

# Therapy for My Soul

Young Jeezy

(J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League)

Yeah

Therapy baby

For my soul

Yeah

Just tryna heal, you know?

Yeah

Been listenin' to my thoughts and lately I've been concerned

Feel like my soul on fire, let that motherfucker burn

Man nobody gave me shit, I wait my motherfuckin' turn (Turn)

(Therapy for my soul)

I had a few hits, even had a few misses

Got clumsy in the kitchen, even broke a few dishes

Street life scarred me, my soul need therapy (Therapy)

(Therapy for my soul)

I ain't never been the one to complain, that's win or lose

Made moves and paid dues, walk in my shoes

It's like a nigga came with directions, I really made me

I was drownin' then I threw me afloat, I really saved me

Put down everything that I love, that's on my legacy

Never fucked over nobody to make a better me

If you ask me what happened with Kink, we grew apart

Tried to sue, he took me to court, shit broke my heart

Same nigga you made a millionaire, sue you for millions

Made man and he want it all, none for my children

If One-Five wasn't my dawg, I would've touched them

When that shit went down with Gibbs, I couldn't trust 'em

Invested my hard earn money, tied up my bread

But he gon' try to tell you I'm flawed, that's in his head

It's happening just the way that I said it, good on your own

And if I'm honest nothin' gangsta about you, leave this alone, yeah

And everybody wonderin' what happened with me and Coach

Same shit that happened between Tommy and Ghost

'Cause yeah the checks comin' in but the trust ain't there

I would say it's all him but that wouldn't be fair

I was fresh up out the streets, tryna fight my own demons

Knew somethin' wasn't right, guess I had my own reasons

Mission impossible, I ain't on a plane now

Shake took his own life, I ain't understand that

Had me feelin' numb, laid in bed for a week

Eyes didn't closed one time, that's a week with no sleep

I'ma keep it solid, he the reason me and Ross talk

Never ashamed to admit that I was wrong, yeah that's boss talk

Since we talkin' boss talk, let's address the sucka shit

Grown man playin' on Instagram, real sucka shit

Why the fuck this clown nigga playin' with my legacy?

Solid in these streets, that's some shit that you will never be

Talking 'bout power, but weak niggas do the most

In real life, nigga you really borrow money from Ghost

All that lil' boy shit, yeah it make it evident

Made millions in these streets, what the fuck is 50 Cent?

And it's still Free Meech, love him if he right or wrong

But the streets wanna know, do we really get along

If you askin' me, nigga, that's one thousand percent

If I did somethin' wrong then I gotta repent

Ain't no hatred in my heart, ain't no hatred in my veins  
If you felt me being distant, think it's time to explain  
And I was stickin' to my plan while Raf Simons took the stand  
He tried to G-Money me, what's happenin' with your man?  
Tried to throw me in your case  
Guess he tryna save face  
No exception, know the rules, I just handled it with grace  
And I ain't sayin' that you told him to do it, I know better  
Still the same nigga, nothin' but love, that's forever  
See my ego and my pride, yeah, I put it all aside  
Reminiscing 'bout all them late nights we used to vibe  
When it's all said and done, we're brothers, your mother love us  
The feds did you dirty, can't stand them motherfuckers  
Speaking 'bout brothers, welcome home, Tee  
A nigga might owe you money, but that nigga ain't me  
I be lookin' for the truth 'cause that shit be hard to find  
All these lies and these rumors, fuckin' with my peace of mind

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