

Face It

Wiki

Feel the pressure on my back
Do you hear the texture of the raps?
In my voice why it's all rasped
If I had to choice to buy it all back
Just how it was
I wouldn't budge
Nah I want the city better than the level it was at
I been staying up day and night measuring the task
Of what it's goin' take to get the city on blast
And it's extra pressure cause I gotta do it on the road
How I'm supposed to keep a hold
Of shit if I ain't home
So we meeting over whiskey in the morn
To the evening and I'm gone
Off of the deep end of the pond
Screaming I just got my feet in
Nah I'm wrong
I been fiending far to long
Now it got me reading all my wrongs
Do I got a reason to go on?
Sure the team got it some demons
Throw them demons in the song
Growing up throwing up drunk
But lately I been keeping calm
Keeping keeping on
Keep my people on
Leave the beat alone

Half of this rap shit battling addiction
They hand you a bottle for you to sip it
Kids give you a xan always used to split it
Then there's the cameras and you are in it
Snapping pictures while you snapping spitting
Saying pat is bitching
But I had a vision
Talking shit while I'm sad and slipping
I'll be back and kicking
Sitting back and kicking

Thought I was off the spliffs
I'm off the shits
Probably off the kid
I thought a bit
Cause I'm awful
It just seems warranted
To much time ignoring it
To much shit I'm storing in
I thought it was clear
Thought a motherfucker would hear
What? I'm supposed to expect someone to tear
Up just cause what? Wik the mic spic mutt slutt was in here
This the life we live this life we leave
So before I left this life I lead
The commander and chief
Of what they call my life
I ball on rhymes
They ball on white

I'm small and tan
They tall and white
I do me they just call a price out
Who's he? what's his worth?
A mutt from birth a slut from 18
The first time I fucked was church
So I practice the religion of mackin' bitches
And I ain't left manhattan in a minute
In the city I was born and I'm torn but I'm living

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I can't face it
Got problems, I can't solve em, I sip bottles
Till I can't taste it
It's basic I just face it
Mason jars
Filled with that raw but it's all wrong
Cause I can't take it
So I face it, can't face it, so I face it
Just face it

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Hole ripping through your catcher's mitten
I beamed that
You seen that?
Thought that you had it you kidding
Stupid motherfucker had to be kidding
Had to laugh at you
Had to admit it
I ain't gassing
I mastered a written