

# Gut Puncher

Futuristic

Yeah, uh  
Why you so mad, homie? (Yeah)  
Always say what you have, homie (Yeah)  
You got the cash, you got the bag  
You got the pad, you got the packs  
Your whip is fast, your chick is bad, you don't have to brag, homie  
I been listening closely  
Lately you sounding upset  
It seem like your life is a mess  
I can tell that you depressed  
You got all of these regrets by the people you left  
Always chasing a check, let it hang 'round yo neck  
Can't believe what it says and diamonds and all them designs you decidin' to  
put in your fashion  
They gotta be pressured, gotta be feeling the wreck  
Becoming obsessed with success, I look at you and now I know that I'm blesse  
d  
The game is a test, sometimes more is less and you more or less too stressed  
You got power now with no common ground with anyone around, now that's death  
(Huh?)

I can tell you fame ain't what it seems  
I can tell you money ain't a thing  
I can tell you happiness a choice  
I can tell you the importance of your voice

Money is numbers and numbers don't mend  
Happiness come from your family and friends  
Meaning in life is now riding a trend, most people looking for where to begi  
n  
They glorifying the guns and the drugs  
I'm trying to show you the light and the love  
I'm looking back at the things that I've done  
Mama is proud about who I've become  
Money is numbers and numbers don't mend  
Happiness come from your family and friends  
Meaning in life is now riding a trend, most people looking for where to begi  
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Take my name  
Take my shine  
Waste my money, not my time  
Live my life by design  
Walk by faith, not by sight

Look, the crazy thing about having something is now you have something to lo  
se  
I remember as a young rapper I ain't have nothing, I was on the move  
Trying to turn these little raps to a little cash, but who woulda knew  
I'd have a couple plaques, couple hundred racks, still feel like something t  
hat I've got to prove  
Look, I could tell you how to seal it all up  
How to make you feel like you've never got enough

You scroll through the phone and you feel so alone  
So you close it and open it right back up, that's addiction  
Tyrone [?] with the itching  
Don't you get lost in the fiction  
'Cause on the 'Gram, they looking like dang  
Real life you think they magicians  
Got to be hungry, never be thirsty, know the difference (Know the difference  
)  
Know your self-worth is not your net-worth, God my witness (God my witness)  
Time isn't money, time is everything on my wish list  
So you tell me what rich is  
It's always a bigger pound of bigger fishes

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