

My America

The Lox

Malt liquor and syringes on the pavement
Oh goddam, I'm down on my luck
You see my clothes don't fit like they used to
My mama don't call like she used to
I'm a shadow of the person that I used to be, yeah
Oh Lord, I'm tired (Crazy, yeah)
These streets got me wired, it's crazy (Oh yeah)

Yeah
I said I woke up in a state of confusion
In the search for absolution
Palm grippin' the Absolute
It's sad but true
Missed call from my kinfolk
Said my auntie ain't make it
Malt liquor and syringes on the pavement
Oh goddam, I'm down on my luck
Can you send one up for me?
See my clothes don't fit like they used to
My mama don't call like she used to
I'm a shadow of the person that I used to be
See, oh Lord, I'm tired (Yeah)
These streets got me wired (Exhausted nigga)

Yeah
Them cold bodies fit up under them rugs
It's a circus out this bitch, amazin' how we jugglin' drugs
Frontin' for hoes, the cards work good in them clubs
Shots go off, time to leave, nigga, lets breeze
Young bitch shot in the head think it came from the trees
In that direction, she layin' there with my complexion
To the death I'ma give my son protection
I'm tired though, he teachin' me some shit that I ain't know
Shit get wrinkled, I show him exactly where the iron go
And they only stick around when you buzzin'
That's the problem with The LOX
I remember one time when we wasn't (D-Block)
I'm hip hop like the Juice crew
But my mama don't call like she used to
Bunch of phony niggas, hard to see who's who
Just parties you ain't around when the bills due
All for the Gram, hope social media kills you nigga

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See, oh Lord, I'm tired (Yes, I am)
These streets got me wired

Let's go
Oh Lord, why I lose so much when I'm a winner?
Demons done got my soul, made me a sinner
Clothes don't fit no more, I'm gettin' thinner
It could be the middle of summer, I'm feelin' winter
My heart gettin' colder than the freezer is
See my babygirl gone, but I need a kid
Why you think I take a shot and get weed again?
Only thing we got is God, gotta believe in him
Couple homies locked up, don't know what freedom is
If the Lord come now, I gotta leave with him
Oh God, I'm tired, so lift the trauma up
Hold my son and my wife and call my mama up
I get high to not cry and frown a lot
I done cried enough tears to drown the block
All I know is keep faith in the man above
I feel pain so I spread the joy spread the love (Yeah)

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See my clothes don't fit like they used to (Na)
My mama don't call like she used to (Ah na)
I'm a shadow of the person that I used to be
See, oh Lord, I'm tired (I'm tired Lord)
These streets got me wired (Real talk)

Uh, yeah, yo
I'm tired of hearin' about what I didn't do
Yes, I am goin' home, 'cause I got shit to do
Things ain't been all good, nah, but I'm gettin' through
I'm givin' you real talk, I ain't bullshittin' you
Life is a bitch, you could tell her when you see her
I just want Josh and Jamere to meet Nia
Lord knows, I just want the air to be clear
When I think about it that's the only time I shed a tear
Mama Love voice through the phone, I hear joy
Come and get a plate and say a prayer for the boy
Know that I don't eat meat and I don't care for the soy
Long as she ain't in pain then I can't get annoyed
We all need to repent
Really I'm just fatigued from the cement
My defense is always on prevent
There's a reason a lot of people ain't used to me
'Cause I'm a shadow of the person that I used to be

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