

Forgiveness

Chris Miles

Look, 8th grade, not rich, in an average school
I'm getting bigger but still I'm a not just have it dude
My education isn't teaching me nothing
Then I already got a passing so really I don't know what to do
I'm stuck in this position wishing I can just get out of it
Focusing on music so you dudes say I'm counterfeit
Go worry bout yourself, cause really you don't know the half of it
I am me, homie, enough with all the comparisons
I'm on the grind, searching for them dollar signs
Waiting for that light to shine, blowing up like dynamite
Waiting when the time is right
Looking for this light of sound, telling me to keep it up
Chases here till it becomes, I ain't gonna give it up
That ain't really on my mind, we ain't on the same page
Homie I'm a different font
Try and get this message out and you know I ain't finna stop
Till the sun rise man, all I do is freaking grind
Tell me what

Living my life, I'm just tryina make a name
What the hell y'all thinking
We be on the grind till the sun rise shine
All I'm tryina do is get it
And you can hate upon the kid
But when I'll be big
Don't be asking for forgiveness
Don't be asking for forgiveness
Don't be asking for forgiveness

What's the definition of solitary
Confined with the fact that the old me is just dead and buried
But I rise, nothing but living dead
Just to show these stupid motherfucker's just who I am
Mcqueen these haters at lightning speed
Never making it rain a little overcast on me
Hd the big screen, overlapping please
My life is a movie, moving at action speed
I remember tryna get women, but my account was in zero
People started showing up soon as I made some dinero
Nobody ever had my back when I started this
I don't feel bad, me and my friends parted
It's part of this, cause people always talking ish
Then you confronting them and they look like they got parking sense
He yo, Chris, what they thinking
You better not ask for forgiveness

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Asking god for forgiveness, but he ain't tryina hear it

Rip the pole then I clear it
I'm just cleansing my spirit
All these lames feel the kid
Got the better pyramids
Got them hanging from my dick
I was patient as it gets
Now I'm sick of fucking waiting
I'm basing Jamaicans, franklins, until I'm looking so Asian
Creating and cutting records, I sentange fast with a pen and a pad
I'm in the lab for my mother and my dad
This is not a fucking faire, this is real life
Got my lips sealed tight, it don't feel right
I need to speak my damn mind
Smoking on that peace pipe, I can't breathe right
Married to the game, fuck reality
You's the one that's ...my insanity
Friends back stabbing me, family is always mad at me
Y'all don't know the half of it, I'm struggling finding happiness
Never been a pacifist, I'm passing kids
Fuck that, I'm laughing bitch
Please, please, please
Don't ask me for forgiveness

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