Slow Down

REASON

(Your call has been forwarded to an automated voice messaging system)
(310-909)
Yeah, yeah
Soul
Look

Times is gettin' darker, my time gettin' borrowed
My nieces getting smarter, they startin' to feel that shit, look
I tell 'em, "Uncle busy," they don't wanna hear that shit, look
I say, "See you tomorrow," that promise never garnered
I never told nobody this, but I lost a son
Or maybe it was a daughter
Look, I say "it" 'cause if it's real, I gotta face that part of
My deepest fears that's growing near, they call that feeling karma
I'd have to be a father
And look at how I did all these bitches, look, I mean women
All throughout my life, drunken and scattered nights
She don't believe in abortion, pressure forced her
So she sacrificed, and all for what?
A little head or nut and bragging rights
Something that I made myself forget so I could pass the nights
But how she sleeping? She prolly ain't sleepin' or barely
I never once felt guilty, maybe that's the part that scares me
Maybe that's the part that is fucked up
Need to grow up

Slow down, slow down, yeah
Slow down, yeah
You puttin' a rush on all your progress
You need to appreciate your process (Mmm)
Need to slow down, yeah, slow down, yeah
Slow down, yeah
You puttin' a rush on all your progress
You need to appreciate your process

Look, my cousin called me, ignore it, I don't pick up the phone
But I used his struggle for records and now my blessings growin'
I never told him "Better Dayz" was coming out to public
Just put his business to the masters, then I hit the road
I told your business to the world so I could make some gold
What I didn't tell you was there's an apology that was owed
What I didn't tell y'all is how strong my fuckin' cousin is
After "Better Dayz," hit by a whip, shattered bones
Coma, while he's sleeping, we pray that he wake up
Rappers cap for a foundation, this shit I can't make up
Rico woke and told us calmly that while he was sleeping, dreaming
Reminisced of us as kids playing, wasting days up
And it kept him calm, so calm, thank God that he's still living
And thank God even more that he's strong, and so I'm forgiven
Told me, "Rob, I was upset, but I'm glad that you told my story
I couldn't admit addiction, I'm glad that you told it for me
I'm glad you living your dreams and I'm glad you was ever worried
I lived my life as a hustler, although this new life is boring
It's much safer, keep my pace and recover, then rose to glory and shit"
Don't say no more, I got something I never spoke
I'm sorry I wasn't man enough to call you first
And your story never forgotten while I write this verse

I'm glad you moved back from Atlanta and made your way home
And no matter how quick life is movin', I'll pick up the phone
I'm sorry (Yeah)

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Bitch, I don't know what I'ma wear
How boy texting me, talkin' 'bout he in town
Told me to pull up to the crib
Nigga, please
Yo, Solo, you ready?
Church
Is Carson in the house?
Carson is definitely in the motherfuckin' house
One, two, three, four

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