

Sober

King Iso

Hard times

ISO

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Everyday when I wake up I be thinkin' about where I have been
So I hop in a whip and drive by the jail that I was in
Burn an L for the homies that ain't commin' home doin' life in the pen
So fucked up that he got taken away from the wife and the kids
I find myself tryna get back in a good grace of the Lord
But I'm hungry, broke and I'm lonely and I can't take anymore
So I grab my hoodie, put the mask on and I head straight for the store
Now I'm shackled and cuffed in the back of the truck and I'm facin' the floor
Snap out of it, I'm free, they're gone, not me
Who's wrong? Who's innocent? Who's guilty? Scott free
Still mental slaves they're not free
Blood runin' through the concrete
Get caught up in the wrong thing, can't defend yourself then you cannot speak
They wanna leave this world, just close their curtains forever
Cause all we do is kill each other, at least the system working together
And I pray for my son, cause I ain't ever seen no happy home
So I smoke and I drink tryna hide this pain, yeah, daddy's gone

Cause there's now way, I'ma sit here sober
Watchin' all go down, down, down
Wake me up when it's over
Come wake like no, no no
This is the saddest shit you ever heard like no, no no
I don't agree, no 'course I know they knock it
I'ma have to let it ride out
Of past in my hideout
And there's nothing you can do 'bout it
'Cause there ain't no way
I'ma sit here sober

I take another blunt to the head, I take another bottle to the face
Then I get on in front of the Chevy, I'm strapped up, yep I got it on my waist
I get so wild, cause I'm so paranoid, voices tellin' me to kill 'em please
It's evident my medicine ain't workin' and I'm feelin' like Pac on my enemies
My gun's my only homie, ridin' all by my lonely, don't try me, you don't know me
Feelin' like everybody owe me, I don't speak appropriate
Drowsy off amphetamines and opiates
Tryna give me a Bible, I won't read it, my soul bleedin, my soul bleed
I'm focusing on my passion fool, these niggas sweeter than passion fruit
No love for a bitch get her ass then through, got a blunt but nobody to pass it to
But that's just who I am, got a nine inside of my hand
And I blast it too, so fuck it, I'm a sicko psycho solitary nigga with an attitude
Yea, I apologise, 'cause I've had a few and I don't wanna be the one to say this
But I'm fadin' back in to my old ways, so I pray for my son 'cause I ain't ever seen no happy home

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