

On The One Hand

Horrorshow

Destination unknown, headphones, wander on in my zone
Like the light's on but nobody's home, I'm all alone
See some days I can't explain this pain in my soul
Or the feeling there's no place I can go
Cause everywhere I'm met with hearts that's so cold and stares so vacant
Lonely souls fixated on bringing home the bacon
Got the folks in my city all road raging
Stressed cutting each other off and overtaking
Tryna' get ahead of the next man, afraid we'll never make it
Afraid of what we don't have
But I'mma break free of that program
And live or die by my own hand
So on the one I count my problems, the other count my blessings
And despite moments of second guessing
I stay repping for my fam and my section
Mic checking with some living legends, so check it

I got somewhere to sleep and I got love and
When I see somebody with nothing
It makes me count all of my problems on one hand
It makes me count all of my problems on one hand
I got shelter, plenty to eat and
When I see a fella in need it
Makes me wanna count all my problems on one hand
Count all my problems on one hand

I hit the ground running with the devil to my back
Seen enough blood in the first part of my life to last me
I put a wall around my misery
Past it
I don't wanna be the one that dies trying to grasp it
Hope
Thought to be a sunken old boat used to throw stones at it from the shore
Makin' jokes I guess I wasn't really ready for the sunshine
Took a hard hit to have me grindin' on the front line
Every single little twist I'm proud of
Probably wouldn't be the same without em'
Turned a dead bird into a dragon
Living like I never would imagine
Breaking through the lane
Countin' up my blessings like change
Needle on the wax stead of sticking out my veins
Learned to build a lighthouse out of pain
Guiding in the ships from the rain

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You could have ninety-nine problems like the best alive
But when I line up my problems I got less than five
I'm blessed and I gotta stress that I recognise that

"Wherever you are, wherever you're at"
Because my day job's spitting raps, paid for flipping tracks
When I consider that, man I consider giving back
Cause I could be aloof about this and that
But I got a roof over my head like a fitted cap, now isn't that
Something else man? Nothing else is better than
Being settled, it's like heaven man
And of course you can act like you've got a lot of problems
But you can never act like you ain't got a lot of options
And this ain't for those who've had a lot of loss
Or had a lot of obstacles, or had a lotta' knocks
It's for those on their Twitter like FML
That makes me giggle like SNL, you're kidding right?

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Nostalgia for a place we've never seen
You long for a time that you've never actually been a part of
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