My Mind

Shaco

Feel the vibes switch with every line that I spit
Etiquette of a kid trying to make music and shit
Use it to my advantage
Disadvantage of making rap is that nobody appreciates any stories you may have
And if you ain't got a name in the game, nobody pays attention
"You're working so damn hard just to get honorable mention
When you know that you deserve what they get, and everybody tells you
That you're so fucking sick like it's fail proof"
And the crowds of people stand up and they hail you
While you spit your fucking heart out and your lungs start to fail you
Cause you ain't got no space to breathe, they start to know your name
But it still ain't coming close to even being fame
I just take a step back and tell myself that I'll always be the same
Fuck this game, I don't need no recognition to chase a dream
If the money comes, gladly collect cream
But if it don't then I'll work harder for my name to fucking gleam
Now let's take a trip inside My Mind
Hear the thoughts that I have, the ones stuck on rewind
What goes on up there to make it great every time I rhyme?
If I knew then I'd tell everyone just so they can shine
My thoughts are twisted
I talk back cause not a damn person listens
Feel like I'm falling without starting, why am I not winning?
Am I not doing it right? I can't tell what's going on
Because I murder any artist that I try to show up on
Nah, this ain't the track to try to diss you on
I spit it from my heart so fans and I can have a bond
And when they doubt themselves, I say "once upon a time,
I was five and I had the roughest time trying to survive"
Now my dads a fucking druggie, it conflicts with my emotions
On top of being beat back in Maryland with the notion
That nobody gave a damn until I found out my devotion
To rap music and it put my story into motion
Everyday thoughts like "why can't I be known?
Why the fuck can't commercial shit be what is overthrown?
Why do I live in a world that's impossible to grow in?
Why do people die without anybody knowing?
Whys a Kardashian more important than a robbery?
Why the fuck do people not believe the ones full of honesty?

Is heaven a real place? Don't you dare sit there and lie to me
Cause I wanna be a king when I pass if I'm honest, b"
This my mind, it's twisted, I get it
But when I spit it, you with it
Cause I spit truth up in the lab where it's written
Ridiculous intimate conversations with myself
Up at night, fighting battles, always praying for help
I don't understand what's going on with me
I just wanna write it out and be
Noticed by the industry
Help me please, feel like I'm going crazy
Honestly, I just keep getting lost up in my mind as I'm smoking on this tree
I don't get it, I don't get what I'm set out to be
I'm skilled but I got all these people here steady doubting me
Does it make sense that we all be shouting "free"
But people getting locked up for pushing some boundaries?
Maybe I just think too much, I don't know what it is
I'm sick of all these thoughts making me know what a danger is
I never thought I'd ever be considered dangerous
But when I get so fucking lost like this, man it gets so hard to manage it
Even if it's right, it feels like a waste of time
Cause who can honestly tell me that they listened to My Mind?

"I realize that every professional group has a special concern when they attend such a seminar as this, with the practical application of their specific jobs of the ideas that are being discussed."

Lyrics Submitted by Lauren Carter

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