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 goodDamn, 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 goodHow 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 homeI'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 yaEither 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 playaGiving 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 liveDamn, I don't know why they stress me out
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For your own goodEsperanzados a que
Yo caiga, y si caigo
Sigo mi camino
Yo me integro, no asimiloYa he ganado suficiente
Mis tatuajes los llevo hasta la muerte
Mis ojos no ven todo
No soy ejemplo de nadaLas 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.Damn, I don't know why they stress me out
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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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