## **A Donkey Named Cheetah**

## **Outlandish**

Damn, I don't know why they stress me out
And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes
I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodDamn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodHow dare you me assimilated, ya crazy

'Cuz the gap between me and my dad is big

Don't change me, fact is, I don't even speak his lingo

Still call the place he left 30 years ago homeI'm tired of this politics, it's cut between 2 cultures

Got them both bodied in my backyard like vultures

Picture me rolling on a donkey named Cheetah

With 2 barrels of water, let the waterman lead yaEither ya follow the drip drops or my Cheetahs dudu Either way kid, I'm living proof, you will get through

Enough cash to send grandma first class to Mecca

First things first, ya know that's discipline playaGiving back to moms and pops for all these years

Trying to raise a kid up here like they do down there

Heads to the sky, clear when it comes to my fam

Groceries they know I supply in whatever demand

Now can I liveDamn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodDamn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodEsperanzados a que

Yo caiga, y si caigo

Sigo mi camino

Yo me integro, no asimilo Ya he ganado suficiente

Mis tatuajes los llevo hasta la muerte

Mis ojos no ven todo

No soy ejemplo de nadaLas palabras a seguir las estrellas para admirar

No las indico yo

Si no puedo aprender no te puedo ensear

Esta claro no?Que lo que digo y lo que hago aqu

Es criticado, comparado, exagerado, as

Que lo mejor es ignorar, superar y conseguir

Lo importante para m.Damn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodDamn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own goodNo thoughts just mass confusion

No rest 'cause we chase empty illusions

Is it my mind thinking or my heart speaking

Maybe I'm just stressed out, it's probably that Mom's always yelling where you been

And pop's saying rap ain't gon' pay the rent

So stressed when I gotta do this shit

'Cause at the same time I'm working from 10 to 6Many things on my mind I can't think straight Sometimes I wanna quit but maybe it's too late

Or maybe I'm weak and afar from debate

Or maybe it's just God pushing me towards my faithDamn, I don't know why they stress me out

And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes

I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe
For your own goodDamn, I don't know why they stress me out
And they keep looking at me with them dark eyes
I'm tired, give me room, let me breathe

For your own good

## Songwriters

Jeppe Bisgaard;Roger Martinez;Abdelmajid Bouloum;Isam Bachiri;Saqib Hassan;Waqas QadriPublished by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC.;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-MGB SONGS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/