

Down And Out

Cordae

I'm just another world's rapper who was hated by his own mother
Never win a Grammy, never make the Rolling Stone's cover
I was having trouble to sell
Never be on double XL
My whole life a struggle and hell
Sometimes, they want to take the easy way out
They think of suicide
But I got to much to lose, right now it's do or die
Yo, these rappers be tripping, yeah my shoes are tied
No offense, but on the mic, I'm a ruthless guy
But right now, I want that top spot
Skipping school, hopscotch
Praying for that drop top
Until then, I will not stop
Till I see my dreams come past
In my face but how will my friends react
Or my family
Oh, they'd be fancying me
Call me in vanity
Now, my whole life is insanity
It seems either way I lose
Sometimes I want to pull the trigger, be that nigga on the news
But I don't want to know what lifeless is
I plan to have a good life, with no wife and kids
But I'm just tired of the nonsense
And I don't even got nine cents
And not enough to help pay my mom's rent