

Mental Issues

Jarren Benton

I got issues
I gotta get through
They're gonna miss you when you're gone
I need a life line
[?]
Will I take your breath away
Or will I take my last today?
I got issues

I feel like everything is just falling apart
I don't feel the love so I question my heart
They only show you love when you're blessed in the charts
They left me out to drown so I wrestle with sharks
I thought some of you niggas was friends
When they think your buzz is gone
Them niggas dipping to win
I got news pussy niggas, Benton in it to win
As soon as you bounce back
They right back with you again
Fuck em'
I fucked my marriage up a couple days ago
She deserved better I got ways to go
And why do I feel so numb the pain should make you grow
More antidepressants to [?] down your throat
Uh
These fucking doctors trippin'
They give you cliché advice to offer you prescriptions
I try to hide the hurt like they can't see a fucking difference
Avoid all of my friends so they can't see a nigga slipping, uh
Stuck in a bed like fuck life
Sleep the day away
I don't wanna get up, right
Unattended to my kids
No energy to throw the ball like I don't wanna live
God I'm trippin' I see that I'm fucking blessed
Anxiety and fear [?] beating my fucking chest
I know it's just the sickness [?] my fucking flesh
Tho we ashamed to face it
Defeated by fucking stress

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Thousands of fans you think that I should feel something
But I focus on the negative
I don't feel nothing like
Damn I'm supposed to be at the top
Maybe they think I fucking suck and that's the reason I'm not
Ay what these other niggas got that put them up on the spot?
I keep getting overlooked I fear that I'll never pop
Maybe they'll give me props on the day that I rot

Never get the rose until your body dripping in crops
Damn
I'm sick of hearing I'm underrated
I hope the people spread the word, I appreciate it
That's love
But to be honest with you I'm suffering
My demons taunt me everyday I feel like I'm stuck with them, uh
I understand why SwizZz rarely put out music
Cause he suffered with it too
Leaves your confidence ruined
Feeling empty
Too pussy to die
Pray you don't tempt me
Bottle of vodka I rarely fuck with the henney
I'm living lower than my expectations
No celebration
Death got a reservation
I pray that I find the courage to ask somebody for help
Scared to let you see my weakness
Suppressing ways that I felt
Just know that you're not alone
That's why I'm writing this song
I feel it like you feel it
Just find a way to move on
Some days I feel like I'm living in Hell
Gotta find a cure for this mental health

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