

# Nervous

Cordae

So tired, my eyes  
Slow ride  
Ok

I can feel you're nervous  
But can't consider purpose  
I practice verses 'till they're perfect  
They say I'm wasted time, it's worthless  
Sometimes, I even think the same  
Smoke good, it'll always ease the pain  
Sunshine gon' always beat the rain  
Carpe diem, nigga, always seize the day  
I got a couple prayers for the churches  
Always double layers in my verses  
Damn, they putting mayors in the hurses  
Where there's more to life, there's a purpose  
See, I try to teach to you  
Tell you little niggas what you need to do  
No ceilings, you can't see the roof  
Know we all tryna cop a Bean or Coupe  
Have I failed as a mentor?  
Little niggas in the prison, never listen cuz they been poor  
Reach to them but they still gonna send more  
But they'll be ok like ten, four  
Just keep your head up, if you fed up  
Find a different way to get the cheddar  
Just copped the Benz, fuck a Jetta  
Now all my friends doing better  
But we still gotta grind though  
Waking up early morning, no alarms though  
Got your bitch so wet, need a poncho  
Only love me cuz a nigga on a honcho  
But I fucking got to get it  
But the feds got a problem with it  
Switch flows, that was my decision  
End the hating, we stop division  
But ain't no way they gon' stop divisions

We must keep it going (keep it going)  
Like the breeze that's in the ocean (ocean)  
Baby find a piece, to keep the motion (motion)  
Cuz we rolling and we rolling  
And I'll admit my wrongs  
Wondering if I was right alone  
Know the thoughts and feels when you alone (alone)  
But we on and we on

And so I left the wave, riding like Poseidon  
Cameras flashing with the light, it's so exciting  
Down and out but feeling vibrant, never violent  
If a nigga ever trying, he be dying  
Cuz I got a couple cousins who be busting  
We tryna chase a sack but I ain't rushing  
They quick to bring the gats, they never bluffing  
Taking your shoes and cash, and that ain't nothing  
All, back to the middle with a hat  
And a little bit of wax, with the fit up in a match

Attack when it brittle, with the gat so belittle, with a patch  
But you never find the facts  
Another crime that's going unsolved  
Police sirens after gun drawls  
Blow is cold, it's never unthawed  
Make them hits, you rappers punch soft  
Took a "L" but life's a front, loss  
Lesson learned so I'm less concerned  
And the boy flow dirty like infected germs  
So sick, let me fuck, you might catch the burr  
No remedies, just enemies  
And I get angry off that Henessey  
Now my heart colder than ten degrees  
But this shit ain't new, dawg, I been to b's  
But

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