Rescue Me

Crazy Chris Kramer & Friends

So can you rescue me
Because my ship is sinking
And I'm drowning at sea
So can you rescue me, from me
Can you rescue me?
I was losing my mind like I was trying to lose it
Using my time for using, abusing my grind
This is my own honest view of who I am behind this, music
Ryan the whole bottle of patron Connoisseur
At a point in time I thought I blew it, doing crime
I would've washed a pill down with a shot of my own spinal fluid
And my momma knew it, she saw especially right through it
That I wasn't protected because peer pressure be like (do it)
But I couldn't fight through it, the beef started
The streets caught up, at least we didn't get caught up in deceased orders
It's Slaughterhouse, cause Shady, me, Porter
Sat down and made peace over Porterhouse and peace Porter
Some stupid bitch done turned my girl against me
Should've tattooed the earth on my arm feel like the world's against me
Soon as I paraded, here come the rain falling the name calling
From the cuz I never met with his hand out like I'm straight balling
Feel like I knocked the 8 ball in
Every time I shoot a move I literally can't call it
Am I afraid of success? Let me think on it
I just got nervous, let me drink on it
Think I just answered yes but not on purpose
I pass the church and through the Son, Father, and Holy Spirt
But I'm only near it, man I need to pass the service
I'm drowning cause I'm so tired of treading
So Lord when you get a second please
So can you rescue me
Because my ship is sinking

And I'm drowning at sea
So can you rescue me, from me
Can you rescue me?
I wake up and my shirt is leaking, covered in sweat
I'm dreaming of being murdered when I'm sleeping
Picture a person beefing, with himself

And it's even, worse when I'm drinking
It hurts when I'm thinking, me versus my personal demons
I'm reaching for my nine
If I point it at myself will it help to quiet the demons screaming in my mind?
And if I go, to the other side
Just tell my mother it was her prayers that kept her young'un thugging son alive
Plus my daughters and my butterfly, tell my son that I, love him
Tell my nieces and nephews their uncle tried
To take this music to the fucking peak
But I'm still a drug dealer as we fucking speak, that's fucking weak
Behind the tours and fanfare, hospitals and cat scans
Shoulder, when they call him bipolar, happiest mad man
Don't know my story, my struggle, the demons that I combat
Or how I'm starin' at them waiting for eye contact, beyond that
I got a soul mate that's naive, so the thought of me is prison to her
Baby momma that's crazy and a ten year old who listen's to her
My fam and friends think I'm the bank
And the way they keep coming back you think I'd got thanked
To you it's a dream, to me it's labor, these aren't monsters, these my neighbors
And you watch each others back, I guess its favor for a favor
Sometimes they even save me, when my wrist is to that razor
So can you rescue me
Because my ship is sinking
And I'm drowning at sea
So can you rescue me, from me
Can you rescue me?

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