

Therapy for My Soul

Young Jeezy

(J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League)

Yeah

Therapy baby

For my soul

Yeah

Just tryna heal, you know?

Yeah

Been listenin' to my thoughts and lately I've been concerned
Feel like my soul on fire, let that motherfucker burn
Man nobody gave me shit, I wait my motherfuckin' turn (Turn)
(Therapy for my soul)

I had a few hits, even had a few misses
Got clumsy in the kitchen, even broke a few dishes
Street life scarred me, my soul need therapy (Therapy)
(Therapy for my soul)

I ain't never been the one to complain, that's win or lose
Made moves and paid dues, walk in my shoes
It's like a nigga came with directions, I really made me
I was drownin' then I threw me afloat, I really saved me
Put down everything that I love, that's on my legacy
Never fucked over nobody to make a better me
If you ask me what happened with Kink, we grew apart
Tried to sue, he took me to court, shit broke my heart
Same nigga you made a millionaire, sue you for millions
Made man and he want it all, none for my children
If One-Five wasn't my dawg, I would've touched them
When that shit went down with Gibbs, I couldn't trust 'em
Invested my hard earn money, tied up my bread
But he gon' try to tell you I'm flawed, that's in his head
It's happening just the way that I said it, good on your own
And if I'm honest nothin' gangsta about you, leave this alone, yeah
And everybody wonderin' what happened with me and Coach
Same shit that happened between Tommy and Ghost
'Cause yeah the checks comin' in but the trust ain't there
I would say it's all him but that wouldn't be fair
I was fresh up out the streets, tryna fight my own demons
Knew somethin' wasn't right, guess I had my own reasons
Mission impossible, I ain't on a plane now
Shake took his own life, I ain't understand that
Had me feelin' numb, laid in bed for a week
Eyes didn't closed one time, that's a week with no sleep
I'ma keep it solid, he the reason me and Ross talk
Never ashamed to admit that I was wrong, yeah that's boss talk
Since we talkin' boss talk, let's address the sucka shit
Grown man playin' on Instagram, real sucka shit
Why the fuck this clown nigga playin' with my legacy?
Solid in these streets, that's some shit that you will never be
Talking 'bout power, but weak niggas do the most
In real life, nigga you really borrow money from Ghost
All that lil' boy shit, yeah it make it evident
Made millions in these streets, what the fuck is 50 Cent?
And it's still Free Meech, love him if he right or wrong
But the streets wanna know, do we really get along
If you askin' me, nigga, that's one thousand percent
If I did somethin' wrong then I gotta repent

Ain't no hatred in my heart, ain't no hatred in my veins
If you felt me being distant, think it's time to explain
And I was stickin' to my plan while Raf Simons took the stand
He tried to G-Money me, what's happenin' with your man?
Tried to throw me in your case
Guess he tryna save face
No exception, know the rules, I just handled it with grace
And I ain't sayin' that you told him to do it, I know better
Still the same nigga, nothin' but love, that's forever
See my ego and my pride, yeah, I put it all aside
Reminiscing 'bout all them late nights we used to vibe
When it's all said and done, we're brothers, your mother love us
The feds did you dirty, can't stand them motherfuckers
Speaking 'bout brothers, welcome home, Tee
A nigga might owe you money, but that nigga ain't me
I be lookin' for the truth 'cause that shit be hard to find
All these lies and these rumors, fuckin' with my peace of mind

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