

Melodic Therapy

Mooski

It's been a minute since I talked to god
Wondering how Imma beat these odds
Why let depression put a lock on life
When I know faith is the key to survive
It's been crazy in my mama side
But it's the same thing on my father side
And lord knows that took a piece of mind
And these days peace is way too hard to find
Oh I

Gotta keep on grindin' I gotta keep on grindin'
Gotta keep on climb- I gotta keep on climbing
Sometimes I laugh, just to keep from crying
Sometimes I drank, just to ease my mind
Gave out all my love, gotta resupply
Hard to trust the world when niggas keep on dying
I just hurt in silence
I stay fighting pride
Rather hurt in private, than on somebody line

Oh my father fly high above the sky
Oh my grandma fly high above the sky
Oh I, oh I

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I can feel it
I can feel it
I can feel it in the air oh my God
In the air

334 Alabama
Melodic
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Melodic
Therapy for the broken

Alabama goin' up I finally got my time
And I ain't letting up for nobody
This serious I signed my name on the dotted line
And I got plans to feed everybody
I'm one man I can't be on everybody time
I'm one man I can't please everybody
I'm one man I can't be on everybody line
They calling but can't seem to get me on the line
On airplane mode I'm in the sky on delta airlines
I be dead tired, put the headphones on a catch a vibe, a nigga done start wr

iting
Gotta work
Gotta meet the project deadline
Gotta work
Next time a nigga fly it gotta be private
Gotta call paw paw gotta keep my spirit right
Gotta call my paw paw I swear sum ain't feeling right
And he probably gonna say how I'm not living right
Cuz he say I'm prophet but I got to put in the time
They say Moo how you do it I just say what's on my mind
Growing up how I grew up swear all a nigga know is grind
My mama worked 2 jobs but she kept the chicken fried
My mama worked 2 jobs and we were barely getting by
And she couldn't get us everything she want but she would try
When you ask you could guess the reply
Do you want this and that or the lights
It's automatic it's the lights every time

Now put a finger in the sky for hard times
And leave em up if you know bout them long nights
I mean many nights, on that henny ice
Ain't dealing that pain so your heart ain't healing right
You carrying this weight now it's weighing heavy on ya mind
And I know that the liquor won't heal me
And I know the real niggas feel me
Nobody know the real me like these walls
If these walls could talk what would they say
They would probably tell you my pain
I been working hard
I could never go
Back to the old days

I can't even lie this is my gift, this is my purpose, I'm here