

...There

Andy Mineo

Nobody ever make it out alive (woo!)
This ain't first class I got upgraded
Penny pinchin' rapper even though I made it
Mama got the clothes from garage sales
Took the low so I could have the top shelf, yeah
Humble thyself or God will
Youngin' with a little drive like a Hot Wheel, yeah
Now it's pop culture when you're poppin' pills, right?
Rather have us medicated than healed, right?

Look, blog said I'm in album mode
Boy, I'm always in album mode
My slice need the alamo
New York like Al Capone
Whole squad in the patagon
My girl b-b-bad, bad to the bone
I keep losin' my wedding ring, I gotta go get that tatted on
I'm-out in Europe, it feel just like the burrow
Shoutin' "Ya heard!" Spent a Euro, got dessert, that's that churro
Need that Word that's eternal, I write the rap, no journal
My pen got me some wins, I feel like Joe Paterno, aye

I don't got no time for beefin' with nobody else
I've been dealin' with my demons, I been beefin' with myself
I need Heaven down on Earth 'cause it's feelin' like it's Hell
That's all that I can do, uh

Ah, 1 a.m., I ain't sleepin'
2 a.m., I ain't sleepin' (not at all)
3 a.m., I ain't sleepin' (wide awake)
Maybe I should get some sleep in
I got angels flyin' all around
I pray they take me off the ground
I know I got one lookin' down on me, on me, on me

(Every sword got two edges
How will I be remembered?)

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Standing alone in the parking lot of The Truman Show
[?] the things I never knew before
Laying flowers at the casket of a twenty-two-year-old me
The sound of usual but listen death is beautiful see
Nothing grows until it finally dies
And you'll never find the truth until you find the lies well
Now that I have started pulling the strings some things are unraveling
And I don't like what I'm seeing but yet I proceed (deconstruction)
This the moment I hold it all in question
It's terrifying 'cause there ain't nothing to rest in the sense of a lost direction
Is messy but still, I press and I'm desperate to find the answer

I can't go on with the guessing
Did any one percent of the people I call my brethren
Put an elephant in the room and say it was heaven sent
I don't know what Bible you reading or what God you believe in
But that don't sound like reason, it sound like you sleeping
So I'm leaving, this my Last Supper who treatin'?
Take a stand for the knee and your Nike still creasing
I let it all fall apart then I took the pieces
Reconstructing everything I once believed in, yeah

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