

Lord Knows

Jarren Benton

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah, Underneath the city lights
Driving and I'm drinking Grandma pray that I'mma get it right
I just want a piece of mind a day where I consider right
Depression killing niggas losing sleep cause I ain't feeling right
Grade-A baby 80's baby stress will drive nigga crazy
Popping pills and drinking more feeling undescribed lately
Daily I been going through a and I'm losing focus
So I play it super cool hope these niggas never notice
Uh Lord have mercy on my soul I just gotta make it 9 to 5
I can't be pitching home, Chasing my dreams swear I never been this scared before
I do it for my kids, This the realest shit I ever wrote

Lately my heads been spinning crazy
Riding through my city music playing
I won't lose I refuse not to make it
However it comes I'll take it
Spark a L and crack the window open
Can't you see life is what you make it

Yeah, blowing dope by the sunset
Bitch I'm still standing sucka nigga I ain't done yet
Not from all the bullshit that life threw a niggas way
Baby mamma PMSing just fucked up a niggas day
Talking to my dad kept it short cause I ain't got shit to say
Hardly know each other so we let relationships decay
Mama hurtin I wish I could take the pain away
I broke down when my Uncle died let his soul drift away
In the sky where them dreams go
I hold on emotions I wish I could let some things go
Life can be a bitch it's never palm trees and rainbows
I pop up out that gutter and brush the dirt up off my kango
Swear I tryna let this pain go
The inside is burning up I can feel the flames grow
And damn a nigga hurting, they say nothing last forever
Until they close the curtain, and I wake up paranoid
Because these nightmares reoccurring, Success is never promised
But fuck I'm so determined I fall down I get back up
You know that nothing is for certain
I can't stop until the pastor read my sermon
Lord knows

And I'm, making it happen
Made trappin', and now I'm making it trappin'
God has been gracious, new big faces, no new drug cases
Thought I'd bea traced of the bucases with incarcerated scarfaces
But I'm car racing, 63 V-twizzy
In the booth I get busy, murder tracks, mutilation
And result dough accumulation I'm with young, black and dope
From the ghetto music, sooth the nation
Simple equation: I'm the doctor, you the patient
First LP, second LP, operation
, yall dudes know the procedure
If you cross me I'll squeeze you
Leave you bleeding on the doctor's table
This is not a fable, I been monster cable
Before the monster came, now I rock without the label

Reason that I bought the Porsche cause I hoarse shit
Louie Boat kicks rocking low shit without the label
This team early, you know we up for lunch and prayer
Always catch the brothers still ballin, but that's another story