

# Stop Me

Christon Gray

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Once upon a time the people pleaser in me would hold back  
'Til God said this message is much bigger than rap  
Been happening for years, we've seen it across the map  
The boomerang flow, me and Tom just brought it back  
Preaching at people with no love  
Stay looking at sinners with cold shrugs  
The like minded get met with warm hugs  
Welcome to the circus, it's all good on the surface  
If you don't agree then throw a stone  
All our houses made out of glass, I'm going home  
Thinking who's who it's the attack of the clones  
I'm at the final table when cards is being shown  
Gotta keep my hands folded  
Throw the deuces in, I can't hold em  
Schools out, we tired of being scolded  
We know the rules, just hate the way that you told 'em

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Feels like the cold war, but I ain't Russian though  
Slowing things down, no concussion bro  
And I already know I'm not untouchable  
Just tryna give em less Cosby, more Huxtable  
Sam sung, the change is gon' come  
Watch it on my cell, they beating the same drum  
Over crowded cells, in chains they can't run  
It's 50 years later, where the change coming from  
God said love your neighbor like you love yourself  
But when a man wants a man then he's on the shelf  
She say she feel like a man and just wants some help  
I guess it's easier to love em when it's someone else  
So I apologize for the Paul disguise  
We been wearing without solving the Saul inside  
We don't mean no harm, we here to harmonize  
Sound the alarm, it's time to cross the line

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I think it's time for me to turn the mirror round  
I don't like what I see, I'm double blinking now  
Visine, I mean it's getting clearer now  
The devil keeps talking, should I hear him out?  
I'm fighting to believe I'm free  
Neo sparring with Morpheus, look where I bleed  
Stings like a bee, I ain't their Ali  
People funnel the cake, the only fair I see  
One for the money, two for the show  
I do it for free if my grass will still grow  
If I don't do it for three then who do I do it for (four)  
I'm wrestling like Jacob  
Wondering what I'm made of  
Everyday that I wake up, I'm feeling less cushion  
The logo's a button, I been wanting you to push it  
Standing at the edge, staring at the ground  
Tryna keep my focus, it's a long way down so

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