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It's Sunday morning and I just woke up
A rainy day in the Poconos man the roads gon suck
I'm posed to hit the casinos up and go try my luck
Take all the winnings to the outlets and buy all new stuff
Instead I'm sitting here like nah.. hungover from the shots we took last nig
My body can't recover that fast like
It did when I was younger... Constant reminder I'm at half time
I gotta be selective wit my pastime
My life was just mad rhymes, pad lines
Cameras flashing ten times
Smile tear up stages make pages in headlines
Tour buses and red eyes, interviews with red eyes
From improper rest and that stress I won't forget I
Tried to give it my best, no less, wit no regrets I am the breaker of chains
 in my family the project I residing in I said bye to them mommy could hold
her head high
Fuck that casino lobby ain't gotta bet on no red, I won
I find that musics therapeutic
I write it, record it, then listen to it
It's Wednesday morning and I just woke up
Bout to make the biggest bowl of Cheerios, nice cup
Of green tea and ESPN on my screen right above
The fireplace I lift the blinds and take in all of that sun
The brighter days, I write amazed that I can talk like this
A long walk from sidewalks in New York type shit
Where 1,2 maybe 3 seconds a .45 lifts
You 6 feet under hope ya number on them dice don't flip
The 7th wonder of the world was an Old Lighthouse
In Ancient Egypt, got a painting of it in my house
I can't believe it sometimes I think of me selling dimes
I think of me on the grind, freedom just all on the line
Was wilding B, them thoughts create anxieties in my mind
Subconsciously I feel the that karma breathing all on my spine
It follows me but I promised me I would not look behind
In hopes that I am that anomaly and I'll be just fine... just fine
I find that musics therapeutic
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