

## Selfish

## Problem

Every project need a moment like this  
This is mine

Sometime I wake up in cold sweats  
Nightmares crowding my nights, feeling regrets  
Of my past decisions, past decisions with women  
Fast decisions, I smashed, then smashed to the clinic  
Trails of spirits, prettier than dandelions  
Unborn born kids of mine, yelling out daddy why?  
Why I couldn't make it through?  
What was special about the other two, two?  
I can hear their little voices now  
And to them girls that I took down that abortion aisle  
All that fussing, all that fighting, all that forcing, I'll  
Apologize even though that might mean nothing now

And I don't know that for a long time now (should I)  
Swallow my pride and make my peace with the Lord now  
'Cause only he knows, if one day I'ma have to reap what I sow

They say that I'm selfish  
I don't know why  
They calling me selfish  
But I don't reply  
They say that I'm selfish  
I don't disagree  
'Cause when I ain't selfish  
Nobody lookin' out for me (me, me)

I ain't going to blame it on my age, I was knowing better  
Selling dreams while I was fucking, I'm a hoe, whatever  
No condoms, I was nothing and damn near whatever  
Running around like crown was on top of my head  
King ding-a-ling, shit, what a ding-a-ling  
Now I'm sitting in the waiting room, bell ring-a-ling  
She comes out, body all depleted  
I'm trying to soothe her mind, telling her we didn't really need it  
Promising the future kids all the rest of evening  
Soon as I drop off a nigga get to leaving  
Hit traffic weaving, straight to the next one  
It's all good 'til that "we need to talk" text come

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God, I'm seeing where I went wrong  
Am I being punished for everything that I did wrong?

Staring at my son's neck, tryin' to put this bib on  
Over the tube that he breathing through  
Lookin' back up, knowing I believe in you  
And yeah, I'm thankful for the blessings I receive from you  
I give 'em all back, for that fucking breathing tube  
To be, in me, instead of he  
But, I know this gon' make me a better me  
Lookin' me again, still think so selfishly  
I'm grippin' on that handle, while traveling through the streets  
Driving me crazy, tank damn near on E

And I don't know that for a long time now (Should I)  
Swallow my pride and make my peace with the lord now  
'Cause only he knows, if this is me reaping what I sow