

Catch 22

Tinchy Stryder

I call it Preview, cause that was just a preview

I'm in my zone; I'm really in the zone
This place is full of plastic fakes, I call them silicone
Cone, yeah, and I think I miss my home
I think they kind of miss me too but the love is rarely shown
No, cause I ain't talking 'bout my family
Talking 'bout some real friends that used to stand beside me
They think I'm a millionaire, they whisper words behind me
Loyal ones are still here, so I respect them highly
They know I'm in the game, I know I topped the charts
I need them all to feel my pain' this is the part I can't explain
Industry, twisted, it's a complicated business
Tryna bring in friends is easier said than done, believe this
It's either this or that, the top is a lonely place
The hood, the roads ain't safe
The writing's there in white and black
And this is what I dreamt about, but in the dream I weren't alone
The stars or home, it's a catch 22

I call it Catch 22, two
This is Catch 22