

Selfish

Problem

Every project need a moment like this
This is mine

Sometime I wake up in cold sweats
Nightmares crowding my nights, feeling regrets
Of my past decisions, past decisions with women
Fast decisions, I smashed, then smashed to the clinic
Trails of spirits, prettier than dandelions
Unborn born kids of mine, yelling out daddy why?
Why I couldn't make it through?
What was special about the other two, two?
I can hear their little voices now
And to them girls that I took down that abortion aisle
All that fussing, all that fighting, all that forcing, I'll
Apologize even though that might mean nothing now

And I don't know that for a long time now (should I)
Swallow my pride and make my peace with the Lord now
'Cause only he knows, if one day I'ma have to reap what I sow

They say that I'm selfish
I don't know why
They calling me selfish
But I don't reply
They say that I'm selfish
I don't disagree
'Cause when I ain't selfish
Nobody lookin' out for me (me, me)

I ain't going to blame it on my age, I was knowing better
Selling dreams while I was fucking, I'm a hoe, whatever
No condoms, I was nothing and damn near whatever
Running around like crown was on top of my head
King ding-a-ling, shit, what a ding-a-ling
Now I'm sitting in the waiting room, bell ring-a-ling
She comes out, body all depleted
I'm trying to soothe her mind, telling her we didn't really need it
Promising the future kids all the rest of evening
Soon as I drop off a nigga get to leaving
Hit traffic weaving, straight to the next one
It's all good 'til that "we need to talk" text come

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Nobody lookin' out for me (me)

God, I'm seeing where I went wrong
Am I being punished for everything that I did wrong?

Staring at my son's neck, tryin' to put this bib on
Over the tube that he breathing through
Lookin' back up, knowing I believe in you
And yeah, I'm thankful for the blessings I receive from you
I give 'em all back, for that fucking breathing tube
To be, in me, instead of he
But, I know this gon' make me a better me
Lookin' me again, still think so selfishly
I'm grippin' on that handle, while traveling through the streets
Driving me crazy, tank damn near on E

And I don't know that for a long time now (Should I)
Swallow my pride and make my peace with the lord now
'Cause only he knows, if this is me reaping what I sow