

# Commitment

Lloyd Banks

The blamin' game is super lame, who signs up just to suffer?  
My name's my name, your love's cocaine, you sniff, it turn a sucka  
Girl your sex is everything, don't mean a thing if you don't trust her  
Lift a dropper, broke her heart somewhere along the way I must've had a calmer visit  
Life's a blizzard and it's gon' get colder  
Rolled a fuckin' ace, consecutively just wantin' to hold ya  
Told ya I would make a change, feel like the only one that dig ya  
Signal's out of range, I'm losin' you slowly, this shit's a bit hard  
To be focused with the wrong interference, no way to live  
Can't trust a motherfuckin soul out here, rather just play the crib  
I'm havin' memories of trauma, was hard to remain a kid  
And you can cut the tension up with a razor blade and I slid  
Down an alcohol river, tryna drink 'til I sleep it off  
I'm imaginin' new success, as sweet as your weak remorse  
Made a promise to shake it all, I will never repeat the loss  
'Cause ain't no room for cruel distractions, have you driftin' off the course

It's time we have a talk about commitment  
I thought with that, everything could be different  
I'm tryin' to lead you in direction  
Thought if I give you some space, things would get better but they didn't  
The line between reality, you gotta know the difference  
Important that you separate what is from what isn't  
There'll never be progress if there ain't no room to listen  
One minute is calm, next minute you're trippin'

Uh, I'm hopin' to leave enough good stories for you to tell about me  
If I didn't go through all of these issues, who the hell would I be?  
I miss my OG, I apply all the things that he taught me  
This life is costly, they won't even lay you in that box free  
I sense the hateful intentions, no need for the track devices  
Pulled myself so many times, hard to count up the sacrifices  
When the bullshit just don't add up, nobody'll match the prices  
Do too much trippin', never really get to know what paradise is  
No gain in holdin' pain inside, it's worth it to be realer  
The foulest route is homicide that time divides a killer  
Don't you ever close your eyes on me, rather sleep on chinchilla  
Villa days and night, something ain't right I hate a thriller  
Was told I often come off too cold, there you go shiverin'  
Had to tell you no for once, guess I'm a piece of shit again  
You used to treat me like, "Oh, now we're rememberin'?"  
Ain't nothin' worse than the point you gotta pretend your friend

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