

Paranoia

Abstract

Everybody think the dream is a dream 'til the truth wakes up
Knives in the back 'cause the stakes play rough
Say don't change but you can't stay same
'Cause you won't stay sane if the chains stay cuffed
Innocence lost is the cross to bear
Some advice that I'll toss to all those who dare
Take a seat right across, there's a open chair
I'ma tell you what it take just to get to here
Yeah
Long nights writin' in dark rooms to find light
Insight workin' through wrongs to try to make right
Downfalls leading to new heights, reflection
Pure heart spoken as true art, connection
Built from the struggles that most do not mention
Two cents given can spark course correction
Cents turn to change then to dollars on the page
Then the vultures come lookin' for a piece of what you made
Art turned to business, transactional friendships
Knives in the back become stains that you live with
Purity in the absurdity is rare to keep
Cynics are like misery how they accompany the weak
Big bark but we know the bite lacks teeth
Let 'em slide, pity those on the dark side, each
Took the same situation and they chose their path
So sad, but be vigilant 'cause even I have

This paranoia
Like everybody's plottin' on my downfall
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Can I trust my gut in a blue moon windfall?
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Feel like every step is an uphill climb
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Guess I'm underdog 'til the day I die

Yeah
Ain't a motherfucker livin' that I trust in
Everybody got agendas that they come with
Everybody got they hand out
Tryna get a favor outta milli' but I did it off of hustlin'
Tell me, what did you expect?
Why you feel entitled to the things that I gave a lot of blood just to get?
I assume ain't nobody shit
So when they showin' me they true colors I don't never get upset
Got a few brothers that ain't never let me down
But I feel the envy now whenever they get 'round
Try to share my wealth but they wanna take the crown
And I try to build 'em up but they try to break me down (D-d-down-down)
I sit alone in my four-corner loft
Writin' texts to some people I shoulda been writin' off
Tried tellin' 'em that I am not involved
But I'm payin' for they sins like I'm dying on the cross
I don't wanna talk, nah we can't go backwards
'Cause they words never match they actions
Said I'm Hollywood but they the ones actin'
'Cause they only round when we make transactions
I should leave 'em in the past tense

Have 'em wonderin' what happened
They the reason that these walls so high, so they can't have access

'Cause I got this paranoia
Like everybody's plottin' on my downfall
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Can I trust my gut in a blue moon windfall?
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Feel like every step is an uphill climb
Paranoia (Paranoia)
Guess I'm underdog 'til the day I die