Breathin' Under Water

'Cause I'm breathing underwater Where there's no one, no one nowhere 'Cause I'm breathing underwater Where there's no one, no one nowhere

Hold down to my pen now Everyday we wake up Just to sell our souls out Morgage stress in old town Cities on hellfire Blew out every lightbulb What was that I wished for Was it just a nigthmare My birthday, my funeral Did I die for nothing Instead of living for something Uneducated chit chat Teddy bear terrorist And I have the vile kit It's where the track is Music goes this so It's so powerfull Ain't no second guessing Maybe you know the difference What's between just being alive And just living Certanly I'm a gamble Support me in a limo I'm a P I M P Preaching in my own tree

Breathing underwater Meet the sun tomorrow Listen quietly Feels like they are laughing at me When the writing gets rough When the writing gets rough 'Cause I'm breathing underwater Where there's no one, no one nowhere

Bendiendo mis palabras es negocio esta feo A veces ya ni escribo, a veces ya ni creo Le pongo a mi raiz un corte el europeo No importa donde estoy ahi, me llama extranjero Si faio ahi yo sigo fijo mi camino En guerra con mi la pisa si me siento vivo Trabajo como loco por cosas que dan poco Respiro bajo el aqua pero en aire me sofoco

Breathing underwater Meet the sun tomorrow Listen quietly Feels like they are laughing at me When the writing gets rough When the writing gets rough 'Cause I'm breathing underwater Where there's no one, no one nowhere

Outlandish

My pieces falling to pieces I'm cutting my losses, cutting my leashes From the hypocrytes doubt us lock us and leaches money Can't buy happiness at least I can lease it I'm not being facetious when I say I need Jesus How can we fallow leaders when we have such hallow leaders I'm focused on the game, can't handle I'm the one from the bleaches I'm focused on the game, can't even hear the cheerleaders I'm focused on the game, more than I'm focused on the fame And I got that type of focus turns my vocals into flames I got to stop for Moses hocus pocus ain't the same And if I am the Pharaoh I got nothing in my lane How can I speak too deep, I got milions of ancestors Deep in the Atlantic from where the slave traders came And they still speaking trough my vein So when I'm speaking underwater, you all thought I was insane