

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 week 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 either
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
These are just a, these are just a few of my
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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 from within but nowadays when I'm flat broke on the train to work all I think is how Ima win

When my song blew up I called all the mandem, some of them barely gave a response
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 put 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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