

## Feed

Big Sean

I woke up with too much on my chest (I woke up and realized I didn't even remember)

I didn't know I gave it everything till I realized that I had nothing else left

Issues bleeding over from my past life, I wonder

I wonder if my karma's up and this is my last life to get it right, transcended

The days are getting shorter I notice

Seems like time is moving fast forward while I'm in slow motion (Look)

Losing love ones with really no one to cope with

It's cool my third and my fourth eye open (Thank you God)

I dodged a cell but still locked in on a cell

I never thought I'd see the day my mom wouldn't agree with Oprah and Gayle

Myra Denise was my peace of heaven on earth and living hell

Who gave me everything but never took anything for her self

Imagine '06 Impala with zero mileage

Seventeen, baggy clothes, not like Billie Eilish

Some niggas grow old but not up, they still as childish

Demons wearing masks as my friends they favorite disguises

But niggas not gon' forget about me

Like niggas forgot about how Harriet was suppose to be on top of that twenty dollars (Straight up)

Dawg, my life a scene out of Casablanca, you got it wrong, I'm the monster

Burning man Ayahuasca, my check up no diagnostic

You disappear in the D like you Jimmy Hoffa, gone

I play my part like Leo without the Oscar (Damn)

Underrated, but you till gotta watch it

Yeah, maneuvered through it, I had to do it (Do it)

Shows looking like Latin music

'Cept tonight we in Houston the next night it's Chattanooga

But it's still Latins that's rapping' to it

Pursuit of happiness, I had to prove it

The best part 'bout problems is problems all come with solutions

That's why I don't focus on no legacy shit

All I care about is plugging friends and fam, that's it

And being the missing link to all they goals and dreams, that's it

And sinking the winning shot while I'm triple teamed for the chip (Bitch)

And I'ma let my whole soul glow

I can't kick it with you no-mo, can't miss no-mo goals

Best lines and my bitch down like she Yoko Ono

When the reaper say its time to go, I'ma say no-no-no

How am I supposed to leave all this? For what?

People are hungry for something that means, really means something

They hungry man, they like, fucking, you know what I mean they

Because their starving, they get so much bullshit you know

Bullshit, there's so much of it.

What's my purpose?

Why is my purpose?

Where is my purpose?

I am purpose

When I compare my purpose to someone else's

Then it's no longer my purpose

Disconnect to reconnect