

Breathe

Dave

All I do is run, and run
I grew up in a world where the kids with a mother and dad looked up to the m
andem with guns
And the fact that it's normal is nuts
Man are living for lyrics and party songs, community thinks that we're poiso
n
We made girls hold guns like Lara Croft
And I know what you're thinking to say, but you ain't never felt half of the
tension
In a sentence it's harder to mention, so I write lines like Bart in detentio
n
And jealousy is what made enemies, but generally starts with your b
redrins
Man are tryna tell the yutes about choice, same guys that we had no part in
electing
Man jump off road they wanna judge man, same man say 'free my Gs'
Can't ever tell my young boys trap I ain't cool with the gas like pussy-G
So God take the wheel I can't function, and God give me sight I can't see
God lift this weight I feel pressure, and God give me strength I can't breat
he

Can I breathe
With all this weight on my chest can I breathe
With all this hate on my head can I breathe
I'm still lost on my way to success can I breathe
Can I breathe
Can I breathe
With all this weight on my chest can I breathe
With all this hate on my head can I breathe
I believe in this person you ask me to be
But I told you I'm blind and I'm weak on my knees
I'll lead if you set me free give me vision to see

All you do is talk, and talk
About a life that you never did live and a road that you never could walk
All you do is talk and judge
Fuck your plan have you ever put a corpse in mud
Covered in black like the angel of death came and kissed my neck
You talk, about a script that you never could write and a life that you neve
r could sort
Fuck your plan, all you do is talk and judge but you don't know circumstance
South London's like the Garden of Eden and that House of Commons' where the
serpents dance
I stayed in contact with God, even though my mind led astray I was fighting
through
Way before Deliveroo came on ends we had green on wheels that's a bike with
food
Everyone would ask 'Dave had you grown up fast can you tell me what you wann
a be? '
I know my fate
But ever since late I been tired on the way, struggling to breathe, and obst
acles came
My path got covered in flames
Risk had me cutting from jakes, slipping like I'm running in rain

So can I breathe
With all this weight on my chest can I breathe
With all this hate on my head can I breathe

I'm still lost on my way to success can I breathe
Can I breathe
Can I breathe
With all this weight on my chest can I breathe
With all this hate on my head can I breathe
I believe in this person you ask me to be
But I told you I'm blind and I'm weak on my knees
I'll lead if you set me free give me vision to see