

# Human

Don Trip

Only a matter of moment for a lose itch  
All these critics criticize my music  
Every lyric, every line, try to read between the lines  
Plus the word on the line, they were blind  
They forgot I'm only human  
They forgot we only human  
Tryin' to cooking every lyric, every line  
Try to read between the lines  
Plus the world on the line, they were blind  
They forgot I'm only human

Never seen my stunt drop  
And niggas star troopers all positive  
In they heard my trap shit, now they want apologies  
Well pardon me I never leave a speech that blocks a part of me  
I'm raised off hotdogs, cold cut and party meat  
The band news Mr. Trip missing a lot of screws  
On my way up the ladder but now went after two  
I had to sell dope otherwise we had to move  
So either way it goes I gotta pack to move  
And heard they panting my records now all they want is that  
I only did that I'd be any bit depressed  
Is he in it for the check or in it for success?  
Is a letter to my son and is it I'm a mess

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I'm a dope boy and the fast money 's fine  
And I finally learned to put some money up for bond  
I got a daughter about the same baby moms that I named in this song that I s  
ung to my sun  
I got nieces and nephews to them I'm Chris  
And when I spend a couple thousand on extra stilts  
A spend a lot of time gone on the road  
And I think I'm too good to be fucking groupie hoes  
But I know I'm too bad to be in my room alone  
I won't appreciate my girl back home till she gone  
Anything and everything is honest in my flow  
I pull my heart on every beat  
Still all your lyrics dump

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