

Monsters In My Head

The Game

I'm sitting here watching my daughter being born
Feel like I should thank God that nothing went wrong
Back in my days I was headed straight for the graveyard
Running from school cause enemies never stay far
Wear my colors watching colors chasing after my older brothers
Cause they was always into shit, good thing we had different mothers
Playing football in the streets with the homies
And local drug dealers kicking back making money cause the crack fiend
Was always there so I start selling that cane cause nobody never cared
Mama at the post office working that late night shift
Taking care of my sisters cause my daddy wasn't shit
Sweating over the stove and on a school clothes
Open the refrigerator like where did the food go?
Trying to do whatever I can to be a man, hope you understand
Even when shit goes wrong it's part of God's plan, Amen

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray to Lord my soul to keep
Wake me up before I'm dead
Don't bury me with monsters in my head, yeah
Monsters in my head, with monsters in my head
Underneath the bed, underneath the bed

Laying here staring at this Doggystyle poster on my wall
Banging Snoop Dogg spinning this basketball, what the fuck is going on?
In a nigga head, all of my homies gone to jail, or they end up dead
Got my first tattoo tear when I was 19, chasing a pipe dreams
Chrenshaw boulevard chilling, that was the night scene
And like the movies, niggas act a fool
When you pushing a beemer, who gives a fuck about a School?
Mom's set a curfew, but I was breaking all the rules
Kicked a nigga out the house so I started forming my crew
Getting a little bigger on my own, in the 12 grade crips scheming on me
Cause they know my trap self made, trying to get by or getting high
That's how I survived, be a leader not a follower, that's how them cowards die
Pay 'em no mind but keep my chrome to the end of time
Feeling like no nigga can see me I think they're going blind

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Seemed like just yesterday a nigga was only 21
Showing the little homies how to use a fucking gun
Now look what I become, nigga was on the run
From the coptom slums, they right, like father like son
But I'm missing them days when I couldn't roll up a blunt
Bust the windows out of cars just to only drive it once
Yeah them was the days but now a nigga getting paid
Pouring down rose for my niggas in the grave
My nigga Big Will and my homie P D
Feel like yesterday we was just running in the streets
And I swear to God funny how the time fly
And the only thing certain is that we all die
So let your soul fly

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