

Gotta Move On

Phora

I know it ain't easy
(Hey, Hey, yeah)
But we gotta move on
I know it gets stressful
(Hey, Hey, yeah)
But we gotta stay strong
Don't let em treat you less than
(Hey, Hey, yeah)
Every time you do wrong
(Nahh, Nahh)
Just move on
(Ayye, Aye)

It's a cold war, & I ain't rockin' no Jay's
I got holes in my socks, checkin' my pockets for change.
I wish my life was different
& If I could go back in time, I would change 90 percent of my decisions.
But I never liked to listen to any of advice that's given
& I guess that's the reason why I live this life I'm livin'
I hate that all my families shamed, A black sheep I found my self the day in
sanity came
But is life worth dealin' with the damage and pain, which I brought upon mys
elf but someone has to be blamed
& I don't joke about my death but, sometimes I just wanna put a rope around
my neck and let it choke me out to rest
So I can, speed up the process because I know I'm probably next
Wouldn't that be nice, & the devil caught me slippin once
I ain't even gunna front, but I pray to the man above that he doesn't catch
me twice
& Lately I'm havin night mares, I'm tossin' and turnin'
When I sleep, I dream of genocides, slaughterings, burnin's
But I just can't point out the message that my thoughts are preservin'.
I just know I'm right with God, & I'm certain
That he will guide me through my trials and tribulations
Bow my head and pray and that's my rehabilitation
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To my people in the struggle, keep movin'
Never give up, be you. Try not to lose it
I know it's hard not to, I'm speakin' from experience
Think of things you got dude, not of the shit you didn't get
God gave you life, don't take it for granted
But it's hard to appreciate something so fuckin' demandin'

Always gotta give, and you never get in return
Numb to the pain but I still think I'm feelin the burn
Word to the father taking care of they daughter or son
Let's make a change, but we can't stop till the problem is done
Fourteen, can't even spell his own name
But he got something to prove, cuz an OG got him a gun
Now he killin' for him, careful in disguise ain't no dealin' with sin
Your death is your demise, I know you feel it within'
You gon' feel it inside once that bullet hits you dead on arrival niggah
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