

(DJ Fresh DJ Fresh DJ Fresh)

This is what I do to get you in my room  
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Painkillers can't heal how I really feel aside  
PTSD shit's the first time I opened my eyes  
Black man white clan who gon' die first  
Last night I had a dream that I was laying in the hurst  
Eyes open all confused they can't hear me scream  
Woke up sweatin' I gotta stop sleepin' in my jeans  
The money callin' my whole knee heard three or four thangs  
Miss kim callin' trying to see what's up with Maxime  
Ain't see my baby in about 330 days  
And dex momma got bipolar she gon off blaze  
Stackin up this paper in case for rainy days  
In case these money hungry baby mommas wanna raise  
Ain't no pausing ain't no jogging in this filthy race  
Gotta saty humble and stop fighting before they take my plate  
I wish my father figure didn't sell as merely pair  
My barber turned into a cop that's why I grew my hair

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No matter what they try to throw at me I'm standing tall  
The dream team could be in front of me I'm still gon ball  
My grandad watched the black panthers rise into a four  
I'm watching people's breakfast uplifting through it all  
Using battles for door steppers I'm not hesitatin'  
Using crosses for old pictured even decorations  
I dropped the goal line and people think I worship satan  
They think I auctionned off my soul  
And danced in fire naked  
Gasoline Tank tops and propain socks in my cleets  
Thinking about how I'm gon die is makin me tweek

Will I survive until the morning to see the sun  
Might as well forgive me for my sins cause here I come