

Fight the pain, inside the rain
A rebel know, to let the devil go
So now to get paid, about to be working like a slave

I'm kinda good, kinda bad, kinda get money can't be mad
I'm kinda broke but I'm kinda rich
Wishing I had a corner I could put a bitch in
They ain't gonna do nothing
Ain't like I'm suffering
Food for my baby's mouth
Then I bought a house for my baby mother and
What's wrong? I try, don't matter, still die
I'm strong, but I'm not
When I'm alone, I cry
Out for you, it's hard to do
I can't see you so doubt for you
When out my mouth I sprout the noose
Too much vodka and mountain dew
Explainin' what I be meanin'
If you listen fast you think I was a Heathen
But the last Sunday receivin' the preacher from the pastor
Ain't even believin' the bastard
But no Hades, god's baby
God made me, a little crazy
And I'm off, I'm gone
My life is my songs
What I mean when I sing, still on a wing and a prayer
But if I listen to what is written in the scriptures maybe it will get me there
Share with the people I swear it is an evil scam that might be in vain
But if I say I I'm the genius then like jesus everybody gonna know my name
(KALI)

I've been working like a slave oh, lord
And I get tired along this lonesome journey
I done struggled on this road, I've been wrong
I know, I know that there's no peace in my shelter
There's going to be no peace in my shelter