

Maintain

Masta Ace

I'm surrounded, by psychopathic, little fellas
Ghetto dwellas
With ammunition in their cellas
And no remorse in their hearts
When the shit starts it don't end
Until somebody's gone with the wind
And I'm tryin' to keep a level head so instead
Of goin' out to die, I write rhymes on my bed
And little kids at the playground
Better stay down
Keep duckin'
Cause somebody else is buckin'
Don't seem to be no relief from the beef
Only nigga round my way without the gold teeth
And the gold chain, with the whole name on my neck
Jewelries your worse enemy without a tech
I'm tryin' to maintain, but it ain't workin'
Niggas keep lurkin'
Through the darkness I see the Grim Reaper smirkin'
Could it be that he's smilin' at me
Not tryin' to see fatal injury, injury
What must I do to avoid the pain
It seems insane, but I gotta maintain
I can feel the pressure on my brain
Feel the strain
But I gotta maintain

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Be able to maintain
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Back in the days I use to do a little dirt
Now that's comin' back around, and man it hurts
To see everybody gettin' on
But I got to wait cause of the things I done wrong
In my life, I regret it
But the man upstairs won't let me forget it
Everytime I think of doin' somethin' right
Here comes a dark tunnel with no signs of a light
I got to fight to keep my head above water
Dollars are real tight, I be askin' bums for quarters
I had enough of the quick cash
So I got to find a way to make the shit last
In the past I woulda just gave up
But there's more days to come, I know they bring ya good luck
So I'm a keep doin' what I'm doin'
Sippin' on the brew and catchin' wreck with my crewin'
I feel stuck with a lot of aches and pains

And it's stressin' me, but I gotta maintain
(Maintain, maintain) / I gotta maintain
(Maintain, maintain) / I gotta maintain

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There's too much pressure and stress on my chest
Life's a mess
And I feel depressed
Seems so hard to survive and stay alive
Jump in my ride and I drive, doin' 95
With my system blastin'
I'm passin' cars in the right lane, light change I'm gasin'
No, destination
But I'm racin'
With my lights on, I got my brights on
Play the right song
And the sweat beeds my five
Drive past Five-O and now they givin' chase
They'll probably want to know where the fire's at
Or where the drug buyers at
Fuck, my tire's flat
I guess I'm pullin' over, to take a loss
But it won't be the loss of my life from drivin' off course
God knows I need to be here to shap me son's brain
So I gotta maintain

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