

# 101 Confessions

ARTAN

I can't keep wishing away my problems, gotta find out how I'm gonna fix them  
Sometimes I feel my lucks so bad, no point in taking a risk  
Then plenty of dreams I've flushed down the toilet, if I smoke weed I don't  
give a shit  
101 confessions, I think too much, it is what it is

I shoulda been home more often, I got a family to feed more time  
Inside I should see more light, I'm stuck in my flat with p's on mind  
I lost so many loved ones, I don't believe in God but I see your side  
Sometimes in love's where the evil hides, smoke weed all day just to free my  
mind

When people die around me I don't know how to feel, I'm scared but I try and  
suppress it  
4 weeks later I'm into depression, 10 years gone, still learnin' my lesson  
Never said I love you once to my family, gave me the chills don't know why e  
ither  
Love language isn't a speaker so I do deeds and think that we're even

I can't stop being lost in my dark days  
Think I'm stuck between rocks and a hard place  
I stare lots tryna see what the stars say  
I'm okay but I had me a hard day  
I don't want them to follow my footsteps  
If you want you can watch from the pathway  
If you do, I can meet you at halfway  
If you do, I can meet you at halfway

These are just a few of my confessions  
Praying I can learn a couple lessons  
From my mistakes  
I try to change but  
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Though I'm afraid  
I'll find a way but  
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I never had much growing up more time, I've felt like I was the runt of the  
litter, well that's what I figured  
When I'm down they help, but when I do well they're triggered  
I tried being honest and say that money don't matter and happiness comes fro  
m within but nowadays when I'm flat broke on the train to work all I think i  
s how Ima win

When my song blew up I called all the mandem, some of them barely gave a res  
ponse  
I felt like maybe I'm bragging or maybe I'm down but I just don't know what  
it was  
Schooldays I was a bogart rippin' the tags off clothes, don't care 'bout the  
cost  
Started the week I'm 5 bills up, somehow I always ends in a loss

And I lie on my CV all of the time, no masters I was at uni juggin'  
High grade is what I was around, so I guess that you do get back what you pu  
t in

Back in the day I'd run for the bus, no luck, I felt I was stuck in the mud  
Growin' up is thinkin' where is the love, nowadays I'm thinkin' where is the  
funds

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