

# Direction

Merkules

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
C Lance let's go

Every day it's like a whole new game  
But I get nervous every time I gotta go through change  
I'm 24 I gotta pull my weight but it's hard now that everybody knows my name  
That's cool though I guess I keep it to myself  
But ain't nobody feel the type of feelings that I felt  
I put the fear into my health I'd rather roll one up  
Until that chain around my neck is looking cold as fuck  
I might, punch you in the stomach till your shoulders touch  
Ya'll just think I'm going crazy "Merk hold your tongue" naaahh  
Those days are over, drinkin' straight, I never chased that soda  
The back alleys all we needed as a place for closure  
Thinking back when moma used to scoop me in that beige carola  
We drink corona by the bed just never staying sober  
Wake up in the am and I'm always on that same old corner  
Coming home high and we would try to keep the same composure  
The back alleys all we needed as a place for closure  
Who knows that's how it goes I guess  
I'll be 6 feet under water trynna hold my breath  
Merk

I'm trynna pick my direction  
Sometimes you need a minute  
These demons keep creeping on my shoulders  
Take a hard look at your life and who's in it  
These demons keep creepin', demons keep creepin'  
I just see right through 'em I see the details  
I'm trynna pick my direction  
Bad luck can get you l-l-listen to that gut

But you can be a loser and you wouldn't tell the difference  
Now everything you used to think mattered really didn't  
You ain't a baller you a product of the system  
But you biting for the bait when you should be the one fishing  
Get behind the wheel fuck the passenger seat  
You got the steering and control and the gas at your feet  
Look, you hear the rumours and you let em all consume you  
As if it wasn't something you'd already gotten used to  
Boohoo put your big boy pants on  
And drink another bottle but that shit won't last long  
You feel superhuman when you peel that cap off  
Every other morning is the same old sad song  
The pain and the regret won't let you take another step  
You claim you feel okay but in the face you look depressed  
I hope you hear this and you go get some help  
It's not for you I wrote this to myself

I'm trynna pick my direction  
Sometimes you need a minute  
These demons keep creeping on my shoulders  
Take a hard look at your life and who's in it  
Demons keep creepin', demons keep creepin'  
I just see right through 'em I see the details  
I'm trynna pick my direction  
Bad luck can get you listen to that gut