

# Sober Thoughts

Young M.A

Discipline in my habits  
Went distant on my attachments  
I had to turn my presence to absence  
Stuck in the cage  
Questioning the hours and days  
Depression-al phase  
My tunnel vision starting to fade  
I started to marry my thoughts, already engaged  
Not knowing my next move had me going insane  
Depending on alcohol to get me over the pain  
Praying my habit don't ever have me turn to cocaine  
I won't allow this temporary pain to turn into a stain  
I wanna live but my joy for life is stuck in the grave  
God, I need you more than ever, I was hoping you came  
So used to holding shit in, it's kinda hard to explain  
Picasso, the best way to put it  
Before you knew the meaning of it, you misunderstood it  
Far from perfect, did a lot of shit I knew I shouldn't  
Ducking my demons but they coming like a moving bullet  
Shit is crazy out here

It's like I love it and I hate it out here  
Gotta be mentally stable out here  
Just to make it out here  
Never slippin'  
Every day I'm aware  
If I ain't got it, I go get it  
And I make it appear  
Tough love being assertive  
That's the way that I care  
When I'm distant and I ignore you  
Then to me you ain't there  
When I erase you that's when you worry  
Replace yo ass in a hurry  
That's the truth not a dare, nigga  
Do not compare

All this pain in me  
I want it washed away  
I gotta keep faith in me  
These niggas want me dead  
I gotta stay strong  
Stay strong  
I've been fighting all my life  
Whoa  
May God watch my soul

Only people that think that I fell off  
Is the people that wasn't supportin, before the fame and the fortune  
My fanbase was already a force and  
I was selling out shows before the radio sources  
Meaning the grinding and the independence what got me in it  
Not a cosign or a mention and this is not fiction  
Now I'm feeling attention from muhfuckers that once was dick lickin'  
And pic flicking, friendshipping  
This isn't no damn fool, I know the game so it's cool  
And when you play the game, play by the rules

Momma ain't raised no coon, I know the difference between loved and used  
Life is just hugs and bruises, care and crew  
Fuck desire, my heart pump fire, ooh  
Don't inhale my fumes, I'm toxic, caged in like zoos  
Boxed in like boxing, in the studio, locked in

And you couldn't walk a block in my shoes  
Not even my socks, shit  
I came from the bottom, that's why I fuck with top shit  
I'm talking about the never, ever, ever in stock shit  
I don't pop shit, I speak knowledge so call me a prophet  
And if you pay attention then you paying homage  
Cheap jeans with paid pockets  
This pound cake got these weight watchers, weight watchin'  
I ain't stopping like Hov said  
Sit in front of the Bentley with the doors out like bow legs  
I hate a bitch with a fat ass and no legs  
I love a bitch with some crack pussy and dope head  
Broke bread with niggas, all I got was a thank you  
And you got some other niggas out here saying they made you  
The game trying to erase you  
Got my foot on they necks, you disrespect the TEC'll give you a facial  
Apologies to my ex's and no this ain't my confessions  
Appreciate your time and investment, patience and effort  
Having ya'll was part of a blessing  
Ya'll all belong on the cover of essence  
No hard feelings, no love lost, no bad blood  
Yeah, love is a bad drug but better to have love than no love  
I need a blunt, KorLeone can you roll one?  
And smoke one

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