

## Questions

### Domo Genesis

Am I dreaming, now I can't tell the difference  
Is this mission God-sent or is it sacrilegious  
Am I running from the past or am I backwards sprinting  
Can I blast out all this sleep and just get back to living  
In my War, will God hate me for these rash decisions  
Or will he save me, know in my heart through this path I'm given  
I got so many questions, but who am I asking nigga  
I ask myself, what is it you really after nigga  
Is it money, is it bitches, is it fame  
Is it pursuit of happiness if everybody knows your name  
Does this weed keep me from going clinically insane  
Are you really even living this image up in this game  
But what is you really saying  
You ain't really saving souls, is you  
You from nothing fam, you really think it's gold in you  
Are you built to keep that spirit in your soul with you  
Will you stick to it even if they don't roll with you  
I got questions

Just when you thought this was just for your fun  
There's something there to tell you that you been done  
So I've got a lot of questions  
Cursing that you're on a mission, oh

Just another dead man breathing  
Burnt out heathen, sipping syrup every week  
Doing powder every evening, popping pills to keep me even  
Since a nigga left school, seems it's death that I'm cheating  
So I'm speeding, fuck slow is  
Catch me anywhere dough is  
Nowadays it's anywhere a show is  
Same call me asking where a O is  
If you talking 'bout the edge, shit, I'm dancing on the closest  
If you talking 'bout showbiz, shit I don't know shit about it  
Start to fight, these other niggas crowd around it  
The rap game got me questioning my surroundings  
I got issues, so I'm counseling with the ounces  
My lump of problems seem to turned into a mountain  
Money in the mattress, never spoke to no accountant  
Nigga, all this finessing, God gave me a blessing  
Make it, the Hell before me, that's just under double  
I got questions

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What's worse? Fake smiles or not smilin' at all?  
You risk it all, askin if you hit the ground if you fall  
What if they don't love your dream and ain't astounded at all?  
And when they say you'll never make it, will you doubt it at all?  
You ain't ashamed to public dancing to that drum in your heart  
Are you afraid to bring to light, what you've done in the dark?  
Are you embracing what's becoming your part? Are you complacent?  
Can you face personal pain just for the love of the art?  
I hope that you ain't let your momma down

You wish that you was back in college now  
Do you feel dumb from all that knowledge now?  
We bout them digits, yeah them commas now  
You wish you had some solids now  
Will they still love you if you not around?  
Now are you using all your intellect? I mean no disrespect  
But are you capable to be they interest?  
Are you afraid to let your dreams and life intersect?  
I wanna know man, I ain't finished yet  
I got questions

Don't stop, keep on living  
Can't stop, we ain't risen  
Wake up, check your vision  
Play until your time's up (I got questions)  
Give until your time's up (I got questions)