Handwriting

Eljai

(Handwriting's on the wall)
Yeah, it's on the wall
I'ma keep drinking til they toss me out this motherf*cker man
[Verse 1]Excuse my tone of voice but today was just a bad day
Label hit me about another single and said I ain't had play
Since Country Sh*t, hell they thought that was a regional record anyway
But thank God for Bun B and Ludacris because they had faith
That sh*t would take off and it did, guess I was too country to quit
I make albums not hits, these rich folks don't know about this
But that's cool, I'm back to that K.R.I.T. Wuz Here
Pray to God this was meant for me, a king to be
Hoping my time was near
Maybe I'm rapping in vain, maybe this wasn't my lane
Maybe I'm hurting myself, talking 'bout real life instead of the fame
How can I change? Shawty I swear I think I'm wasting time
On the phone with my pops like, "I just wanna save some lives"
I just want a deuce to ride with the ones I was dealt
My pride might be my downfall, but I ain't asking for help
I wear my heart on my sleeve, don't run into me cuz it bleeds
No disrespect to your craft, but I make my own beats
Sh*t the handwriting.
(The handwriting's on the wall...)
Man the Hennessy do something to a n*gga man sometimes that sh*t...
I just can't hold back, you feel me?
[Verse 2]First quarter got me like boiling water with soda in it
Drop my project in the pot watch it lock up like those in prison
Gotta prove these people wrong that don't see the vision
Three nominations, number one on 106, hell I forgot to mention
Two free albums minus label support
Fired my publicist cuz I forgot what I was paying him for
Drunk til I'm barely conscious,
call Johnny tell him put y'all on 3-way immediately
Cuz I'm sick of being lied to and I'm waging war
Then I'm going back to Sippi-land and I'm quitting rap

Ain't that bad cuz when I was poor, hell I was fat and happy
Dealing with the critics and the comments got me trippin'
Like my accent and my tone make it really hard to listen
I was scarred but I was driven before the politics came

Lynching rappers and dropping albums, and watching em hang
I pushed mine back with fear that they might just do me the same
Cuz I rebel I might get shelved, but that's part of the game
Hell, the handwriting...
(The handwriting's on the wall...)
Goddamn right it's on the wall
I take this sh*t seriously man
This is my life, this all I've ever known
This all I'll ever do and I promise to God I won't
let nobody take it from me
[Verse 3]I did it for all of mine and all of yours
Ten toes deep in the game I'm in
I'm bound to lose if I'm living in sin
If I play to win will I make it out?
I'm tired of feeling my heart Lord I just wanna scrape it out
This the road less traveled, sh*t I just gotta stay the route
I hear the hate and all the betrayal I just gotta phase it out
With another shot, better chase it down with a glass of Crown
Put that on my tab, yeah I'm doing bad
Cuz music's all I've ever known, sh*t, all I've ever had
Tryna say something, tryna do something, tryna be better
Ain't much time left, I gotta make do, I can't live forever
Ain't that what makes me me? No smoke and no mirrors
And I don't even wear Loc's, so they can see me clear
And you can say that I'm bitter but tell me if I'm trippin'
They stick their noses up and talk down on Mississippi
Imagine how you'd feel to know you work hard, and you educated
And they treat you like you never made it
The handwriting...
(The handwriting's on the wall, final curtain's about to fall
Just ain't no feelings left at all,
the handwriting, handwriting's on the wall)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/