

Gypsy

Russ

Whoa oh oh ohhhh oh...

Yea, you feelin' trapped, both your parents left you
Momma's in Columbia, Daddy don't respect you
So you been a gypsy since you were like 16
Yea, you bein' homeless, affects you in ways you don't notice
Goin' thru the motions, no one there to guide you
Go ahead light the weed, play some shit that you can ride to
Never lettin' out whats really deep inside you
But baby I can slide thru, I can help you find you

Whoa oh oh ohhhh oh...

Now you finally found someone
Who loves you just for who you are
Knows that you've been thru some shit
Knows that you've been pushed too far
Still he's trying to pull you, Otherwise you back up
Cause your self conscious is fuckin' up, tell that bitch "back up!"
But you continue like a nomad to the next house
Moved in with the dude so he can trust you
Yea, he left now
Lookin' for the blame, quit playin' the role of a victim!
Be the products of your thoughts not a product of the system!
Got me sayin...

Whoa oh oh ohhhh oh...