Crazy

Cam Meekins

What does it mean to you?

Traded in my nightmares for visions
Realized with my thoughts I could paint these pictures
I'm a artist and my art is the reason I'm livin'
And I'm a man, got a plan so it's time to go get it

Yeah, partially crazy in my mind but the genius is out
When I was trapped in California, all I've seen is a drought
I'm better now, got a better plan to get the cake
In the dead of town got a better stand that isn't fake
Hearin' other rappers speak, is it real or vanity?
I see reality but is it real or is it sanity?
I know the man in me, he stand above me, on my hands and knees
Prayin' I'ma make it to the top, the real man is me
'Cause blood sweat and tears is the real net worth
While they was lookin' for a deal I was sellin' sweatshirts
Some of y'all gon' get hurt when I drop the verses
And I swear it's like a funeral, my beats are put in hearses
Sometimes the volatility can get to me, but I ain't scared
When I was 17 writing raps in class he wasn't there
I'm standin' out like some titties now, fuck if I care
I'm hangin' out, run the city now, she there if I'm there
I ain't around too much, I'm in the studio
Shit, I don't play no games, these rappers Yu-Gi-Oh
Every time I write these tracks it's like my last time
I play these shows like tonight could be my last dime
I'm like a drug addict, too kicked-in but one last time
I have to come super correct with my last lines
I understand man if they gon' give me beef
So I'm takin' baseball bats to the track like it's my pastime

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Partially crazy

Uh, I was crazy and I mean it, kicking' faces on the ce-ment
Feel amazing, I believe it, but it's fate and what I'm seein'
What I'm bleedin' on the track, best believe I'm kickin' back
'Cause the demons in my words tell my soul to counteract
What I'm feelin', I'm facin' these emotions
The mental therapy within my moleskin is potenent
Broad historical context, my songs here forever
Even if you fucking kill me you can't burn digital letters
I'm takin' shots, back to back, got a bullet Bourbon
Cop the grey BM, drunk drivin' so I pull up swervin'
Suicidal thoughts but I don't really wanna die though
Who am I to drop the illest mixtape in a while
Without this I got nothin' so I'm lettin' this out
I don't got no job trainin', all I got is the clout
And whenever my brain decides to start lettin' me out

I'ma go hard to the death 'cause the art's what I'm about

And I don't even really letch'yall in
I guess privacy's the place I feel comfortable in
Just hope you never give up tryin' 'cause for me, I got a destiny
And art ain't just the reason motherfucker, it's the recipe
My lines tighter like I'm bangin' out a virgin
Preaching bars to disciples and they hangin' on my sermon
I gotta get my word in, I know it takes some time
But I'ma always fall back on the power of the rhyme

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