

# 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  
Filling up my lungs  
Filling up my lungs  
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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