

Band Plays On

Lil Wyte

This one of them songs that you put on
When you on the interstate and feelin all alone
When everything's wrong you gotta hold on
And when your back's against the wall remember be strong

And the band plays on, and the band plays on
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I've been through plenty shit, it shoulda made me weakened
Somehow I rose through the ashes unscarred and strengthened
I put it on my father, no matter how hard this life can get
I'm gonna rock this son of a bitch and I'm no longer taking any shit
I'm stressed out and you are too
Gotta pay bills and you do too
I'm high as fuck
If you only knew how hard it is being this damn cool
Always on call, my phones stop ringing
I need a bar but now it's what I'm thinkin
What is that you say? Well I have a crowd
Rollercoaster what I am drinkin
New boys don't work, look at em throwin words
Although I need to quit again
But soon as I try to go a day or too
I'm caught up in some shit again
I can't win but I'm getting close
No time now to turn back around
As long as the band keeps playing on I'll always fuckin put it down

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But me while in the hood the gram weighs on
Feel like Nelly when he had the Band-Aid on
I'm hot but the radio don't play the damn song
So I just keep on making music here without a deal
I make that music for the people out there poppin pills
The ones that smoking scroll, that's barely getting by
They live and chit chat, some days they wish they'd die
So we give em songs they can bump n ride n listen to
Shit that helps em get it through
Help em with they issues too
Fucked up in the head, I swear that I have got them issues too
Never knew so many people shared the same point of view

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As long as the band is playing I'll be front and center
I've always considered myself a sinner and a winner
But all it takes is a chain of events to make me crumble
I think after my pops passed he took a piece of humble
Now I'm cutthroat to the bone hoe
Play to the beat of my own drum
I swear I'll choke the next person that aks me let me hold something
I'm fed up, I'm on the road
I'm doing shows, I ain't going home
On i40, in the fast lane
Tryna get away from all the wrong
It's catching up, I'm driving faster
It ain't getting the best of me
Only reason I made it this far is I have the recipe
I know what I'm doin, 10 years and I'm only venting a little bit
If shit really get bad you'll know cause I'll fuck around and kill a bitch

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