

They're saying I should write bout something else  
All I think about's my mother and myself  
I got my brother, couple lovers, and my health  
But I still see my papa on the shelf, check  
I can't write  
I've been scribbling for weeks  
I need my mother, always listen when she speaks  
Breath, I feel at ease, words whistling my cheeks  
But I'm still feeling different in belief, I needed peace  
Honestly I just needed sleep  
I needed love, I need a hug so I can feel it deep  
And keep it sweet 'tween the sheets seeing evil beasts  
Who beating for keeps seeing e's and knees  
Cos it's the struggle, I juggle  
Being a friend and father  
To my little lion a king hakuna matata  
Mufasa  
Hearts attacking the new master  
He's white dad's blacker than Afrika Bambaataa  
Who's darker?  
Me or the rude sparker?  
The laugh that's leaving the noon faster  
The doom that's been filling my room will soon dance all  
For mars Imma give him the stars and the moon after

So I stopped the drinking  
'Cos I couldn't feel what I was thinking  
Searching for a situation saying I was sinking  
Delinquent  
Ready for the remedies to rinse in  
Instead I found it heavily addicting and then since  
Papa puff  
Black papa was on some other stuff  
Running rough, ducking lovers cutting my mother's bluff  
But then I bell him and he's telling me he's cutting up  
Turning something to nothing and nothing into crumbled dust  
So what the fuck is up? Living like I'm older  
Chip up on my shoulder I would fidget 'fore I fold  
I needed closure  
A day to stay away and gain composure  
Resent this bigger fella hold me closer he told us  
That everything was gonna be alright  
You and your mother you're with me alright  
He said please, know where to be, we can sleep all night  
When it's time open your eyes I'mma ease that mind he said  
Everything's gonna be alright  
You and your mother you're with me alright  
He said please, know where to be, we can sleep all night  
When it's time open your eyes I'mma ease that mind  
They're saying I should write my something else  
All I think about's my mother and myself  
I got my brother cupping lovers at my health  
But I still see my papa on the shelf, check