

Sing Along

ARTAN

Not enough numbers in my bank statements
My brothers occupation is to catch paigons
I used to be so innocent and that's changing
Carrying the world on both my shoulders but my back's aching
I used to be concerned about the other side
Been like a hundred times, I've had to see my mother cry
Had thoughts of suicide when I heard that my brother died
I felt to build a time machine to take me to another life
Where everybody's peaceful
And family were all honest, not deceitful
And if you die too young then God'll guarantee a sequel
Man I had to do the most just to be treated like an equal
I've been trying to make out superstars from ordinary people
It's crazy how a dream can manifest
I used to be the class clown but now it's me they try impress
I got some things I should address
But if I speak they'll probably blackball me
And I can't be another victim in a sad story

And sometimes I get high and my dreams are sort of mad
I'm losing time to chase the bag
All I'm thinking about is things I've never had
And I need some patience
I'm really trying to get all this off
I always tell myself it's never my fault
And if you can relate, listen to this song, go
Huh-ho huh-ho
Huh-ho huh-ho
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Huh-ho huh-ho
Huh-ho huh-ho
Huh-ho huh-ho

Stuck in my conscious and I'm trapped in a cycle
Too immersed in my reality, insanity is vital
I lost friends because of dumbness but not once over a jezebel
And if it ever happens then I wish 'em well
I'm not the type to kiss and tell
Maybe I should learn my lesson
Learning how to swerve depression
Trying hard to search for blessings
Figured out my words of weapons
Fighting through the wars of many man
And if I win this battle, anybody can, that's what I never understand
I was the underdog in many ways
I never had a girl in secondary
When I did and we broke up I cried for 7 days
That's when I rolled up lemon haze in large amounts
Granted so I can't come out
Didn't have shit to laugh about
Used to get the 103 to Romford
Reminiscing about my younger times
Only 13 and didn't love my life
Was tired of coming home and seeing mumzy cry
School friends were happy and I wondered why

Some year 8 called me fat, I went on a hunger strike
Way too affected by opinion
Too neglected from the system
Too protected from my vision
I got big dreams
I swear I never thought that I'd be happy
I was shedding tears from when I was bussing nappies
Now I'm moving like I'm Pablo, I'm bossin' it
All those names they called me, ain't forgotten it
The ball is in my court and now I'm feeling like I'm Djokovic
I don't ever let it get on top of me
Trying to live my life and do it properly

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