

There's Alot Going On

Vic Mensa

[Intro]

Yeah, this just my life
Front to back, top to bottom Everything's changing around me
These days don't feel the same
We all lost faith and lost family
Why must we play this game?
Lord have mercy on me
I've been a sinnin' man
Pull out my wings, jump off the bridge and crash in a plane
If I never land...[Hook]
Know I never die
We live forever in my mind
And I say goodbye
We live forever, still that life[Verse]
There's a lot goin' on but I stick to the ones I love
I never claimed to be a perfect man but name a great man who was
Consequences of my actions in the past years had me stressin' out
It was like, May, I just moved to L.A., I was tryna figure it out
Medication for depression that I cut cold turkey, had the kid manic
In an episode out in Hollywood, wildin' out like Nick Cannon
Railin' Adderall pills out a dollar bill, on the bathroom floor
Clean the whole mess up with my nose, what the fuck I need a vacuum for?
New York City on my birthday, June 6th, 2014
I had that first meeting with Hov, plus I brought out the whole team
I drank that whole bottle of D'usse Ty Ty gave me that night
When we left the club after Rap Genius house me and shorty got into a fight
She came out the room swingin', hit me in the jaw
I was really tryna fend her off
But I ended up in the closet with my hands around her neck
I was trippin', dawg
Too proud to apologize or empathize, I blamed it all on her
Sayin' that she hit me first, even though she was the one hurt
I was really just reflectin' all the hurt that I was feelin' from the band's rejection
When Kids These Days split, that shit felt like a c-section
And my infidelity and jealousy with Natalie on top of the amphetamines
And the ecstasy had me tryna drown face down in the Chesapeake
The next month I dropped "Down on My Luck" and had Europe goin' nuts
But I couldn't even appreciate it at the time, I was goin' through too much
Now I had to leverage million dollar label deals on the table for my records

In Ibiza eatin' paella on the roof, tryna choose over breakfast
Hov wasn't with the biddin' war, but I knew the Roc just felt right
When I saw Kanye at Wireless, without T-Pain, still a good life
Felt so close when Mr. Hudson introduced me to him backstage
He prolly don't even remember that shit... like a bitch off Backpage
But at that stage, I was ready to swing for the fence like a batting cage
At the same time, I was windin' down a low point in my addict phase
The Adderall started wearin' off and I went into a deep writer's block
All over a song that I couldn't finish that I wrote about signin' to the Roc
 Isn't that ironic? I was feelin' so psychotic
With the whole world excited for me and my idol sayin' I got it
Shit got bad out in L.A., so I moved back home to my mom's basement
Linked up with Smoko and Papi Beatz and took it back to basics
Then I wrote "Rage," that was me screamin' out through the pain
And "U Mad," addressin' my relationship with Natalie, it was too bad
The violence and the lies slipped suicide into my mental health
 I did acid in the studio one day and almost killed myself
 As I started to fall apart, certain stars started to align
 Oh Mys came to Chicago in January at the perfect time
He said Kanye was workin' on an album, and Uzi played him one of our songs
He was tryna fly me out, nigga, it was goin' down like the Dow Jones
Pulled up to Westlake, first day I was there, I recorded "Wolves"
 I knew I was the one, like Lyor meetin' with the oracle
 But I had to get a handle 'fore the door was pulled
 Crawled out on SNL
All the niggas hatin' on me back home lookin' at me like, "FML"
A lot of people comin' out the wood like, "Let's work," tryna network
All the pressure makin' my head hurt, the molly wouldn't let the meds work
At this time it's like Feb. 1st to the 15th, and I'm still addicted
Frustrated, writin' shit for Ye, tryna visualize someone else's vision
Then he laid that verse on "U Mad" and we made the shit the single
 Ye and Hov gettin' into it over me, tryna do a joint venture
And G.O.O.D. Music still fam, but it's that Roc boy SAVEMONEY life
Took the bus out on the road for the Traffic tour, did a hundred nights
 Cleaned out my closet, I got rid of all of my demons
If you learn one thing from my journey, nigga it's don't stop believin'
When this shit got so suffocatin' I could barely even keep breathin'
Wrote my wrongs all in this song now I'd like to welcome y'all to my season
 Nigga I'm gone