

Same Old

WizTheMc

And I still go around
Still smoke pounds
Still same old shit
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Like a music machine
Making music everyday
Still waiting on the day
When I finally get paid
Do the same shit over and over
Til' I'm back on stage
They think I'm crazy
Just cause I forget the date
It's different things
Mostly changes
Still don't understand
When they really hating
I don't watch the news
'Cause they always breaking
I don't talk much
'Cause they not relating
Met so many people
Who said that they gon' make it
But who's creating
And who has the patience
To take all the hatred
While still busy failing
People talk a lot
But I don't see what they is making

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This is an empowerment for artistry
I know I won't be here for long
So I'll be honest b
Whatever you is making
Never stop creating
They'll try to plant thoughts
In your head
But you can break 'em
You can break the doors
Others were afraid to open
You have all the power in the world

And nobody showed ya
Use your love
And the chip on your shoulder
They will flip
When they see you getting closer

I was 18
Scraping savings
Tried to see the other side
Took that plane
And shit start changing
Now I'll be back in a month
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