

Desperate

Vin Jay

Heart's so cold...

Have you ever been down in your luck or been desperate?
Feeling like you trapped and ain't never finding the exit
Stress building up and can't find a way to suppress it
Praying every night and hoping God return your message
Steady wishing for the day that all the pain's gone
Barely getting sleep, nights quick and all the days long
With no sunshine, all I feel is the rain, dog
And everyone just keep on telling me to stay strong
But I'm surrounded by these feelings that I can't shake
Fake friends, ain't nothing for 'em, don't got to translate
Got nothing up in the fridge, I'm down to my last plate
Barely got the money to fill up my fucking gas tank
Cope with the pain, I'm gripping a Jack Daniels
Moment that I finish, I cop me another handle
Lights getting shut off, guess I'ma use candles
Hit the store to fill my stomach, only coppin' three samples
Swear to God that I'm surrounded by some demons
Life is getting worse every time that it change Seasons
Lashing at my girl 'cause of all the pain I'm feeling
Now she finally had enough of my shit and the bitch leaving
Even my family doesn't ever seem to understand
I need a favor, they look at me like the son of Sam
And they been acting like I'm begging for a hundred grand
It's almost like they don't want me to get the upper hand
I need a change, matter fact, I need a couple
Sick of being broke and my tears leaving a puddle
Pressure on my shoulders and my knees about to buckle
Time to figure out a way to make it out of the struggle
It's like-

Heart's so cold, I can feel it in my veins
Sick of being broke, I'm just trying to get paid
Guess that I'ma keep on grinding, only way I know
But I'd never thought life would ever be this cold
On my own now, gotta maintain
Sick of being broke, I'm just trying to get paid
Guess that I'ma keep on grinding, only way I know
But I'd never thought life would ever be this cold

Yeah
Clothes laying on my bed, all my shit is packed
I know my parents, they gon' wonder where their kid is at
I put my shoes on and took another swig of Jack
I'm finally walking out this bitch and I ain't coming back
Stumbled down the steps, no doubt about it, I'm trippin'
Take another drink, it's gon' put me out of commission
But fuck the cops, I don't plan on getting convicted
I hopped up in the whip and I started my trash Civic
Blowing every stop sign, I'm out of control
'Bout to hit the liquor store and a cop a bottle for sure
But I don't got the fucking money or no weed I can smoke
So fuck it, I'm 'bout to run up in that bitch for the dough
Yeah, I'm all about it, I ain't thinking 'bout no repercussions
I'm finally 'bout to get some paper so ain't no discussion
Like what's a fucking man to do when he's down to nothing?

I found a spot, parked the whip and kept the engine running
I walked into the building, but yo, this shit was packed
I started thinking, maybe I should take a different path
But shit, I'm in too deep, so ain't no turning back
I jumped the counter and landed right where the Bourbons at
Grabbed the cashier and told him, "show me the safe!"
Told him, "empty out the draws and give me all of the cake!"
Started pulling out his phone and tried to call for the Jakes
So I pulled out the strap, cocked it back, and then-

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"This just in, local news reports of a fatal shooting at the North Shore Beverage Liquor store. Multiple witnesses say the suspect, armed with a handgun, jumped the counter and fired shots at the store manager. When nearby police officers responded to the report, it quickly turned into a fatal shooting scene. The suspect, 24-year-old Vincent Jacovelli, was pronounced dead at the scene."