

# Quarter Life

Mac Lethal

Slow Times, Hard Times  
Close wound, Open wounds  
Come on

Yo Uh  
I'm gettin' sick  
I'm gettin' sick of fightin' for it  
This bullshit dream  
When all these people like ignore it  
I take my life record it  
Get on stage and I perform it  
But the fear of bein' broke is quite enormous  
It's like I'm dormant  
I only got the budget for some rice and porridge  
Hopin' that I'm never dressed up in a jumpsuit  
White and orange  
In the county jail  
Servin' 25 to life for horrid, crimes  
Cause I resorted to sellin' these white imported, lines  
And it gets worse when these labels throw major money at me  
But all these deals are so shady I can't be fuckin' happy  
I just know this shit could not move any slower  
I just know the only thing I need to move this shit is some exposure  
People questionin' my flow  
People questionin' my motives when its nothin but confessions at my shows  
And now I'm terrified of bein' vulnerable to my family  
These people got me questionin' my sanity  
Uh

It's just a quarter life crisis  
Uh, you ain't got to follow it but  
At least acknowledge it once  
And understand that all the things that I am feeling are true  
And try to show respect to me while I reveal em to you  
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At least acknowledge it once  
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And try to show respect to me while I prove it to you

Yo, I'm gonna get em  
I swear I'm gonna get em  
Fuck these young rappers man there arrogance don't fit em  
I need to keep my mouth shut because I know it's right  
But nowadays rap careers happen over night  
And I'm bitter  
Honestly I'm bitter  
Even though I'm full of energy and startin' to get bigger  
I think about the 90's when you had to pay dues, slay crews  
And truly prove you had some heart as a beginner  
Nowadays it's retro, sounds like its techno  
I feel like I'm a dinosaur that needs to learn to let go  
I wonder why the hell I keep on actin' so polite  
Nowadays rap careers happen over night  
And I wonder, you know sometimes I wonder  
Why the people that surround me are so rattled by the thunder  
They're lookin' for some comfort

They're lookin' for an angel  
The people I'm surrounded by are so fuckin' delusional it's painful  
And shit

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And if I knew, oh brother if I knew  
You'd be this type of enemy to me I never woulda' been a friend to you  
You only do a favor if it's benefiting you  
Your just a bitter dude  
You should admit its true  
If I hurt you by bein' happy I'm sorry  
But if you hurt me for bein' happy you're sorry  
You can take it however you wanna take it  
There ain't a fuckin' thing on this planet that you hold sacred  
It's all a cheap way for you to get famous  
You buy clothes neglecting bills and rent payments  
I'd rather feel a cobra bite  
Our whole friendship transformed over night  
You's a backstabbin' motherfucker  
And if I knew you would be this type enemy I'd never been a friend to you  
I swear to god the person you've become just isn't you  
Look me in the eyes and tell me what I'm sayin isn't true

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