

# Head Games

Sylvan LaCue

Yeah

I should get up and do somethin' about what I'm feelin' today  
10 hours later, distracted, I doubt what I know is in place  
I can be confident, boast my prerogative, gloat full of grace  
Turn right around, put my prominence down like you still in a race  
You gotta do more to be more don't you ever forget it  
Pardon but what is a limit?  
Anxiety driven I'll never be finished, nah

Head games, ooh  
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Head games, I

Think I need more than I already have  
Still a perfectionist, reekin' of evidence  
I cling to all of my past  
Hiccups mistakes  
I fixate on my flaws, till my strength measures up bout  
As bad as my neck for attacking my progress  
Revert to what hasn't been conquered accomplish  
I pull up like, "What's poppin'," fuck what you've done  
Total disregard how far you have come  
All I see is empty space on this road  
Common Dilla, you got so far to go  
That's those...

Head games, ooh  
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Head games

Family secure  
Financial freedom, the better treaty  
Gold and castles right beside me, Nefertiti  
Oh stability, I pray you never leave me  
Had to work the overnight slave graveyard  
Hope for three wishes and a genie  
Was Aladdin way before Aladdin had it clappin'  
Desolate but always bagged a Princess Jasmine  
Stealin' watermelon, dodging swords  
Young broke boy connoisseur  
All my niggas found a path to prison  
From grabbin' smithens, automatics as tall as Lorde [Lord]  
What you waitin' for?  
You got the power to, hold up  
You got the power to turn all these visions  
To heartfelt reality, love is the sacrifice  
Bring on the calvary, no delaying  
That shit'll only delay your blessings, hold up  
Switch it up, know you love somethin' when you give it up  
When you above nothing you don't give a fuck  
Never had a posse or party  
I hardly remember the times when it was 10 of us  
Look what you've accomplished here  
The proofs in the lighting the dark's been cleared  
No fog, nigga, the dock is clear

Why do I question my blessings? Why?  
Why do I not take my own suggestions?  
Run circles and chase false perfection  
Burdened with a mighty cause  
Overwhelmed but I was taught to follow God  
Made it out from jungles, where a problem solved  
Was take off your top like it's Mardi Gras  
What's all the fuss on your favorite rapper  
Favorite artist's artist? All this conversation  
Who you call the hardest? What is competition?  
Don't know how to listen  
How we go from record sales to algorithms?  
Don't confuse my opposition nor my hunger  
No one stole my thunder  
Niggas love yellin' "I'm the best"  
Insecure, insecure, you're more Issa than a Shaya Bin scripture  
Serving warrants everybody's going lazy  
I supported, all you niggas look like Lawrence  
I've been doin' this since niggas ripped from torrents  
Soulja clout goggles  
Way before you wore them  
And I've never had an off day  
A million in cash, bet it on my off day  
Who am I to give a damn about what any cards say?  
What about what God say?  
Told my niggas all we gotta do is...

Get out of your own mind

Now this remind me of the chitlin circuit  
Little brother, picture perfect  
A simpler time in this life of mine  
My freedom of expression taught me lessons  
My father couldn't find time to present  
At times I often resent  
I've done some wrong in my life  
At 21, I repent  
Holy waters devour facials  
Arise to a scent  
A smell of praises and "Jesus loves you"  
No pain in my eyes  
A couple of months, my consistency took a dip, no surprise  
See this is all a disguise  
My human nature favored sinnin', gluttony of life  
Love lust, what's trust? I put my all into the mic  
Up on some 1995 shit, hip-hop purist  
I hated Lil Jon and Lil Wayne  
Was scouting old Nas lyrics &  
Lupe scriptures in  
Southern Florida. Bordered Trick Daddy's a thug holiday  
It Was Written & Muddy Waters  
Created sanctuary in these thoughts  
Many apologies to my exes I bombarded with my mama's issues  
See our relationship led to love that was hard to get through  
My safest place became prison, developed rigid religion  
A set of beliefs that incited grief, many nights with tissues  
And Uncle G I miss you  
But our relationship suffered from our positions as individuals, see  
I became a man, you couldn't understand  
And saw me as the same little nigga you met at 16  
I miss things, miss when I didn't judge who I was on a daily basis  
Pressin' my inner patience, runnin' my mind in circles and losin' my inner sanctum

I'm still distracted by others' journeys and lookin' backwards  
Why do I lose my passion when God's got a plan he's been savin' for me  
Since Mrs. Herring and Michael LaCue was shacking  
Whats a financial backing to God when it's time for action  
Quit with these head games, Its time to make somethin' happen