

Fight the pain, inside the rain  
A rebel know, to let the devil go  
So now to get paid, about to be working like a slave

I'm kinda good, kinda bad, kinda get money can't be mad  
I'm kinda broke but I'm kinda rich  
Wishing I had a corner I could put a bitch in  
They ain't gonna do nothing  
Ain't like I'm suffering  
Food for my baby's mouth  
Then I bought a house for my baby mother and  
What's wrong? I try, don't matter, still die  
I'm strong, but I'm not  
When I'm alone, I cry  
Out for you, it's hard to do  
I can't see you so doubt for you  
When out my mouth I sprout the noose  
Too much vodka and mountain dew  
Explainin' what I be meanin'  
If you listen fast you think I was a Heathen  
But the last Sunday receivin' the preacher from the pastor  
Ain't even believin' the bastard  
But no Hades, god's baby  
God made me, a little crazy  
And I'm off, I'm gone  
My life is my songs  
What I mean when I sing, still on a wing and a prayer  
But if I listen to what is written in the scriptures maybe it will get me there  
Share with the people I swear it is an evil scam that might be in vain  
But if I say I I'm the genius then like jesus everybody gonna know my name  
(KALI)

I've been working like a slave oh, lord  
And I get tired along this lonesome journey  
I done struggled on this road, I've been wrong  
I know, I know that there's no peace in my shelter  
There's going to be no peace in my shelter