

## Strings Too

Hendersin

Fast life but career is in a slowmo  
End of my rope like a yo-yo  
Name should be dunkin'  
It's been so many ups and downs I lost track of time, yo  
I got away with the words  
I'm all about the action, I stay with the verbs  
Shoutout to my city kids, the kids who lay in the burbs  
And they wanna make it out, yeah you stay with the urge  
I feel you, way more than you'll ever know  
Gotta embrace your roots if you wanna grow  
And if you tryna live your dream  
Know it's not what it seems to the people who don't ever saw  
Well, I'm here to thread the needle  
Take down the house that lies like Don Cheto  
'Cause I do it for the people  
I am not better or worse, I am equal  
You know I had to drop the 808s  
Burdens getting heavy like they made the weights  
Music used to be relaxing  
But nowadays it's taxing like what we pay the states  
But this is everything I asked for  
And you bet your butt I'm done like I'ma ask more  
Henny on QA, shoutout to my last tour  
They talk about the ceiling but never mention the glass door  
Getting in, it was everything I strive for  
Back when I didn't know what I was alive for  
Wouldn't let me in in front, snuck through the side door  
The truth is hard to swallow, so I told 'em bring me five more  
Like, oh man we getting twisted  
Lack of regrets, they insisted  
My mistakes [?] try to list it  
But I don't think a big enough piece of paper has ever existed  
Well, [?] press the fine one  
It's a movement, tell 'em watch when my time come  
Yeah, I am one in the million  
I ain't running in the building for a deal just to sign one  
'Cause there is no fake in me  
And fuck a standing O, I prefer you take a knee  
Most music careers, I hate to spoil it, can flush down the toilet  
And that's the shit you hate to see  
Yeah, it's like school the way I write notes  
I'm in the lab everyday, no white coats  
Say I don't sound black, okay with the white jokes  
What can I say nigga, I was raised by white folks  
Scratch that, my dad is black black  
Backtrack, published like a [?]  
[?], mama drove a hatch back  
Doesn't make me whack  
Sleeping on me still nuts, knapsack  
Yes, I'm going harder for my daughter  
She just took her first steps, fell but I caught her  
Only thing that matters in the end is what I taught her  
Side note, she looks cute in the jacket that we bought her  
By we I mean my wife, yeah let's talk about she  
She my ride or die girl till I D.I.E  
She my pretty young thing, she my P.Y.T  
She notorious for doing it, B.I.G

And if it wasn't for she, I sure be trapped to my mind  
Out partying in bars, tryna act like I'm fine  
With all these dark thoughts linger in the back of my mind  
Might find a nine, prolly put it to the back of my mind  
But wait, it's alright I'm here now  
And there is nothing that I fear now  
We just made it through our tenth year now  
It's so clear how your an angel  
And I love you, yeah