

## Basket Case

Rittz

Self, self-pity, self-self pity  
Why the fuck is everybody else giddy?  
I woke up and felt shitty  
Matter fact I've felt the same all week  
Let down on my last album on the shelf sitting  
And I think I might need, help getting out of bed  
Cause I'm here and I keep, spinning on a thread  
I'm my own worst critic, and I gotta write a album  
But I keep hating on my self, it's like I get obsessed  
Cause I hate what I write, say-say something tight  
I be thinking too much wondering what they gonna like  
I don't got a lot of fans, I'm afraid that I might  
Let 'em down if what I make don't relate to them right  
If it don't, then they ain't gonna buy my record  
And if my second doesn't sell better than the last  
I'mma owe the record label cash  
So it's hard to relax and write raps  
I be losing concentration sometimes  
I look at what they sayin' online  
Somebody unfollow me and call me out cause I ain't respond  
I'm behind on my dead-line, and I got a home life  
To juggle ain't no free-time  
My manager callin' up, "what you got another deep song?  
What is it this time, your lady, or struggle trying to be something?"  
Not in the mood to write a weed song  
I'm sitting giving myself a mental beat-down when I rap

I'm my own worst enemy the energy I have's a waste  
Cause I use it battling myself cause I'm a basket case  
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case  
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case  
Lookin' at this glass of whiskey, wishin' I would pass away  
But I'm always wishing for the worst cause I'm a basket case  
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I can have conversation with rappers  
I'm not an asshole to anyone unless I have a reason to be  
But God forbid, if they ever had a buzz, or a name  
Then I feel like we are equal, and these dudes always want a feature for free  
I try to network and help 'em out, I just gave 'em a tweet  
But I'm starting to wonder if the shoe was on the other foot  
Would these motherfuckers do the same favor for me?  
But, on the other hand, people think I'm all famous  
I ain't as paid as you think, when I tell 'em the price is  
To get me on a record they are like it's too expensive just to pay me a G  
And I'm starting to feel guilty  
Cause I'm known as the guy who never quit and never gave up his dreams  
So I'm watching dudes tell me that I gave 'em motivation  
Not to quit and they gon' try and do the same thing as me but  
Only difference is, I spent fifteen plus years studying my favorite MCs  
So I kept getting better some of y'all ain't got it, can't hear it, what is blatant to me  
And I don't want to hurt they feelings so I tell 'em that the music that they makin' is tight  
But your image looks bad, and you suck, and you need to give up, and you're

wasting your life  
And it's all my fault... damn

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They tell me that I need to tweet more, but I feel kinda immature, typing my  
thoughts online  
Plus some fans that I got would probably hate me if they knew what type of s  
hit that crossed my mind  
Cause I hate rap  
Let me take that back, I just hate whack rappers for the most part  
Even though I rap fast, I don't like when people try to impress me with doub  
le-time  
And they be swearing that they go so hard  
They don't really even say shit  
Anyone can rhyme, thinking that drinking and synching  
The song I'm making, them figures dope, it ain't about the speed  
You gotta make it make sense  
And did I mention that I really hate fake fans?  
I don't understand how one minute, everyone could be on your dick and they s  
ay you hot  
A year later, the same fan steady be talkin' shit 'bout the rapper, actin' l  
ike they forgot  
That's how the shit works  
First they love you, then they hate you, then they love you again, you gotta  
toughen your skin  
This kinda shit hurts  
This music industry is dumb, dumber than the comments on YouTube  
Sayin' that I use the N-Word? (Hell Naw)  
I don't rap like that, I don't hang around white boys who act like that  
I done said too much, 'bout to snap, I'm mad  
At the world, even I don't really have my back when I rap it's like... damn

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