

## Beautiful Music

Thi'sl

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