

Nowhere To Go

Kerser

[Sampling]

Are you alone?
No ones out here
Are you alone?
No ones out here

[Verse 1]

Same day, started as the last one
Nothings changed, kinda hopin its a fast one
Now my mates man I hardly ever see 'em
I know they feel I changed but I'm feeling like I'm dreaming
Now when we drink up, we reminisce and laugh
I'm feeling bad I'm out it but they still stuck in the raw
Weighing drugs on a scale just to pay bills,
Plus the boys doing time, how do they feel
No matter what, I am stuck in the gutter
Money can't change shit, its my brain motherfucker
If I had enough bills, I'd get all the crew fed
But I gotta feed my fam and remember you said
You had my back while I'm needing the support
Try and move but I crash, plus I'm fiending just to talk
Nobody wanna listen so I'm walking these dead streets
Feeling like the only thing that knows is a NEBS beat
What the fuck you thinking cause I got fans now
That I don't need your help, fuck I'm putting the pen down
Wait I can't do that, cause thats the shit right
This the medicine thats gonna save a kids life
But I talk about drugs, so now I'm no good
Show your parents what the fuck around your own hood
Then maybe just maybe you'll fucking understand why
And hate me but rate me and the exact same time, cause I

[Hook x2]

Feel alone like there's nowhere to go, I try to
Find a home but I'm back on the road, another
Mate rang but I missed the call,
So you can use your fucking brain but you ain't thinking at all
And yeah I

[Verse 2]

I could be drug fucked, that would make sense
You try to hold the weight I'm holding it would break legs
Cones that I've packed, every tab that Ive popped
On the phone to my dad, but he don't know that I'm lost
Cause I play it all good, no one needs to know shit
Don't know if I should, don't know why I wrote this
Feeling so confused, why the fans showing love
Why I'm writing shit like this, does it mean I'm growing up
If thats the fucking case I'd rather feeling like a kid again
When we was running mucks I probably had them people listening
Now a days, its not the same, or tell me is this what the fame is doing to m
y brain I've gone insane I need a doctor mate
I got a lot at stake, I gotta stop it aye, they tell me drop the pills I end
up fucking popping eight
I got my girl and thank fuck for that, I love her need her cause I'm losing
all my trust in rap
Plus she found my fucking stash and she flushed it down the toilet

Next day I went and scored, don't talk about it, I avoid it
Where to go, what to do cause I'm lost what
Now these haters gonna use it as a soft spot
But whats not to say that you is not the same
Somehow I'm in my right mind but I lost my brain
Thats my heart sitting served up on the paper
I fucked up and saved nothing for later