

# Humble Thyself

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Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Ayy, what's up?  
Ayy, hold up  
Ayy, ayy

I see them niggas hatin' onn me  
I must've did somethin' right  
Plenty men have attempted and threatened to take my life  
But I fight for my dream  
I'm grindin' through day and night  
It may seem that I'm straight, but everything ain't alright  
I'm deprived of affection and steadily, I question, why?  
All my life I sought acceptance from all of the wrong types  
This a fight, this depression got me questioning my life  
In perspective, you may view me as somethin' I am not  
They confuse me as superior because the plays I got  
But the truth of the matter of the fact is I'm not  
Yo' superior my brother, I'm another human being  
Livin, breathin', goin' through it, on this earth, just like yo  
u is  
I been through it, I went through it, and I'm still stuck in be  
tween  
Life and death, on a quest, to manifest all my dreams  
And [?] to create a world of less suffering  
Farfetched, some might say, but that's [?]  
Found my peace in these beats, and pourin' out my emotions  
All the love I received from each and every supporter means the  
world to me  
Ay, y'all listen when I speak, that means the world to me  
Y'all co-create my dream, man

You feel me?