

Success

Chris Webby

Are you really here or am I dreaming
I can't tell dreams from truth
For it's been so long since I have seen you
I can hardly remember your face anymore

Yeah, is that really you success?
I know you're close...
But I haven't seen you in so fucking long man, you know
I'm a find you though, I'm gonna find you

Yeah, success, is that you around the corner?
I've been on your trail, now they say it warmer warmer
It's been a long time since I seen you too
Probably since my last wrestling match in high-school
And after that you left me, packed up and bounce with lady luck
Then shit got messy, grades started slippin' and the drugs kicked in
E pills, coke, percs, Klonopins
Either high or in a bad mood, pissed off teenager covered in tattoos
Grade A fuck-up, simple as that
I'm surprised my two parents didn't turn their back
But they never gave up on me, I love 'em for that
And I promise I'm a pay it all back with these raps
I know my bail was high but mom and dad I'm a pay back
Every penny or I'll try, let it rot

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Yeah, success, is that you?
People tell me that you're nearby and I'm hopin' that it's true
Cause lately you haven't made an appearance in my life
Just a spot at the bottom and a lot of long nights
Court fees, shity jobs, bad luck, drug problems
Or have a non-religious kid looking to God
Swear to God I been through a lot of shit on this path
I'm not here to brag about it but no one can change the past
I put together raps tryna make myself a stag with it
I've put my heart, soul, everything I had in this
Slice my wrists and I bleed for this rappin' shit
How could you motherfuckers say I'm not passionate?
This is all I've ever loved, do it till the death of me
Proven that I'm worthy, I don't care what they expect from me
And I'll do it till there's not a breath left in me
Tryna make it in this crazy world successfully
Ah, tryna make it in this crazy world successfully
Tryna make it in this crazy world successfully
Tryna make it in this crazy world successfully
Yeah

So many people tell me success was up for the taking
But I can't tell if it's real or in my imagination
Spitted so sick that I need a vaccination
But I'm still underrated as fuck
Any occasion that I had to rise to, I did
But they still consider me a gimmick strictly just because of where I live

Dope when I rap I flow, it's my path to blow
This ain't the motherfuckin' white rapper show
Sharpin' skills like katanas in the arms of a ninja
Pure bred with the heart of a winner
Put my all in this shit, if I fall or I trip
I'm just gettin' back up, never callin' it quits
So hard when I spit, you need armor for this
Dusk till dawn till I'm gone I'm a spit
Do it till I die, nothin' less
Word to my very last breath I'm a find my success
Yeah

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