Basket Case

Rittz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1 - Rittz:] Self, self-pity, self-self pity Why the fuck is everybody else giddy? I woke up and felt shitty Matter fact I've felt the same all week Let down on my last album on the shelf sitting And I think I might need, help getting out of bed Cause I'm here and I keep, spinning on a thread I'm my own worst critic, and I gotta write a album But I keep hating on my self, it's like I get obsessed Cause I hate what I write, say-say something tight I be thinking too much wondering what they gonna like I don't got a lot of fans, I'm afraid that I might Let 'em down if what I make don't relate to them right If it don't, then they ain't gonna buy my record And if my second doesn't sell better than the last I'mma owe the record label cash So it's hard to relax and write raps I be losing concentration sometimes I look at what they sayin' online Somebody unfollow me and call me out cause I ain't respond I'm behind on my dead-line, and I got a home life To juggle ain't no free-time My manager callin' up, "what you got another deep song? What is it this time, your lady, or struggle trying to be something?" Not in the mood to write a weed song I'm sitting giving myself a mental beat-down when I rap[Chorus - Rittz:] I'm my own worst enemy the energy I have's a waste Cause I use it battling myself cause I'm a basket case (Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case (Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case Lookin' at this glass of whiskey, wishin' I would pass away

But I'm always wishing for the worst cause I'm a basket case
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case[Verse 2:]

va, da, da, da) i ii a basket ease[verse 2

I can have conversation with rappers

I'm not an asshole to anyone unless I have a reason to be But God forbid, if they ever had a buzz, or a name

Then I feel like we are equal, and these dudes always want a feature for free

I try to network and help 'em out, I just gave 'em a tweet

But I'm starting to wonder if the shoe was on the other foot

Would these motherfuckers do the same favor for me?

But, on the other hand, people think I'm all famous

I ain't as paid as you think, when I tell 'em the price is

To get me on a record they are like it's too expensive just to pay me a G

And I'm starting to feel guilty

Cause I'm known as the guy who never quit and never gave up his dreams
So I'm watching dudes tell me that I gave 'em motivation
Not to quit and they gon' try and do the same thing as me but
Only difference is, I spent fifteen plus years studying my favorite MCs

So I kept getting better some of y'all ain't got it, can't hear it, what is blatant to me
And I don't want to hurt they feelings so I tell 'em that the music that they makin' is tight
But your image looks bad, and you suck, and you need to give up, and you're wasting your life
And it's all my fault... damn[Chorus][Verse 3:]

They tell me that I need to tweet more, but I feel kinda immature, typing my thoughts online
Plus some fans that I got would probably hate me if they knew what type of shit that crossed my mind
Cause I hate rap

Let me take that back, I just hate whack rappers for the most part

Even though I rap fast, I don't like when people try to impress me with double-time

And they be swearing that they go so hard

They don't really even say shit

Anyone can rhyme, thinking that drinking and synching The song I'm making, them figures dope, it ain't about the speed

You gotta make it make sense

And did I mention that I really hate fake fans?

I don't understand how one minute, everyone could be on your dick and they say you hot A year later, the same fan steady be talkin' shit 'bout the rapper, actin' like they forgot That's how the shit works

First they love you, then they hate you, then they love you again, you gotta toughen your skin

This kinda shit hurts

This music industry is dumb, dumber than the comments on YouTube Sayin' that I use the N-Word? (Hell Naw)

I don't rap like that, I don't hang around white boys who act like that I done said too much, 'bout to snap, I'm mad

At the world, even I don't really have my back when I rap it's like... damn[Chorus]

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