

Holdin' That

Chipmunk

We've been hiding
[?] that drink beside and
[?] now, rolling that
Smoking that, toking that, holding that in

I've been high, I've been low
I've been high when I've been low
I've been staring in the mirror
Tryna see into my soul
I've been christened, I've been blessed
But the devil's at my neck
I've been stressing 'bout confessing
Always lying to myself
Considering counselling, maybe I need the help
How can I have a girl I don't love myself?
Find yourself before you lose yourself
Don't be trapping well till you're trapped in hell
Stuck between a rock and a hard place
I didn't end up on a rock and a hard place
I took gambles, my cards came
But no money accounts to the price of fame
I'm stressed out, take my mind away
I need something to ease the pain
One friend told me he's having a baby
My other friend's mum just passed away
Real life, no pretending
Need to use my brain more selective
When you see your brudda laid out on a stretcher
It helps put things right back in perspective

Lord, is my time up?
Pressure's on, I just write stuff
Lost generation need guidance
So I ain't hanging this mic up
I'm sitting here, just thinking
About thinking, overthinking
Anxiety got me filled with a hollow feeling
That's why I'm smoking and drinking, Maverick

Yeah, reflecting on my reflection
Not vain, facing depression
I'm still stressing but life's a blessing
My teacher never taught me that life's a lesson
Picking paths, going losing hope
Pour a drink, puff the O and cope
When I feel down, I take the pain on my own
Cause everybody goes through more than you know
It's my year, but it's not my day
And last night, I forgot to pray
Deep thought got me losing my appetite
Come on, you know I'm losing weight
My headspace is a mess man, torn
Between being a dog and a stepdad
See, I'm alive so I know that my heart's beating
But I can't feel it in my chest, might think back
To the times I was picking up awards

And me and my mum weren't talking
But I've got a bit of rock right now
Cause her husband just got deported
But to the good times, we're getting closer
I'm getting started, my liver's over
Heaven's got a door, we be at it like Jehova's
I've been through shit, still smelling like roses