Car Confessions

Young M.A.

Uh, I'm smoking on the cat piss
Swerving through the traffic Listening to the rap shit
My window ain't tinted So nigga notice me
4 braids, Yankee fitted
Yeah nigga know its me, I'm everywhere comfortable
But I'm still attentive,
a young nigga with money would make
nigga offended, I ain't flashy I'm classy
But ain't stupid either,
never show off to niggas that's hungry and eager,
My brother's keeper, I'm loyal its all in my demeanor
A true believer, believe when they didn't believe her,
that's why I don't let opinions affect me, I do what I wanna do,
they do or they don't expect me, they expect me to give up,
I almost did, Things went from fast, to slow motion, I was,
losing focus, stuck on that evil potion, it was, smooth onna surface
But underneath it was broken, hoping to find hope,
in this homeless world we live in, what you give is what you given
Gotta make wise decisions, gotta stay tunnel vision
Gotta avoid collision, keep scratching the surface,
and keep yo palms hitching, gotta pay mom a visit,
damn it been awhile, I been working, she keep telling me,
she miss her child, I find myself passing her house,
then I spend around,
she say I'm always movin', MA I just can't sit around
On my ass, cus the cash ain't gon come to us
When we was down who gave a dime or gave a fuck for us,
so instead of makin it hard, I made it fun for us, make it easy,
so when you need it, you just run to us,
but its a lot of pressure I'm tryna stick and move through this shit
Fixin these bumps onna road,
so I can just cruise through this shit Livin my life onna road,
I'm tryna get use to this shit,
and when they throw dirt, I just acts like a broom to this shit
Tryna stay true to this shit,
even when they lie on me, world on my shoulders
My girl can't even cry on me
God watching over me, The Devil probably spy on me,
I been going through some shit, Kenneth keep a eye on me,

I know it been a drought, but to my fans, don't go dry on me
If you wanna picture, take a picture, don't get shy on me
I'm here to inspire, I admire that you admire me,
I been Inna dark but I promise you'll see a brighter me
I'm SORRY
Uh, I came straight out the pussy with a
microphone, Boy I swear i couldn't leave that mic alone
Everybody clear the room
I like to write alone
I'm in my zone, bass bouncin
Off the Styrofoam
I'm never in between
I'm either hot or cold
Can't be a loser
I maneuver like I got a clone
I'm out here in these streets
Like i ain't got a home
And you barely hear from me
Like i ain't got a phone
Cause its no days off
Its not days off
I know it sounds a little painful, but it pays off
Social sites was distracting,
So I stayed off, spoke to God then me and Satan had a face off
I swear my life was like a rocket, then it takes off
First I plotted, then I got it couldn't wait long
I put the pedal to the metal then took the brakes off
And I kept it A1, like the steak sauce
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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