

There I Go

Grits

Feel my struggle, feel my pain
Feel my plea - this is me

So many years I suffered pain, and some seldom believe what I became: lame and fed up with fame
The things I value most were deemed worthless, but black and back
And that I seemed nervous, with no purpose
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Worth its weight in gold
Penetrate the infrastructure of friend berated, who waited, evaded 'fore life was confiscated
What made it complicated was, often times, the light reflecting me was dim and faded
Ooh yeah, and still I made it
Oh boy, mama's pearling almond joy
Dodging every blow of Satan's plot employ
A hero, saving lives that you see before you
Fighting that which may destroy you, writing your redemption for you
So, here I go; I brought my frame: the loyal
Future at four, five - I let you tell your kids about who came before you
And, if a moment such as this is true, and this desire change your frame of mind, embrace and pray it touches you

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Yo, I never thought I would of got to the point of tired of rocking these joints
Cause my knees bleed like arteries, clotting my want and ambitions
Cause my position in this industry steadily, it seems to be, grudgingly keeping me in opposition of opportunities of reaching the unreachable, teaching the un-teachable, speaking the unspeakable
The realness in life, in the image that of Christ and the way I choose to write it in my diary - the irony is tiring
Discussing depression, there's so many lessons I've learned, and my concern is for those who connect with it but never get the chance to get it, (so I go everywhere I know)
There's pain and there's suffering
The game got me hustling for change, and it's strange
The same issues never get answers or solutions
It's time for revolution in this music, so I choose to keep on spitting this medicine

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