

# Off My Chest

## ShaqIsDope

Just a young nigga, who started from the bottom  
Wasn't raised in the burbs, I was raised in the slums where it's poppin'  
Niggas lose their life for when it could ever become an option  
So I stay true to my doctrines, rich off rap & never attend college  
    Stood in the buildin' almost got reeled in  
    Grown men lost, wonderin' like children  
    Can't name teachers who ever made a million  
    Sold to the dean, he couldn't form an opinion  
    That's real shit, know they gonna feel this

Tell to some of them hoes take it zero to 100 nigga real quickEverything sweet but I swear that's a lie  
    Life is so simple, you live then you die  
    Smile then you cry, I'm not a good guy  
    Girl I'm so sorry, put tears in your eyes  
    This rap come first, put you to the side  
    Need a bad bitch just to have a good time  
    And the one that can't get over her man  
    Damn, that bitch is still on my mind  
    Hate when niggas say they real all the time  
    They don't even keep it real in their rhymes  
    Fabricate life just to fill in their lines  
    True or false, for you to decide  
    Truth in my eyes, I know she subscribe  
    For something greater, tryna touch paper

Before I meet the maker, these streets'll break ya off  
So I race ya, owe no favorsI had to get some things up off my chest  
Under stress, life is crazy I don't even know what's next  
    So depressed with no regrets  
    I got no one to impress  
    & that's just one of the reasons why they show me respect

Playin' life after death, I was bumpin' that biggie  
Yellin' mo' money mo' problems just hopin' that they feel me  
    Can you hear me?  
    Damn I'm just hopin' that it's clearly

Had to get this off my chest before them people try to get me  
    LordAs a young nigga, under stress  
    Done seen the worst, still bow down pray for the best  
    Yellin' fuck these hoes, fuck these hoes  
    & you think I talk about sex

Born on ambition tryna get it talkin' did it

So I can take the fam on a yat, flex  
Them boys gon' aim that tech  
Put it to the head let me right by the neck  
So you gotta watch yo back  
Better watch who step  
You won't see another day, see death  
When you hold it down, you gon' have them upset  
& when you hold a crown then you pose a threat  
You gotta go hard til there ain't nothin' left  
& don't say a thing have 'em guessin' what's next  
Look, dopiest boy now checkin' in  
Talk some shit please let's begin  
Trouble found my way & dad, we became the best of friends  
Fronted probably been in more pussy than some estrogen  
Always end up breakin' hearts, no matter whose legs I'm in  
Rather wife a 8 to 10  
I'm never played, I play to win  
That's somethin' I should say again  
Forget outside I'm stayin' in  
Til I solve my problems and find all of my answers  
Put 'em all on the table, I took a couple chances  
I had to get some things up off my chest  
Under stress, life is crazy I don't even know what's next  
So depressed with no regrets  
I got no one to impress  
& that's just one of the reasons why they show me respect  
Playin' life after death, I was bumpin' that biggie  
Yellin' mo' money mo' problems just hopin' that they feel me  
Can you hear me?  
Damn I'm just hopin' that it's clearly  
Had to get this off my chest before them people try to get me  
Lord

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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