Behind Bars

Diabolic

I wake up to Vodka Tonic, child support, lots of chronic
Hungover, blunts rolled up, just tryin' not to vomit
The God's honest truth, I cut my baby mama loose
'Cause the bitch got rotten roots and made me wanna cock and shoot
Cops in hot pursuit, just doin' what I gotta do
I'm out makin' product moves, she claims that I'm knockin' boots
But how the fuck's my daughter gon be proud of papa deux if daddy's broke, got no loot, can't afford to cop her shoes?
That's not how fathers do, I make sure my daughter eats
Lock the door before she sleeps, try to keep her off the streets
Her mama tortures me, of course I'm forced to deal with it
All this drama brought to me like I'm some sort of meal ticket
I feel sickness, nauseated by the hunger pains
Ain't tryin' to run the game, I want peace, fuck the fame
What's-her-name got my mother lookin' at her son ashamed
So I'm drinkin', thinkin' back, like when's it all gonna change?Life ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's
Closed off to the outside world in a shell
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x2)I'm an alcoholic pot-smoker, chances are I'm not sober
But I don't make my seed deal with the chip on her pop's shoulder
I never got over feelin' like I been forsaken
Broke, livin' in this basement, at a loss for inspiration
Comitting sins of Satan just to fill these dinner plates and
Have some dough to finish makin' a lyin' thief's vindication
Been as patient as I can, now I'm finished waitin'
I'm a bring the winds of change, for some kind of simulation
My innovation could have got me major label love
But I can't lie, instead of swallowin' my pride I taste my blood
The weight above from this paper left my shoulders crushed
Like I'm in a cobra clutch, stuck bein' broke as fuck
My wifey now for real, claims I never open up
Why you always goin' buck-wild like you smokin' dust?
I don't know enough to answer, I apologize
I'm just stoppin' by to tell you 'fore I take this shot and hideLife ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's
Closed off to the outside world in a shell
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x2)I sold drugs and took a few
All my friends took 'em too
Guzzlin' that wicked brew

Ain't shit I'm shook to do
Wifey said, think of how yo mom will look at you
Now I'm apologizing to her for the shit I put her through
Used to think there were some people I just couldn't lose
Burn a bridge, watch, then turn this shit, rebuild, good as new
That wouldn't prove to be true, the more I recollect
I was wrong but better yet, greedy for that treasure chest
Left for dead, the pressure gets to me to eat a meal
Makes it hard to keep it real, all I do is cheat and steal
What I see and feel is bottled up like ketamine
Replaced by dime and nickel schemes
Balanced on a triple beam
Every relationship I had got blown to smithereens
Dried my eyes while in between
Wiped them out like Mr. Clean
I lived a dream, thinkin' I'd wake up and save the day
That's all I came to say, now I'm a drink the pain awayLife ain't shit but liquor and splittin' L's
Closed off to the outside world in a shell
Behind bars, feelin' more like I'm in a shell
Attitude's like, I don't give a fuck, give 'em hell (x4)

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