Frustration

SPM

I'm so fucking addict (fucking addict)
I'm so fucking addict (fucking addict)
God, god
Please help me godChristians please pray for me
Haters please keep me strong
Playas please love me
Like you love my every single song
Since my verse October 5th
Both my fucken palms itch
Made myself millions
But thats not what I call rich
Once I told my mom this
You are not my mom bitch
You stole me from my family
Fed me from the wrong tits
Please forgive your younger son
You know I'll fucken die for you
Woman you're my life
You're in almost every rhyme I do
Can't you see I'm dying
From the pain that I brought to us
Its obvious
My conscious just won't let live anonymous
I'm exposed like kleptos
Just interview my ex hoes
They'll tell you that I used them
Then used them in my best flows
S.p. I have blessed the world
How did they return my love?
Friends try to kill me
And now they give me nervous hugs
Get my flows the perfect drug
Jordans pushin' redfore in
Consider it a privilege
You listenin' to the best boyListen I ain't hatin'
But they got your boy debatin'
If I bust who would knew
Except god maybe satan
So I sit & I wait

Steady contemplatin'
No peace on the streets
Must release my frustration
(x2)Yeah I haven't fought police
And tudy tried warning me
But I met those bitches
Thats abusing their authority
I know we got some good cops
Plus I know your jobs hard
Some have gotten killed
Cause they walked up to the wrong car
Lots of men in uniforms
That I consider heroes
Lots of men in uniforms
That act like fucken real hoes
Guess yall hate the mexican
Maybe how the things changed
The accents, the restaurants
To you it might seem strange
But we have the same dreams
Want the joy that peace brings
Thanksgiving day
The only day I didn't eat beans
Got gave us x-ray
To see pass the skin tone
Don't you know that all of us
We were born from one rib bone
Or do you have that syndrome?
That 1950's racist shit
Hatin' bitch
Can't you fucken see
You suckin' satan's dick?
I'm ain't sayin' rival me
But damn am I the rivalry?
Seems like everybody singing
Ebony & ivory[chorus]
(x2)How bout singing ebony & ivory & brownery
America, america
What you ain't proud of me?
Now that all the freeways buildin'
Throw me out the country
Its not my fault
I thought jorge
Had chopped down a plum tree
Radio don't play us

So we don't got no place to call home
Pocos pero locos
Tried their best to put our songs on
But they do it all alone
And thats what I call bravery
Just one show thats saving us
And showing love from a to z[chorus]
(x3)

Songwriters
Carlos Coy, Jaime Ortiz, Carolyn RodriguezPublished by
Lyrics Â© SOULYRICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/