

# Feel Alright

Spouse

I bet it all on myself, that's a safe bet (I'm all in)  
I'm not reliant on nobody for my paycheck (PDank)  
It's been five years since I wore a nametag, quit my day job in 2010 and never came back  
Stayed since I entered, I never hit the exit  
Keep moving like my mom, hiding from her exes  
I just played like three shows in Texas  
Sold it out in Austin, put the homies on the guest list  
I'm in the van in Oklahoma bumping T.I  
Rolling trees on my diploma on my Levi's  
I saw behind the curtain, so I know my window's smaller than vagina on a virgin  
But I'm tryna be happy when my visitor's gone  
Even though my day's numbered like a prisoner's arm  
I'm tryna

I'm just tryna feel alright, alright

If smiling is lame, I wanna be lame  
If I gotta pick a location, it's gonna be Maine  
If I get something with this beard, it's gotta be brain  
Dropped my first record when radio's a lot of T-Pain  
I'm playing 21 in San Diego but I'm 29  
Chadd won, Jay came in second, good thing I can rhyme (San Diego)  
Teddy sent the beat without the tags on it (They know)  
Built trust like a snowman, put a hat on it  
I been me since cats had on Fubu  
Classes skipped like ads on YouTube  
Never got my degree, but I can turn the heat up  
It's too much sun to let the whole world beat us

I'm just tryna feel alright, alright

I wanna be rich, I wanna be liked  
I wanna be dope, I been wrong, I wanna be right  
But if I can't be none of that, then lastly  
The one thing I really wanna be is happy (Tryna be sad?)  
People live their whole life in the rat race  
Fast paced, never get the cheese, come in last place (Hamsters)  
So get to asking around  
I got the blessings counted like a basket after the foul (And one)  
I was the cook who melted the cheese  
On your burger, but I'm educated, healthy and free  
You never heard of anybody quite as honest as me  
Who rock a mic when they open till they tell you to leave  
Let's go

I'm just tryna feel alright, alright  
(On a world tour, we can knock on every door  
Grab the rich and the poor, we can make 'em feel alright  
We can make 'em feel alright, we'll make 'em,  
make 'em, make 'em feel alright, we'll make 'em feel alright)  
I'm just tryna feel alright, alright  
(We can find a way to feel alright)

Yo here's a moment that I replayed through  
I was in the kitchen, politicking, kicking it with DJ Rew

One of his best friends just died in a fire  
And he was going through divorce so I asked him how he smiled  
He turned the faucet on and then he looked at me, crookedly  
"I understood that if I'm sad, I shouldn't be"  
It made me wanna go buy a guitar, run and play the drums  
Let the bass man have some fun  
Bass man, talk to 'em

I'm just tryna feel alright, alright

Everyone was running, tripping over debris, maybe a body, definitely debris  
Sprinting, gasping, parents holding their kids, shielding their eyes, you know  
All their kids running, parents eyes just widened by, y'know, in terror  
And I was running too, just because everybody else was running  
I mean, it's irrefutable, like if everybody's running, they must have a good reason, right?  
So I was running, and running and running, and stepped on an iPhone, rechecking the cracked face  
And it wasn't dead yet, it was still on, and it comforted me to see the glow, it's face shown  
A picture, two pictures actually, you know, different women wearing the same dress  
Who wore it better?  
And running, and running and running and running  
And glass, and sirens, yelling, crying  
And finally I fell, I skidded across the sidewalk  
And um, I looked back, mainly just to avoid any stampede  
Or, you know, getting crushed  
Most everyone else was running through the street,  
weaving between the abandoned cars, and the cars were just still, empty  
Like overgrown, metal bug carcasses  
Like that REM video  
And I looked back from where we came, and I saw it  
I saw what we were running from  
And I guess I wasn't surprised  
It was shapeless, and huge and scary  
And it had no form  
It was frightening, really, um, it was the truth