

Lungs

Justin Stone

Take a breath and breathe
Inhale, exhale
This music's all that I need
Take a breath and breathe
Inhale, exhale
This music's all that I need
Filling up my lungs
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Take a breath and breathe
Inhale, exhale
This music's all that I need

Five years from that bottom slot
Haters talk but I never stop
Cut my shows
Try and hold me back
But you can't keep me from the top
Yeah I worked hard
Yeah I took chances
Half my hometown
Can't stand us
Did everything they said that I couldn't
Now I got people saying I'm next
Now I cut checks for the songs I drop
Finally getting love for the bars I got
Bring it all back
Getting love from the East
Talk on the Gram
Not a word when we meet
Keep that BS to my back
They won't talk to my face
I'll burn this to the ground
If they give me a beat
Say that I'm garbage
I guess we got beef
And they envy my hunger
Get pissed when we eat
Whole squad coming up with me
Yeah I'm close to luxury
Would've blown up last year
But my date with fate
It ain't up to me
I'm living out what I deserve
But I still stress what I earn
Put it all on the table
No label we fine
Independent we rising
Just give it some time
God give me a sign
Is this the life you had planned
Every critic you gave me
Made me the man that I am
I am just heating up
Man you ain't ready for this
State on my back
You ain't ready for this

When you rising this quickly
They all want you to crash
Well don't be banking on it like

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