

Temptation

YONAS

New life begins, another life ends
God can you please just cover my sins?
Glass full of rocks get covered with gin
Feel like the clothes that cover my skin
As I sit here with the gun on my chin
Tryin' sort through all the troubles I'm in
God says please don't do it young boy
Past full of pain but the future full of joy
Pocket full of hope and a mind full of money
Mic full of cause, headphone full of Cudi
Life full of intelligence, young man with a lot of potential
But somehow they wanna play dummy
What I write in the present is really my past
I ain't really happy but this is my path
Nothing adds up but I'm tryin' do the math
I ain't never laugh first but I always laugh last

As we fall, we fall into temptation
Mind full of hope and a pocket full of money
As we fall, we fall into temptation
Mind full of hope and a pocket full of money
And if it feels good, should we then do what we love?
Mind full of hope and a pocket full of money
As we fall, we fall into temptation
Yeah, got you New York
Mind full of hope and a pocket full of money

Sticks and stones, weed and bones
There are the things we're feasting on
This ain't right, this feels wrong
I'm back home but the keys are gone
I'm worth way more than I've shown
Ask all the people that I've seen I've grown
God says please don't do it young man
Past is the past but the future got a plan
Open your eyes young fellow you can
Do it for yourself and do it for the fans
Never get caught up, when it still stands
Even if you lose at life, still dance
When you fall down make sure to advance
Cause even when you're behind
There's always a chance
Nothing adds up but I'm tryina do the math
I ain't never laugh first but I always laugh last

Temptation says come to me
Red light, green light, 1,2,3
Only one life, can't undo it g
War like Sun Tzu, runs through me
All you gotta do is plant one seed
It comes back to you abundently
You are the plant, the world is the pot
The question is, will it grow, will it rot?
The book cover ain't these essence of the plot
It's easy to go but it's hard to stop
The blessin is not the notebook itself
But somewhere inside the notes you jot

Be reminded that life ain't fair
Turn around and your life ain't there
The ending is close, I can feel it in the snare
So say your prayers and put your hands in the air