

# A Donkey Named Cheetah

## Outlandish

Damn, I don't know why they stress me out  
And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes  
I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe  
For your own good  
Damn, I don't know why they stress me out  
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I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe  
For your own good  
How dare you me assimilated, ya crazy  
'Cuz the gap between me and my dad is big  
Don't change me, fact is, I don't even speak his lingo  
Still call the place he left 30 years ago home  
I'm tired of this politics, it's cut between 2 cultures  
Got them both bodied in my backyard like vultures  
Picture me rolling on a donkey named Cheetah  
With 2 barrels of water, let the waterman lead ya  
Either ya follow the drip drops or my Cheetahs dudu  
Either way kid, I'm living proof, you will get through  
Enough cash to send grandma first class to Mecca  
First things first, ya know that's discipline play  
Giving back to moms and pops for all these years  
Trying to raise a kid up here like they do down there  
Heads to the sky, clear when it comes to my fam  
Groceries they know I supply in whatever demand  
Now can I live  
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Esperanzados a que  
Yo caiga, y si caigo  
Sigo mi camino  
Yo me integro, no asimilo  
Ya he ganado suficiente  
Mis tatuajes los llevo hasta la muerte  
Mis ojos no ven todo  
No soy ejemplo de nada  
Las palabras a seguir las estrellas para admirar  
No las indico yo  
Si no puedo aprender no te puedo ensear  
Esta claro no?  
Que lo que digo y lo que hago aqu  
Es criticado, comparado, exagerado, as  
Que lo mejor es ignorar, superar y conseguir  
Lo importante para m.  
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I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe  
For your own goodNo thoughts just mass confusion  
No rest 'cause we chase empty illusions  
Is it my mind thinking or my heart speaking  
Maybe I'm just stressed out, it's probably thatMom's always yelling where you been  
And pop's saying rap ain't gon' pay the rent  
So stressed when I gotta do this shit  
'Cause at the same time I'm working from 10 to 6Many things on my mind I can't think straight  
Sometimes I wanna quit but maybe it's too late  
Or maybe I'm weak and afar from debate  
Or maybe it's just God pushing me towards my faithDamn, I don't know why they stress me out  
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