Shot Down

Abstract

Does love always develop like that?

Come and step into my office
I'm the boss; it's keys, drums, melodies fillin' up my wallet
Big things poppin', on my grind all the time
But you know I'm stompin' on a trick like Wallisch
Knew I had to do it for the small town kids
Livin' proof, livin' dreams, you can get it like this
They ain't gonna get it 'til the world do though
No motivation, like when I go home
I remember they were colder than December with the shoulder
Circle full of real friends, rest kicked boulders
Now they show me love, actin' like a shareholder
But you ain't invested in me, you never really believed
Started makin' music when my heart got broke
Stabbed in the back before I could heal though
I'm reminded of the scars every time I go home
Heard my fame got to her, heard a bullet in the chamber
Heard she got some rumors on the move outta anger
They gon' say it's petty, I revisit again
My reputation ain't complacent, I'm accustomed to vent
You can't assassinate my character, I know who I am
With the way we linkin', they gon' John Wilkes Booth
Bigger that we get, the more that they'll yell, "Shoot!"
But this here ain't a play, this my goddamn life
Here for a long time? Goddamn right
All I do is spit the truth and make my dreams come true
Honesty the policy, I thought you knew
This the last response that I'm ever gonna do
I would say fight fair, but fair was never you

My mother always told me, "Careful who you keep around"
Guess I shoulda listened; guess I know now
When you up, when you up, they gon' try to shoot you down
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Still livin' every second for the music
Kept me livin' back when I was 'bout to lose it
Went from, "Watch me" to "Look, I really do this"
My 2012 tape soundin' better than your new shit
I've been goin' hard since the day I got a mic
Now I got a studio, it only feel right
Had a lotta dark days and a lotta long nights
But I'm finally on my way, gonna be a long flight
Tourin' overseas like I said I would
On that USB mic in the corner of my bedroom
Tell the flight attendant I been runnin', need the leg-room
Dreamt so long, not a second to be slept through
I don't do it for the cash, I just do it for the fans
'Cause they know if I could do it, anybody got a chance
I ain't talkin' 'bout the shit I do on the mic
Talkin' comin' out of a dark place becomin' the light

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[Blulake:] 25% complete

Okay, what was that?
All of this is tripping me out, but I don't feel like that anymore
These feelings, these memories, I've moved past... all of it
What did you do?
I'm merely peering progressively deeper into your psyche
Dropping you into thoughts, following your memories to access your reactions
You may think these feelings no longer exist
But I believe both of us are finding out you and your species are more compl
ex than we know

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