

Make It Out Alive

Sylvan LaCue

Mama told me this life, ain't what it seems
Only two things, pick between
You can either chase a dollar, or chase a dream
It's hard to choose when you stuck between
I just hope I make it out of alive
Know I just hope I make it out alive
No I don't wanna work a 9-5
No I just hope I make it out alive, alive alive

And I'm just yelling out my oh my, oh my oh my
Tell you what it's like for a youngin' in the 305, in the 305
Always had a job on the fly, I must provide, I must provide
Dreams don't pay these bills, I tell no lie, I tell no lie
But I, stay straight, looking to the future like I'm tryna get a hook
Writtens every second that I'd jot into a book
Everybody judging, I was only tryna cook
Guess you keep it to a minimum when niggas wanna look
And I'm stressed out
Daydreamin' I just wanna be the best out
Scratch that, nigga you ain't even on a best route
Ice telling me you gotta take a chill pill
Got an Ill Will, yes sir, but
I'm feeling lit, feeling light, 2am Summer night
I don't care, hands on the wheel, and there's nowhere to go
Hopeless, on the ropes its more than a choke its hypnosis
Got me thinking in the worst way
23 and hating every mother fucking birthday
Gotta find a way out, way out, gotta find a way out
Ticking ever minute till the moment when I'm laid out
Running out of options, thoughts of me stopping dropping but

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Word to my nigga all I wanna do is live my life, just live my life
See my mama cry, I gotta be the one to dry her eyes, gotta dry her eyes
Living with her smile man, you don't even recognize, don't recognize
I apologize, know a nigga been a pesticide, been a pesticide
But, what would you do when in a middle of young life crisis
17 and already feeling like you the nicest
Seeing ever artist you started you started when on the come up
Like you missed out and still keep it a hunned'
Tough luck save it, back to working on a slave ship
Know you need a pay check, better not say shit
Fucked up, you know
Move any race here, gotta keep it neato, even through the fake shit
I never been the one to love it or embrace it
Fine line balancing the ills of these gauges
Tryna find a real in the middle of the matrix
Hundred dollar bills make way for our faces, basic
One day you gotta face it

Until then you chase it going ape shit
Every minute counts, fuck being patient
Gotta get it now, I don't wanna stand waitin'
Left shoulder see Satan, right Angel face of Sanaa Lathan
Chose one and pray to God like an OG
Could have gave up but

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Yes Mom, I took out the Pork chops, and I looked for a job earlier. I'll talk to you when you get home

Fucking up my recording and shit