

Right Here

Pete Flux & Parental

[Verse 1:]

Reflecting on my life, I often think about the solitude
An only child, now a writer tryna follow through
Gotta keep the bars tighter, people tryna follow dude
So I'm pulling all nighters, rhymes made to bottle moods
Of the populous, small towns, metropolis
All down for stopping this manmade apocalypse
Steadily approaching, forget the Mayan calendar
We need to chop it up like an Iron Chef challenger
Cause there's too much heat in the kitchen
Economies collapse every time I write a rap
It seems, cash is deemed the God of all living
So how do people think? "I'm not sharing my shit."
Need a paradigm shift from this era's fine gifts
Of selfishness and vanity
How can it be that selflessness
Rarely found under the canopy and helplessness
Is what most people feel?
Someone tell me what's the deal, we're all disconnected
If it doesn't matter then it's probably respected
Check it, and let cha head nod to the record
Right here in ya ear, if this world you wanna leave
For a second, left it and came back refreshed
Don't forget it, that's the method for coping with the mess
The problems of the world are so intricate
And like you, I'm just tryna make some sense of it

[Hook:]

The world is a lonely place
But I'm right here wit cha, right here wit cha
I learn from my own mistakes
So I'm right here wit cha, right here wit cha
In the deserts and the frozen lakes
Yea I'm right there wit cha, right there wit cha
Can't calm the nerves or you couldn't find the words?
Let me paint that picture, paint that picture

[Verse 2:]

My prior hustle was contingent on a work ethic

Stacking chips, taking yours wasn't worth repping
Preying on the weak, wolf slaying on the sheep
Every, day of the week with fourteen hour grinds
Of course was tryna shine, in boxer shorts confined
In isolation more than Kobe and Wade combined
The end result was a moderate gain
Not the opulent range that was the popular aim
Of the deep competition, playing the cards dealt
Crashing hard on the felt, forced into submission
Often the tale told of numerous failed pros
It's a dirty game like mining for shale gas
My most money hungry, appetite it fell fast
Hard to digest if you're swallowing stale cash
So the players throw it up, continue the roll of luck
And stay content with the fact that they'll never know enough
Mannnnnn, I feel in touch with all the loneliness
I've been blessed so I feel at least I owe you this
A little piece of me for those receiving peaceably
I know luck is never distributed equally
But I'm here and so are you
It appears there's nothing new
The problems of the world are so intricate
And like you, I'm just tryna make some sense of it

[Hook] x2

Lyrics submitted by Pete Flux & Parental.

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