

# Handwriting

Big K.R.I.T.

(Handwriting's on the wall)  
Yeah, it's on the wall  
I'm a keep drankin' til they toss me out this  
motherfucker man

Excuse my tone of voice but today was just a bad day  
Label hit me about another single and said I ain't had  
play  
Since Country Shit, hell they thought that was a  
reasonable record anyway  
But thank God for Bun B and Ludacris because they had  
faith  
That shit would take off and it did, guess I was too  
country to quit  
I make albums not hits, these rich folks don't know  
about this  
But that's cool, I'm back to that K.R.I.T. Was Here  
Pray to God this was meant for me, a king to be  
Hoping my time was near  
Maybe I'm rappin' in vain, maybe this wasn't my lane  
Maybe I'm hurtin' myself, talkin' bout real life  
instead of the fame  
How can I change? Shawty I swear I think I'm wastin'  
time  
On the phone with my pops like, "I just wanna save some  
lives"  
I just want a deuce to ride with the ones I was dealt  
My pride might be my downfall, but I ain't askin' for  
help  
I wear my heart on my sleeve, don't run into me cause  
it bleeds  
No disrespect to your craft, but I make my own beats  
Shit the handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall...)  
Man the Hennessy do somethin' to a nigga man sometimes  
that shit...  
I just can't hold back, you feel me?

First quarter got me like boilin' water with soda in it  
Drop my project in the pot watch it lock up like those  
in prison  
Gotta prove these people wrong that don't see the  
vision  
Three nominations, number one on 106, hell I forgot to  
mention  
Two free albums minus label support  
Fired my publicist cause I forgot what I was payin' him  
for  
Drunk til I'm barely conscious, call Johnny tell him  
put y'all on 3-way immediately  
Cause I'm sick of bein' lied to and I'm wagin' war  
Then I'm goin' back to Sippi-land and I'm quittin' rap  
Ain't that bad cause when I was poor, hell I was fat  
and happy  
Dealin' with the critics and the comments got me  
trippin'

Like my accent and my tone make it really hard to  
listen  
I was scarred but I was driven before the politics came  
Lynchin' rappers and droppin' albums, and watchin' em  
hang  
I pushed mine back with fear that they might just do me  
the same  
Cause I rebel I might get shelved, but that's part of  
the game  
Hell, the handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall...)  
Goddamn right it's on the wall  
I take this shit seriously man  
This is my life, this all I've ever known  
This all I'll ever do and I promise to God I won't let  
nobody take it from me

I did it for all of mine and all of yours  
Ten toes deep in the game I'm in  
I'm bound to lose if I'm livin' in sin  
If I play to win will I make it out?  
I'm tired of feelin' my heart Lord I just wanna scrape  
it out  
This the road less traveled, shit I just gotta stay the  
route  
I hear the hate and all the betrayal I just gotta phase  
it out  
With another shot, better chase it down with a glass of  
Crown  
Put that on my tab, yeah I'm doin' bad  
Cause music's all I've ever known, shit, all I've ever  
had  
Tryna say somethin' tryna do somethin' tryna be better  
Ain't much time left, I gotta make do, I can't live  
forever  
Ain't that what makes me me? No smoke and no mirrors  
And I don't even wear Loc's, so they can see me clear  
And you can say that I'm bitter but tell me if I'm  
trippin'  
They stick their noses up and talk down on Mississippi  
Imagine how you'd feel to know you work hard, and you  
educated  
And they treat you like you never made it  
The handwritin'...

(The handwriting's on the wall, final curtain's about  
to fall  
Just ain't no feelings left at all, the handwriting,  
handwriting's on the wall)