

Drinking With My Headphones On

E-dubble

[Hook:]

The hands go up, but they always come down
That's the sad truth when you're living for the crowd
The show's been over, but you still wanna bow
You really should hang it up but you're just too proud
The beat's too low, and the vocal's too loud
Even in the booth you've been havin' little doubts
You put your headphones on and drink 'till you pass out
Praying for a drought help you shake your dark cloud

[Bridge:]

I've not even been around the block
Not even once but I look out the door
The corner's right there, the coast is clear
My eyes are open but I'm hating the chore
No reason to stop now there's nothing but pop clowns
So put your money down put your neck on the table
You feeling so hot now, you're calling the shots now
Switch things up, you gotta shake that label

Call it what you want, call it what you gotta
It's a struggle in the booth to make the truth sound hotter
Make you feel proper make you feel just right
And it's some insecurities just to help you sleep at night
So fall back if you don't feel me. I don't even feel me!
Sometimes I think that I do this shit to try and heal me
Maybe be appealing maybe grow a fan base
But honestly I only make this music for my own sake
You want my own take? Here's my two cents
I don't need your recognition just a record with depth
An intense one that just lets me just vent
One that knows when I'm happy or I wanna get bent
And guess what homeboy? that's all I ever need
Introspection over beats and a party for the fiend
A city full of a songs and a mic for me to speak into
If music speaks to you please take heed:
Think about it, write it down, find someone you can teach it to
I'm not preachin' dude, I'm just trying to cleanse
A lyrical colonic, shake the demons in my head
Sometimes you've gotta purge yourself to make it out of bed

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Inspiration don't come cheap these days
So I go the opposite direction tryin' to keep this faith
No religion but hip hop has given the opportunity
To put a hundred percent into something that is true to me
And Usually my muses show up so I start sippin'
Allow me to gas myself so I stop trippin'

And overthinking and analyzing everything I do
So I can find out what life looks easier for you
How the hell did I develop all of this social anxiety
And fuck a zoloft! I roll off and get high
With these bottles and beers, trying to forget those years
I don't need a script doctor, but let's just say cheers
And tip that, say sip sip sippin' on the jazzers
And when your people join you, then you know it's going to be magic
But when you're on a vision quest, they say that it's a hazard
But trust me, I would never let it turn to something tragic
There's been too many kids lost in my home town
Must be something in the water shed, 'cuz I know now
Suicidal teens ain't born, they're bred
So give them something to hope for instead of pullin' the thread
Unravellin' all of their dreams at the seams
I believe in doing for self, but it's nice having a team
That's why I self medicate just to help meditate
Introspection is arrestin' when you can't catch a break

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The 16s we rip 'em, the pen's scribbles explicit
Mic booth is a closet until the studio's finished
Gaurenteed that when we get legit I'm going to miss it
But until then we circle the rag and stay on the mission
A hotbed of ideas, our pens are best friends
I've driven through carpal tunnel, that's hell but the road ends
We've blazing our own path, we work as our own staff
No paychecks get cut, but fuck we'll get past
I stay sipping the bourbon and even though it's a weakness
I need it to find the freedom to make real what I keep dreamin
I mean it, I promise I can surely keep my seams sewn up
As long as I only have to pretend to be a grown up
These headphones are worn, the paint's starting to fade
High's starting to clip, lows starting to wane
But no need to worry, the musics gonna get made
And even when we pass out, wake up to a new day like
bwwwoaaaaahhh...