

5:55

Sylvan LaCue

Hmm, yeah

Hol' up, I don't know what's... got me looking to the past when... I'm moving forward

I might slip up on my ass, but I never fold up
I might pull up late to class, but I always show up

Yeah even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)
And even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)

And I know, I know, I know I'm a mess
I don't made a mess now
Caught me slippin on the right
Whippin from the left now
I been all up off my game
Young, dumb and stressed out
Might not hit a triple-double
But I put my best out

Yeah even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)
And even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)

And I know, I know, I know how it goes
I need to work on my soul (Soul)
I need to work on my goals (Goals)
I need to balance my patience
Work on my pace and empty my woes (Ya)
I need to feel my emotions (Ya)
I need a grip on my focus (Ya)
I need to know what I've chose is not just for me
And nurture my closest (Ya)
I need to work with my father
Too many curses I harbor
I need a break from my habits
Cleanse of my spirit
Fill up my chalice (Woo)
I need to know what I offer
Show me a way to go farther
Peace of mind [piece of mine], it's gon' cost and

And I've been fuckin' up for a quite a while
Don't know how to hide it
I've been dealin' with some problems by myself in silence
I ain't always at my best
Even when I'm smillin'
I might lose it under stress
But I always find it

Yeah, even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)
And even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)

And time, and time, and time, and time, and time
And time again, I gotta turn around and tell myself
Life's too short for the cards I dealt to decide my health
The mind might help when the spine might jelq from the limelight, welp
Will I lose sight? Only time might tell
Does anybody feel lost on the planet?

Peel back layers to my soul like, hol' up
I pray for the days when the new Wayne tapes had me on ketchup mayonnaise do
n cannon
Ain't no ceilings
'Ye was killing
'09 Drake had me in my feelings
Before 4: 44, Hov made millions
Number one off Empire State Building
A state of bliss coming in the air, no Phil and
If I ever had a doubt, momentum killed it
And you can have all that you want
Heaven or Hell?
Choices on choices (Ya)
Voices on voices (Ya)
Teeter totter through the peace & drama
Feed & water spirit while my ego wonders
I be chill pillin' yet I'm hardly somber
Caught between the Art of War and Dalai Lama (Woo)
I need an end to my ways
I need an end to my ways
Yea, uh, this ain't the ending of days
This is a pivotal page
Decisions on decisions
Am I a vessel of truth
Or as crooked as any politician?
I'm from where niggas don't have a pot to piss in
Mama's in the kitchen
Rent is no forgiveness
Reeboks on the extensions
We got good intentions
Circumstances changing
Devil's start to clenchin'
Toe-to-toe with demons
Angels on the benches
30 on the clock
Clutching through the trenches
Which side, which side?
I could be lost, delivered, deprived
Sever my ties, decide to be blind
Or open my eyes, yea

Yeah even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)
And even when it's dark outside (Whoa, whoa, whoa)