Try So Hard

OMB Peezy

Rippa On The Beat, bitch

I'm sorry, mama
You can't save me from this lifestyle, yeah
It ain't your fault, it's my own
Shit get crazy when it's lights out
I'm tryna find my way home
I try, I try, I try so hard
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I try, I try, I try so

Hard, all this shit breakin' me apart
Wanna get down on my knees and pray to God
But I don't know where to start
Guess I'll start by askin'
Why the fuck I gotta play with these cards?
But these the ones that I was dealt
Way too much pride to ask for help
I was on that block by myself
Glock in my belt
When I go to sleep, it's on the pillow
Feel my bed too far from the shelf
Gotta keep it close
They ridin' with you but they ain't your folks
I know a lot of niggas hatin' on the low
They know Lil Peezy from the Grove
Same place I ride and die for
Oh, you a killer, bitch? What you hidin' for?
They shoot him dead, eyes closed
My time comin', I know
You hatin', suck a dick and die slow
I can't go without my iron, feel like I'm losin' my mind
Ain't go up and stop making my kind
Ain't no lying in my rhymes
I can't fake it
I promise I'll chase a nigga down for four acres
With a Glock with no safety
They pray I don't make it
Ridin' with a .40, still smokin' on papers
I'll give you my heart but I promise I'll never chase you
A nigga stress and downin' Hennessy with no chaser
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I tried to paint you a picture
All this pain taking over my brain, can't get rid of it
All these niggas changin' up for the fame, what we livin'
This shit crazy, they'll blow out your brains for a lil' penny
Penitentiary chances, that's what they takin' up in the kitchen
Whippin' grits 'cause nobody got it, the fiends trippin'
I ain't shit, word to the bitches tryna get with it
I ain't got no time for the fuckin' huggin' and kissin'
Look surprised
Close your mouth 'fore somethin' fly in it
I put the bullshit to the side, I'm tryna stack up my benjis
Ain't no more sexual intercourse with all these random women
My mama was too late to save me, I was too deep up in it
But I tried
I be out here makin' my moves, yeah, I try
Peezy P done paid his dues, I don't know why
They still want me to lose but I try
You can't walk a mile in my shoes, yeah, I try
If you told, turned your back on me, or lied
Then I promise you, you ain't no friend of mine
I'm smokin' pressure, pourin' fours while I slide
That heater on me 'cause it's cold outside
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