

I Need A Song

Devin the Dude

I need a song
That I can sing
When I'm alone
With my smoke, and my drank
I need a place
Where I could live
With a piece of mind
I need some time
So I could chill
Get in my zone
I need a song

To help me through my days, and help me with my nights
I chant my words like prayers to help me deal with life
In front of this mic I control the world I'm living in
The stage is my pulpit while I preach to my citizens
Don't care 'bout fitting in, just want who listening
To know the words I quote are sincerely from deep within
Whenever I grab my pen and share this part of me, I only speak the truth, respect my artistry
The liquor gets me lifted and the coffee keeps me focused
It helps me find a zone away from all the shit thats bogus
I'm tryna touch bases that writers often leave alone
I'm letting my words fall on these papers when I write these songs
I wanna feel as if I'm Marvin back in '74
And when my brother went to war and "what's going on" was a song I wrote
I'm tuned in at what I know would make you feel me
Go deep inside this music tryna show the world the real me

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When I'm feeling overwhelmed and stressed
It's like I could hardly even tell that I'm blessed
Having dealt with the mess so long being still again
But I feel like I'm failing a test
Tell with the rest that my soul needs ease
How can he cheat when the block is knee deep
But my kids need me so my mind needs free
So I can still keep giving y'all a piece
Johnny Hathaway had me find a path away
To take my mind away from trouble
What a hater got to say
What bills be paid, chicks need laid, who stayed and got straight played
How much who made, made time for the hood
The bad, the good, misunderstood
But it never crossed my mind, hold my grind, little time it would
Sometimes I wish I could turn my cell and laptop off and ride on a plane unt

il I get dropped off
Bucket of Heineken with the top popped off, then I hopped off
Don't nobody know I'm there
Never heard my music and they really don't care
Don't point, take pictures, don't stare
Keep the mixture in the air, exotic textures everywhere
Got me swinging off fixtures like yeah
Feeling good like yessir I'm there
But that's just a dream, reality is this tracks a holler
Three minutes ago I needed a song and now I got one

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