

# Fresh Air (feat. Rum & DNA)

## Devin the Dude

Indeedly I needed me, a breath of fresh air  
Stepped outside, but wasn't none there  
Took a walk up the block, why not to get a cold drank  
Fuck it a twelve, it ain't like I ain't got no bank  
With a stride I arrive, at the corner sto'  
I felt sorry for a bum, I gave him some he said he wanted mo'  
Wanted to kick him in his chest, and take my ends back  
Started to think, bout where his family and his friends at  
And I could even be his kin, that didn't recognize him  
Walk right passed, and despised him  
Or he can even be, disguised as a peasant  
But really he's an angel, derived from up in heaven  
Just to scope out the selfish, and the ones with greed  
Who don't give shit, and take more than what they need  
And then I thought to myself, say dude he's a man too  
I gave him a few more dollas, and a cool breeze came through  
For certain I was hurting, kinda down on my luck  
Seems I had just run out of gas, and I needed a few bucks  
Wires hanging out the tire, on my raggedy truck  
And I ain't gon' lie I wanna cry, but hell I sucked the shit up  
And get to walking with this gas can, looking like a mad man  
Talking to myself, trying to formulate a game plan  
And that's quite difficult, when you ain't got no cash in hand  
And the people that could help you, passing by you laughing  
And it's hot and they don't understand, have no idea  
And you probably wouldn't get the picture either, till you out here  
With nobody else to help, and you just stuck with yourself  
Searching for strength to carry on, and not give up on yourself  
Though it's hard but I just, keep my stride keep my pace  
Swallow my pride like I must exceed, and keep my faith  
I'm asking God cause I don't know, how much mo' I can take  
But it's when I couldn't bend no mo', that's why they gave me a break and I'm like  
Life is like a roller coaster, always up and down  
And what goes around, nigga always come around  
Trying to stay above water mayn, I ain't trying to drown  
Know we all gotta die, but I ain't trying to go now  
I weeble and wobble, but I won't fall  
Struggle a little, but I won't crawl  
If I fall down sucker, I'ma pop back tall

I ain't perfect, but I'm trying to do the right thing y'all

If I could press rewind, and do it over again

Then I would right all my wrongs, and erase all my sins

But I can't, all I can do is pray and don't pull a stunt

I got more time that's behind me, then I got left in front

I finally see in which direction, that I need to go

I might crash moving too fast, so I'm taking it slow

And I learned life's a gamble, and sometimes it ain't fair

When I'm faced with shit I can't handle, I go get some fresh air

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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