

Confessions

8Ball & MJG

And it's hard
hard

Yea yea sittin looking out my window the streets I see ain't pretty
Sometimes I wonder if I was born rich with plenty
Money, and everyday was sunny didn't no rain fall
Life was beautiful like the colors of a rainbow
Would I be the same prim row all my niggaz know
If I didn't have to learn to beat them streets and get that dough
What if I never witnessed killings with my own two eyes
Bussin leave they own folks layin in the street to die
Life without respect if every second I was shakin
cause I injected dope in my veins
Divide and strain could I describe pain could I
describe livin life without desire mayne
Could I survive if I couldn't rap or entertain alive
and free you can't beat it
Who can you blame my world is like a picture and the frame
The picture might change but the frame stays the same

Hustling waiting on tomorrow
Living life in the fast lane
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows
Sitting here waiting on tomorrow
Putting paper away
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows

What if you was on the other end of the bullet
When a killer wanna pull it would it seem like
The light flash in front of your face
Or would you run real slow like I ran in my dream like
Just the other day I tried to be a hero but it wasn't the side of me
Or maybe it just wasn't the time to be but if the shoe had to fit then I would be
Ahead of the game playin the part I bring it all into the light from out of the dark
I hit the bat into the ball and out of the park
And live with the question alone that's meddlin hard
What if you had to live under the bridge and do anything just to feed your kids
Think about that and the deed you did the first thing that impress me kid
Oh yes you did and I ain't even tryna choke your chain or pull your leg
and I ain't even tryna fuck with your head and I ain't even tryna sweat this shit
Just spit these messages cause I'm blessed with it
What if you had the chance to be able to switch hands with me or anyone you see
And if you really wanna take it deep this shit not quatum to me
For one and each and each and all for the sci-fi
mat more religious superstitious
Politicious and all the listeners with us this shit be cold as Christmas
So put your head to the sky say a prayer for the sick and the old the young

and the weak
For the bombs and the single moms with six kids askin for something to eat

Hustling waiting on tomorrow
Living life in the fast lane
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows
Sitting here waiting on tomorrow
Putting paper away
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows

And when you get up they seem to hold you down
Down to the ground gotta stay focused with your eyes opened wide
See the sun rise I keep my hands on the steering wheel when I'm creepin up 7
5
(woo woo woo) changing lanes on the regular talkin on my cellular fast
Watching cause they wanna take me away
I'm just trying to feed my babies face
But I'm just hustling I'm waiting on tomorrow

[Chorus] cuts in
Living life in the fast lane
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows
Sitting here waiting on tomorrow
Putting paper away
Cause no one ever knows
No one ever knows

And the only way is to keep your head on right
Oh yea