

Whoa oh oh ohhhhh 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 ohhhhh 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 ohhhhh oh...