

# Rescue Me

## Stones Throw

So can you rescue me  
Because my ship is sinking  
And I'm drowning at sea  
So can you rescue me, from me  
Can you rescue me?

I was losing my mind like I was trying to lose it  
Using my time for using, abusing my grind  
This is my own honest view of who I am behind this, music  
Ryan the whole bottle of patron Connoisseur  
At a point in time I thought I blew it, doing crime  
I would've washed a pill down with a shot of my own spinal fluid  
And my momma knew it, she saw especially right through it  
That I wasn't protected because peer pressure be like (do it)  
But I couldn't fight through it, the beef started  
The streets caught up, at least we didn't get caught up in deceased orders  
It's Slaughterhouse, cause Shady, me, Porter  
Sat down and made peace over Porterhouse and peace Porter  
Some stupid bitch done turned my girl against me  
Should've tattooed the earth on my arm feel like the world's against me  
Soon as I paraded, here come the rain falling the name calling  
From the cuz I never met with his hand out like I'm straight balling  
Feel like I knocked the 8 ball in  
Every time I shoot a move I literally can't call it  
Am I afraid of success? Let me think on it  
I just got nervous, let me drink on it  
Think I just answered yes but not on purpose  
I pass the church and through the Son, Father, and Holy Spirit  
But I'm only near it, man I need to pass the service  
I'm drowning cause I'm so tired of treading  
So Lord when you get a second please  
So can you rescue me  
Because my ship is sinking

And I'm drowning at sea  
So can you rescue me, from me  
Can you rescue me?

I wake up and my shirt is leaking, covered in sweat  
I'm dreaming of being murdered when I'm sleeping  
Picture a person beefing, with himself

And it's even, worse when I'm drinking  
It hurts when I'm thinking, me versus my personal demons  
I'm reaching for my nine  
If I point it at myself will it help to quiet the demons screaming in my mind?  
And if I go, to the other side  
Just tell my mother it was her prayers that kept her young'un thugging son alive  
Plus my daughters and my butterfly, tell my son that I, love him  
Tell my nieces and nephews their uncle tried  
To take this music to the fucking peak  
But I'm still a drug dealer as we fucking speak, that's fucking weak  
Behind the tours and fanfare, hospitals and cat scans  
Shoulder, when they call him bipolar, happiest mad man  
Don't know my story, my struggle, the demons that I combat  
Or how I'm starin' at them waiting for eye contact, beyond that  
I got a soul mate that's naive, so the thought of me is prison to her  
Baby momma that's crazy and a ten year old who listen's to her  
My fam and friends think I'm the bank  
And the way they keep coming back you think I'd got thanked  
To you it's a dream, to me it's labor, these aren't monsters, these my neighbors  
And you watch each others back, I guess its favor for a favor  
Sometimes they even save me, when my wrist is to that razor  
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Because my ship is sinking  
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