

Consensus

Quadeca

Think I've got a consensus
Bein' lost in the trenches
Adolescent lessons expressin' God's job to tempt us
Makin' it hard to stay alive
It's so easy to die
Makin' you hang your head low
But say "reach for the skies"

Life is a walkin' contradiction
I've seen through its lies
I'm just tryin' to tell the stories I've seen through its eyes
I feel I'm forcing and feeding off reasons to cry
With all this fake deep bullshit
I'm too eager to try

Everybody sendin' blessings in need of reply
Tryin' to sell their own tears, for they bleedin', they dry
Fuck your demons inside
I'm in need of the why
So I can summarize my life through my breathing inside
Like, oh well
I can say that I tried, yeah

Hopped in this life and I stayed for the ride
So many beautiful faces, but they vacant inside
And I'm just patiently waiting for the day I decide
This reminds me of days when I drive in L.A
I'm screamin' high to the sky with a smile on my face
Now I'm hidin' my face
I keep tryin' to trace
All the steps that I have taken to find my place
Swept out to ocean
So lonely waves here like an embrace

Now I'm lookin' at my mic like it was sent as a prophet
I used to be an atheist, but that turned me agnostic
Recently, I've been wondering if I've fuckin' lost it
See my friends from kindergarten go to rehab
That's the type of shit that makes you think back
To simpler times, blissfully ignorant minds
Before reality would ground us, we would live in the skies
And as a
And as a kid, I never thought I'd be bein' like this
And as a kid, I never thought this would even exist
I felt elusive, intangible, just steam in the mist
Now I'm wakin' up feelin' I ain't even the shit

You only look at what you got once you see that it's lost
And life's too gradual for me to believe in my sauce
Don't understand rappers braggin', "I got that paper on me"
Man, I got kids in school who doin' presentations on me
So what the fuck you really value tryin' to take that from me
To me, I'll take that over Rollies and makin' some money
Rain or sunny, I'ma do this every day, I study
And write these lyrics til' my brain is fuzzy

Damn

Like Tyler created tweets, I just capitalize
These Romans tally up my hits with the capital I's
This is a natural high
I see it comin' from afar but I'm still actin' surprised
But I ain't mastered the skies
I wrote this album with so much passion, I actually cried
They think cause I was never trappin', my rap is a lie
They think cause I'm an awkward kid, I'm invalid
As DJ Khaled, saw receivin' a platinum plaque for bein' alive

Throughout half of my album, it wasn't good enough
Shit, I mean it still isn't good enough
I'm like an active volcano
I know could erupt
But I guess I am not full enough, yeah

I swear the higher you get, that's the lower you feel
Man that's more shit you gotta do, or you won't get a deal
Man that's more shit you gotta prove, so they know that it's real
30 seconds of listenin', thinkin' you know how I feel

Yeah, this a motherfucking thesis statement
Came a long way, I cannot be complacent
Every day I wake up stressed, I have to be the greatest
And if not, then that's a day I truly feel I've wasted
Most of the pressure on my shoulders is comin' from me
So when I die, I know I left us with somethin' to leave
So when I wake up every day with someone to be, damn

I got so much shit
I've got
I've got somethin' to see
I don't fuckin' know man, shit
Hope that sounded genuine
Because I meant it