

They say life can be a monster
That's why every day I wake up, it's the one I'm tryna conquer
I done faced my fears
A lot of nights I went to bed, the only thing I ate were my tears
That's why you feel the vibe
And you can hear the pain in my words, you can see it in my eyes
Thank God that I'm alive
'Cause I can count a hundred ways I know I should've died
I'm alive though, this for all of my critics
If it wasn't for the Lord, I'd tell you where to stick it
Tell you where to put it, tell you where to shove it
Spit it 'cause I lived it, not 'cause I loved it
Now that's enough about the old me
Talk about me all you want, you don't even know me
They say I'm too hood with my lyrics
That's 'cause what I've been through in my life is what they livin'
And I consider this a privilege
A gift given freely to me, that's how I give it
Of the same spirit, hopin' they can hear it
Word hit they heart, they can be delivered
Went to the church to get baptized
Told the preacher that I keep on having these bad vibes
Told him I done lived a crazy life
By the way my days goin', I prob'ly be dead tonight
He told me Jesus he can save my life
And he can set me free tonight
Repent and he can give me life
And that's what your boy did, that's why I'm standing here tonight
This is grown folks' music
Time to show you kids how the grown folks do this
Man you really ought to be ashamed
35 years old, now you tryna go and claim a game
That's lame, lyin' to these kids
Stuntin' in your music like that's really how you live
Frontin' on these songs like you really sellin' dope
Homie you ain't from the hood, you ain't pushin' no blow
No, keep that junk up out of my face
Keep it off my timeline, this here is my space
And if it wasn't for the Lord's grace
I'd be tryna follow cats, Snub Nose .38s
That's how it goes in the Show Me State
Momma mess the money up, you end up on a dinner plate
And I hate it had to be that way
Lord, forgive us for our sins, help us see a better way
Blind 'cause we lookin' through a dirty lens
I was just tryna get a Benz
But I end up losin' all my friends
Now my dirty goin' to the pen
They hit that boy with 55
He ain't did 3 yet, talkin' 'bout suicide
He told me every night he closes his eyes
When he lays down to sleep, all he hears is men cry
So don't believe 'em when they say that lie
Ain't nothin' cute about that gangsta life
That's why I'm standing here to testify
That there's a whole 'nother way to live, I hope you open up your eyes