

## III Mind of Hopsin 7

Hopsin

It's us, find power  
Live life, mind power  
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Yo, fuck anybody I might alarm  
Life is a tour, I sit and ride along  
Taking some notes and then I write the song  
I'm staring down the road my life has gone  
Is this where I belong?  
Is it wrong to not believe in right and wrong?  
My mental state is fucking me up  
And I cry the pond while asking you for some answers  
But we don't have that type of bond  
That my desires gone with the way that I've been living lately  
If I died right now, you'd turn the fire on  
Sick of this bullshit, niggas call me a sellout  
Cause I hopped on Christianity so strongly then I fell out  
Now I'm avoiding questions like a scared dog with his tail down  
Feeling so damn humiliated because they looking at me like I'm hellbound  
What story should I tell now? I'll just expose the truth  
I'm so close to the fucking edge, I should be close to you  
But who the fuck are You? You never showed the proof  
And I'm only fucking human yo, what am I supposed to do?  
There's way too many different religions with vivid descriptions  
Begging all fucking men and women to listen  
I can't even beat my dick without getting convicted  
These ain't wicked decisions, I got different intentions  
I've been itching to get it, I've been given assistance  
But the whole fucking system is twisted  
Now I'm dealing with this backlash because Marcus isn't a Christian  
And I've been told that my sinful life is an addiction  
But I can't buy it, it's just too hard to stand beside it  
I need an answer and humans can't provide it  
I look at the Earth and Sun and I can tell a genius man designed it  
It's truly mind blowing, I can't deny it  
Is heaven real? Is it fake? Is it really how I fantasize it?  
Where's the Holy Ghost at? How long it take Man to find it?  
My mind's a nonstop tape playing and I can't rewind it  
You gave me a Bible and expect me not to analyze it  
I'm frustrated and you provoked it  
I'm not reading that motherfucking book because a human wrote it  
I have a fucking brain, you should know it  
You gave it to me to think to avoid every useless moment  
It was a mission that I had to abort  
Cause humans be lying with such an inaccurate source  
It's gon' be hard to put me back on the course  
Next Jehovah's Witness to come on my porch  
I swear I'm slammin' the door  
A lot of folks believe it though, but I'm not surprised  
Humans are fucking dumb, still thinking that Pac's alive  
I ain't trying to take your legacy and torch it down  
I'm just saying: I ain't heard shit from the horse's mouth  
Just sheep always telling stories of older guys  
Who were notarized by you when you finally vocalized  
Now I'm supposed to bow my head and close my eyes  
And somehow let the Holy Ghost arise

Sounds like a fucking Poltergeist  
Show yourself and then boom it's done  
Every rumor's gone, I no longer doubt this shit, you're the One  
I'll admit that my sinful ways was stupid fun  
And all my old habits can hop onto of a roof to plunge  
I'll donate to a charity that could use the funds  
Fuck the club, instead of bitches I'd hang with a group of nuns  
And everyone that I ran into would know what I came to do  
I wouldn't take a step unless it was in the name of You  
I hate the fact that I have to believe  
You haven't been chatting with me like you did Adam and Eve  
And I ain't seen no fucking talking snake unravel from trees  
With an apple to eat, that shit never happens to me  
I don't know if you do or don't exist, it is driving me crazy  
Send your condolences, this is me reaching to you so don't forget  
If hell is truly your pit of fire and I get thrown in it  
I'mma probably regret the fact that I ever wrote this shit  
My gut feeling says it's all fake  
I hate to say it but fuck it, shit I done lost faith  
This isn't a small phase, my perspective's all changed  
My thoughts just keep picking shit apart all day  
And in my mind I make perfect sense  
If you aren't real then all my prayers aren't worth a cent  
That would mean that I could just make up what my purpose is  
And I could just sit in church and say "fuck" in the services  
Man what if Jesus was a facade?  
Then that would mean the government's god  
I feel like they've been brainwashing us with a lot  
So much that we don't even notice that we're stuck in the box  
Man everything is "what if", why is it always "what if"  
Planet Earth "what if", the universe "what if"  
My sacrifice "what if", my afterlife "what if"  
Every fucking thing that deals with you is fucking suspect  
I'm fucking done, I'm fucking done  
This is my fucking life and I'm living it, I'm having fun  
If you really care for me, prove that I need to live carefully  
But I'll be damned if I put my own pleasure aside for an afterlife that isn't even guaranteed  
We are you, and you're us, stop playing games  
My life's all I got, and heaven is all in my brain  
And when I feel I am in hell, my ideas are what get me through pain  
Do as you please, and I'll just do me  
I'm a human, I'll stay in my lane  
Ill mind

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