

Middle Ground

Chris Webby

Yeah

This is for all the happy rappers

Who have real nice deals

And have no idea what it's like to work this hard and still break even, yeah

!

I'm aware I'm a little nuts, and I know I'm a headcase

Unpredictable moods are the toll that the stress takes

I carry the worlds weight until my shoulders and neck ache

My sanity be going down hill like a sled race

All day my legs shake, like a nervous tick

This Adderall don't work for shit, it only gives me thoughts that got me worried sick

Feelings I got bottled up this court is decomposing

That if this shit got opened it would cause a damn explosion

With overflowing emotions that I kept push down

Like it was someone I was trying to drown, I know it now

I'm a little tightly strung and see I know I need to find a doctor

And a therapist and a shimen who got some miro oscar

Cause surviving in this game is full of irratance

It's got me wondering if I'll make it, my greatest fear is this

So when you hear my shit, you'll hear the hunger

As I'm trying to stay financially afloat and keep appearances

Cause I've been in this middle ground, people say I made it

But there's so many that still don't know what my name is

It's hard to get a grasp on where I stand up in this game

All I know is I wouldn't be this broke if I was famous

Shit, I'm almost thirty. Still I feel like such a mess

I added fuel to the fire until I had nothing left

Under stress, with a life full of emptiness

Giving my all, and not a penny less

In this middle ground, wondering if I'm going to ever blow

Middle ground, tearing at the fabric of my soul

Middle ground, feeling like I'm stuck up in the whole

These insecurities follow every where I go

Middle ground, feeling like I'm barely getting by

Middle ground, second guessing why I even try

Middle ground, all I know how to do is survive

So mad that I wanna scream, so sad that I wanna cry

I'm sick of felling like I still got shit I gotta prove to you

I gotta go on Sway again for a salute from you?

Go pull some dumb publicity stunt shot by a movie crew

Just to be in the same conversation of all these newer dudes

All my life I've been fighting to be accepted

When I'm not I can't help but to be affected

Unfairly perceived, people making assumptions

Off my Melotonin levels and the state that I'm repping

Like I'm some kind of spoiled one percenter go and get the facts

Shit I'm the product of a hard working middle-class

Just cause I wasn't busting a pistol or flipping crack

Doesn't mean I don't got a story worthy of written raps

I'm getting by though, there's Kibble up in Moose's dish

It's better than it use to be but see the truth is this

I re-invest almost everything into this music shit

You think I'd still live at my parents if I was rich?

Really? See I'm just trying to keep my business intact
My sanity come second to these lyrics that I rap
Chain smoking from stress but at 10 dollars a pack
I'm killing myself, I'm killing my pockets with every drag
Fuck it, Imma keep on pushing though because I deserve the glory
I got an army of fans that would murder for me
I do this shit for them until the whole planet has heard my story
Reporting live from Purgatory

In this middle ground, wondering if I'm going to ever blow
Middle ground, tearing at the fabric of my soul
Middle ground, feeling like I'm stuck up in the whole
These insecurities follow every where I go
Middle ground, feeling like I'm barely getting by
Middle ground, second guessing why I even try
Middle ground, all I know how to do is survive
So mad that I wanna scream, so sad that I wanna cry