Depression hurts I don't know what can help You lose your mind and start talking to yourself Waiting on a record to blow Just so you could take care of your family And stop selling the dope Yeah, it ain't no secret My mind's fucked up So to ease up the pain I get fucked up Problem after problem How do I solve 'em? Suicidal thoughts I'm talking to my revolver I don't really know who the fuck to trust I shed so many tears but Imma gangsta bruh I got a wife and she the love of my life I'm on the tour and she's alone at night Temptation every city that I go to Which one of these girls am I bout to go through Make the right decision Stitches Don't do it We all got problems and we all go through it Only time I forget is when I make music After the studio it's right back to it Driving my foreign under the influence yeah Yeah, we all go trough it

Pain, struggle, just hustle
And don't stop
When I pray to God I look up to the top
Cause when I die I'll be a memory
When I die will you remeber me?
Keeps going on one person dies
One comes along and on and on

I contemplated suicide I was losing my mind even thinking bout homicide Holding my anger Gun in my hand I'm about to cause danger I fed on my life just living on a island And my three children and my wife just smiling As a father I don't ever wanna fail And have my children visit me up in a cell Am I going to heaven or am I going down to hell All the answers to my questions only time can tell Take the pain away When I pop a pill Trust issues and my pride keep me from signing a deal Cause if I fucked up over somebody getting killed So when you see me when you look at my eyes Just know your in the presence of somebody who is real Matter of fact fuck you and fuck your record deal

Pain, struggle, just hustle
And don't stop
When I pray to God I look up to the top
Cause when I die I'll be a memory

When I die will you remember me? Keeps going on one person dies One comes along and on and on