

# Another Song

## Filbert

Hold up let me hit my Hypnotic Record, aight you rollin'?  
I'd just like to take a minute to apologize to my listeners  
I just wanna say I'm sorry for not havin' any songs about  
Happiness or bein' in peace and shit like that  
See I can only display my personal feelings and experiences  
And so far I ain't felt what happiness feels like  
Or experienced anything but hard times and heartache  
So I apologize for not makin' you dance  
I apologize for not havin' any sarcaistical songs  
You know that good feelin' with 'em that put a smile on your face  
I ain't had nothin' to offer except for frowns  
So for that I'm sorry I promise if I could sing another song, I would  
I wish I could tell you my life is good but it's not  
I wish Missouri city runners were cold but they're hot  
So many situations to deal with  
I can't concentrate a hundred homies and everyone is fake  
How can I make it out the ghetto it won't let me go  
Seems like every time I do a good deed, good deeds never return to 'Ro  
I gave up my last so somebody could have a start  
Then somebody got me locked behind bars  
What a way to show ya love back, homie you a friend for life  
For your crime I'm doin' time in the Penn tonight  
It's bad enough I lost a family, my luck ain't live  
Mama died when I was 6 and Daddy ain't have enough time  
To kick it with me like I wanted him to kick it with me  
Now that I'm incarcerated you wanna come and visit with me  
But I ain't holdin' no grudges Daddy, I love you that's my word  
Even though you had me sleepin' on a curb  
I wish I had another song  
These are the days, these are the days  
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away  
Soon they'll be gone away, on to another place  
Pretty soon I'll be gone  
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone  
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song  
I wish that I was ridin' around in a Bentley  
But maybe Z-Ro livin' lavish just ain't meant to be  
'Cause I'm the type of fella that'll give a bum a hundred dollars  
I'd rather help out my people instead of poppin' my collar

I wish that I could get a million copies sold  
If I'm broke I'd rather die, I don't want no more poverty growing old  
Sometimes I wish that I was somebody else  
'Cause I can't even pay bills even though my CD's won't stay on the shelf  
Strugglin' and I'm strivin' and just barely survivin'  
Bobbin' and weavin' my last breathe time after time  
And it seems that I won't ever get no rest, I'm exhausted  
Tryna make it compare the price and pain is what the cost is  
Maybe if I was evil I'd be rolling in bread  
Until somebody with a pistol come and opened my head  
But my mission is keepin' ambition  
I'm trying so hard even though my soul is scarred  
Oh Lord, I wish I had another song  
These are the days, these are the days  
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away  
Soon they'll be gone away, on to another place  
Pretty soon I'll be gone  
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone  
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song  
I wish that I could sing another song but my rhythm is too much pain  
Sunshine is the level that I think I'm on, so tell me why it's so much rain?  
Day to day, it's a struggle in my lifetime  
To keep from trippin' I be stayin' in the trees  
No crimes committed, so tell me why I'm doin' time?  
And won't nobody come and set a nigga free  
Sometimes at night I smoke a cig and sit back  
And wonder why the whole world hate me  
So much [Incomprehensible] I just gotta pull my wig back  
Wishin' murder would come on and take me  
I wish that I could sing another song  
I'm tired of sleepin' in rivers of tears all night long  
No point in wonderin' why my people choose to do me wrong  
Stuck in this reality until my life is over and gone  
These are the days, these are the days  
We cherish them because soon they'll be gone away  
Soon they'll be gone away on to another place  
Pretty soon I'll be gone  
Twenty sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone  
If it wasn't for my life style, I'd sing another song

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