

# Self Depression

Big Yavo

Dealing with self-depression, trying to stay level

I've been dealing with self-depression, trying to stay level-headed  
Hope I don't miss my exit—I don't know where I'm headed  
It's hard to tell who's with me; my own family begging, my own cousin  
plotting, and I don't know who my homie

I hope it's all love the day a nigga walk up on me  
I'm filled with love, but somehow I hate all of my opponents  
I'm calling on you, God—lately this shit been hard  
I need to be here for my boys, I'm trying to beat the odds

Aye, nigga, I've been through a lot and it's called "life"  
Daytime flew by, but I had a long night  
And one word they believe in, it's called hype  
Heart of a giant, but my temper not at all type  
I fell short a couple times, but it's alright  
I mean I fell short a couple times, but it's all height

I'm not the blog type—this shit I'm smoking fall lights  
I'm tryna make sense to you, bitch, I need to call Ike  
I just took a long hike, short left, a long right  
I got all the way down the road and seen a dog, right?

Maybe I'm just high as hell  
Damn, I need some clientele  
And I need some food to sell  
Need Ziploc bags and two little scales

I told nigga I was finna blow—they thought I was Dave Chappelle  
Them nigga thought they were funny as hell  
Bitch, I'm bustin', plus I got money for bail

I couldn't believe I was up—I thought I was dreaming  
Where I'm from, you can't be soft—my heart hard as the cement  
Bitch, I'm the best, stand in your chest 'bout the shit I believe in  
When you gon' realize they don't fuck with you unless you feed 'em?  
You give 'em shit because it's love, but you making them greedy  
The day they call and you don't got it, they no longer need you

I just took a long hike, short left, a long right  
I got all the way down the road and seen a dog, right?  
Maybe I'm just high as hell  
Damn, I need some clientele  
And I need some food to sell  
Need Ziploc bags and two little scales