Thought Process

Breakthrough

Let me get a chop at this lumber niggas
From da down underground are hangin' around the A-Town
Lookin' for a come up, workin' from 9 to 5
Just to get some change so T-Mo can stay alive
Not greedy or living' lavish yet but you can bet that when I do
Nobody from my crew will I forget
And if I start to get large and come up on some change
I won't change, everybody know they down
It's not the same, everyday life can be different
These laws got me ready to ball
'Cause I fall a victim so I still be slanging them fat pillows
To make 'em meet, each and every day as I comb my city streets
Sometimes I wish I never had been apart of this mess
'Cause the system got us fucked up
It put us to the test, women and men if you black you in
Food for the soul listen to what I tell you it don't matter
Young or old it's time we loc' up and do like we suppose
We killin' each other over this bullshit and some clothes
We're trapped off in this world and society with no place else to go
So how you feel?
Frustrated, irritated, sometimes I don't know myself I be too numb
To feel something sometimes, so I dig deep, get in the Cherokee
Let my mind fly free into the wilderness so I can get this shit
Off my mind, that's why I be smokin' that dank sometimes
It keeps me from snappin', keeps me calm, keeps my mind open
Keeps me firm of what I gots to do off in the studio
To get my old burd back on her feet
And my little bro' in Statesboro and my little cuz Mark Twain, all my
Folks that hang with me when I was out in the trap or when I was goin'
Through one of our episodes, only God knows, what I go through
So I get down on my knees, sometimes I come home
Too high to pray, but I get on my bed lay on my back and meditate
Anyway, in the ceilings, the four walls, it's like cell therapy
I got nothing to do but write about my L I F E, put it down on paper
So what you feel?
I live for today, mother fuck another hour, it might be sour
Never know my day, so I'm prayin' in the shower
Look up and thank the Lord for forgiveness, a witness to bad
I'm lookin' for good in the Southwest, God bless my neighborhood

It's people killin' in da street to eat surviving the day
Is the only goat that I set just to make it home, I'm not alone
Someone's out to get me when I haven't done shit wrong
My head felt swoll, mist couldn't see past my mouth
What route did you take man caught me by that loops of my pants
Got me on the curb lettin' tha traffic pass me by
No questions I said nothing lookin' for tha mutant to be buckin'
Tha law naw, man Gipp show him my shit close my mouth then I dip
See to me G is a person who understand tha plan
Can't make no moves when you in tha hands of tha man
They got some new suites down Peachtree
Left wing for tha Feds, right wing for tha hard heads
Makin' more deals than Buddy Folks made with Harts field
Somebody don't want my face in tha place, for 96 shits slick
Got me clean, lookin' fresh, dogs be scratchin' at my chest
Under the order of who? Guess who ain't non-iller than miller
Wanna 1, 2 your ass no more life what you gave was tha past
'Cause ain't no future wanna milliamp your case
Disgrace your face, make it seem to be safe ain't no place to run
Sometimes I don't even know how I'm gonna eat
'Bout twenty dollars away from being on the street
Shit, you might see a nigga on TV but hell it's almost like
I'm rappin' for free that little money be gone, got dammit, I'm grown
Gotta help keep the heat and lights on
It would be nice to have mo' but I kinda like being po'
At least I know what my friends here fo'
I wanna lie to you sometimes, but I can't
I wanna tell you that it's all good, but it ain't
It's nigga's hurtin' and uncertain 'bout if they gon' make it or not
That's why we got nigga's killing, feelin like they coming up
Off a little dope they sold you can get some gold
But we won't make it as a whole 'cause without you there'd be no me
And without no unity there will never be any happiness
You could smoke a pound of sess and it still won't relieve yo' stress
God bless my thought process
The thought process
Now, now as an Outkast I was born, wasn't warned of the harm
That would come to meet me like Met Life, but yet life done
Sent me through a lot of ups and down like it ain't nothing'
Like elevators but I ain't the one that's pushin' the buttons
I got off at the 13th floor, when they told me that it wasn't one
They said it skipped from 12 to 14
Still smoking, still drinking, no I'm sittin' on the Lincoln 4 A.M.
Thinkin' that in reality the world is like a ball full of playas
We trapped off in this maze with walls made of layers

And only prayers is the tightest game that you can have
The devil's takin' a swing that might explain the broken glass
But my crystal ball see the pistol fall to the wayside
Nobody would die in cops and robbers when we used to play right
Huh, the only thang we feared was Williams, Wayne
Never though about hittin' licks or slangin' caine
Didn't think I'd be the one to give in to abortion
Label me murder because my ass is scorchin'
Hot from the Glock that sits under my seat
Yeah, it's real fucked up that my folks come to get me
And it's like dat, yeah, and it's like dem

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/