

Going Through Hell (feat. Mike Posner)

Rittz

feat. Mike Posner
Driving Cadillacs through the ATM
Trying to make it to Heaven
So I'm going through Hell
Nobody knows my pain
So my cup is full
I'm trying to make it to Heaven
So I'm going through Hell
Fuck this kid, never finished school
Dad was never home, Mom was missing too
They just got divorced, (?) the Cosmic Boys
Argue for some drugs, learn to pass some (?)
Like Lorena's course, here's my fly goodbye
Homie's back in jail, I am not surprised
They gave him a second chance, caught his final strike
He probably gon' die beside, They just gave him life
When life's unstable I, try to pray with my
Prison gettin' heard it, finally keep begging to God
To show me a way my boss just fired me from a job
Afraid I'ma deuce my ride, my payments are way behind
I'm back to selling pills, scared of going to jail
Fighting with my girl, things are looking bad
Thinking she fucking her ex and I just whooped his ass
My knuckles are bleeding all over the dash in my Cadillac
Hoping that we can meet with (?)
Try to envision the future but how can I possibly succeed
My dreams are bleak, I need to go to church
Hate cause people preach, faith and need believe in Jesus recently
The Devil won't leave me be
My lady just told me she pregnant and begging that we can keep The baby that she conceived
And wouldn't consider the total we gotta get rid of it
Why are you tripping and acting like you don't remember what we agreed
Was thinking about myself, selfish and overwhelmed
I just paid to kill my own one child
The guilt was setting in, I felt like filth
These people picked and they decide to spill and saying I'm going to Hell
But I was just a child, cloudy memory
Summer stage making, life we made to be
But shit a corner pass sip and bumping cash
Reminiscing bout the past in my Cadillac
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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