet

Next day I went and scored, don't talk about it, I avoid it  
Where to go, what to do cause I'm lost what  
Now these haters gonna use it as a soft spot  
But whats not to say that you is not the same  
Somehow I'm in my right mind but I lost my brain  
Thats my heart sitting served up on the paper  
I fucked up and saved nothing for later