

Love Is Hard

ChillinIT

The primal questions of any marriage
What are you thinking?
How are you feeling?
What have we done to each other?

'Cause if I love her then I'll try to leave
I'll just suffocate and struggle while she tries to breathe
Her naked beauty's no excuse, that's all my eyes can see
You ain't a hoe, you know the go, so who you tryna be?
Why you playing hide and seek?
If you're lost, then I'll be finders keep
I'll spend this money on three flights a week
Just to do these shows, smoke dro on this road
All while we light this weed
And life's a bitch, that's all that I believe
But maybe there's a light to see
Hidden visions that our minds can be
Something greater, maybe I'm 'bout my paper
Maybe I never found it, I'm drowning just like the laker, ballin'
Until I meet my maker, I'll fuck her later
But love's a pain that I'm addicted to
I rub this lamp and call this genie make the wish for you
This perfect portrait, I could paint this if I picture you
I'm reminiscing 'bout what bitches do
Baby, I'm the man, all I know is never cry
Get high and then I fake my grin
Even God knows that Blakey sins
That be when this pain begins
And if you're broken, then I'll take you in
Don't try to save me, Miss, please don't try to save me, Miss
For real though, I'm sick and tired of these fuckin' hoes
I've graduated like a fuckin' pro
I went from three girls in one week to havin' three at a time
Yeah, what you fuckin' know?
I'm Gladiator, girl, I'm Russell Crowe
Take me off your block list, please pick up your fuckin' phone
My life has meaning when we're not alone
Now it seems you're leaving
And you're sleeping with bitches, the smell of new cologne
I think it's Gucci when she wants the bone
Give it to her real good, real good, real good
Don't gotta tell me this feels good
I see this in your face, girl, I feel this in your bone
I could be this empty space, let me get you in your zone
Let me get you all alone
Let me get you all alone (Fuck, you lookin' so fine)
Let me get you in your zone
I got money on my mind, would you save me?
All these women in my life make me crazy, ah yeah

Love is hard so find somebody worth it
Or else you have the hardest times to find somebody perfect
So many nights we kept on trying when no alarm was working
Chill was losing sleep throughout the night
But now he's rising early
I feel like these days, the fake is real, all that's real is fake
Twenty racks on clothes, still don't own no real estates

If you got the drive, they cut you off to see you break (Skrr)
The devil told me, "Take a sip", I said, "I need a taste, I crave for it"
I'm living in this big town
Bitches doing cocaine while they listening to Chris Brown
But I got my big doink and I'm listening to Big L
They taking big L's, so please tell me when this switch 'round
Life is like a gift, that's why they call it presence
I could smell success, I know the timing's of the essence
I've lost count of all the times that I would count the seconds 'Cause I not
iced that this time went slower
When my mind is stressin' (Argh)
In the streets, we never see emotions
I keep it deep inside my mind, it's like a deeper focus
You don't know about my life and all this weed I'm smoking
What's the point of cheap affection? Fuck it, girl, I needs devotion
She poured another cup, she said, "I dare you to sip
It fucks you up, my dawg, I dare you to flip"
It make me wanna buy a pistol just to stare at this grip
It's like my bitches how I'm scared to commit
I swear to God you only get what you give, get what you give
But at the same time we gotta get it how we live
Pass around like a spliff, take a breath and breathe it in
Yeah, yeah, we need an ounce of this shit
And they consume with all this hate, I'd be stupid to relate
How the fuck we disconnected from our friends, the human race
When my mind is filled with silence, I use to music to escape
'Cause us real men, we go to work to try put food up on the plate
We punch the clock, screamin', "Fuck the cops"
I be riding through my city until something pops
When the buds are fully flowered, we collect the crops
Fuck the enemies, the masters in investing stock
Till your money's coming down, it's coming down
Be careful of this karma, girl, it's coming 'round
And I'mma get so high that I ain't coming down, fuck
I think my girl is coming now, aw yeah
Real talk, The Octagon