

Steer (feat. Rush Davis)

Scarface

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Staring down the barrel of a colt 45
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes
Demons got me seeing double in the rain
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel
Lord if you hear me, steer, steer
Lord if you hear me, steer I think I need to breathe 'cause I ain't feeling right
My conscience is at ease saying live your life
Got everything I ain't missing much, bra
Got my little paper bag I ain't feeling fucked up
My woman got my back so I ain't stressed out
Side looking in, you can say I'm blessed huh
Career still intact got my street cred
Went on with life thinking that the beef's dead
But every now and then I get flash backs
Get down on my knees and I ask that
God keep my head on 'cause I don't wanna spaz out
Load back up that 45 and air a nigga, ass out Staring down the barrel of a colt 45
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes
Demons got me seeing double in the rain
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel
Lord if you hear me, steer, steer
Lord if you hear me, steer Awaken by the sound of the siren
Helicopter spotlights illuminate the crime scene
Crowd gathers round try to find out what the fuck is happening
Wait a minute, time out
I looked a little closer at my t-shirt
I see squirts of blood just now starting to bleed worse
I'm lost I got blood on my hands, though
And then the camera man starts to pan slow
Realizing what I'm up against

I guess I just have to face the consequence
Snap back to reality
I gotta think fast, got some motherfuckers after meParanoid, got me running for my life now
Homicide, questioning my mama and my wife now
Parking lot, full of cops, got the dogs out
Running, chest burning, out of breath
About to fall out
Hit the corner, parked car at the stop sign
Going back to jail ain't the plan so the outline
Is to come up with something so I escape this or hand cuffs
Fuck that I ain't gonna take shit
I rather be carried by 6 than judged by 12 getting that cell
Or maybe they gon' gun a nigga down
'Cause they don't wanna see me in the trialStaring down the barrel of a colt 45
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes
Demons got me seeing double in the rain
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel
Lord if you hear me, steer

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>