

6:50

Marion Write

[Chorus: Marion Write]

When nothing seems to go right I just need to roll up
Pull me out a glass and pour up
Train wreck, hit the gym and tone up, tone up
I'm so high, I'm so high, but so what
They don't want us winning, no love
Ran out on my dreams then woke up, woke up
Realized that I was changin, for us
Not myself, we was lost, we was young, let's grow up[Verse 1: Marion Write]
It took me a minute to realize thy intuition
I played it off with ignorance and a 5th of Henn
I was, doing good for myself somehow I'm still the villain
Somehow we proved that "keep it real", ain't really too far from "fake pretend"
Let it sit for minute, now I'll take the helm
Driving to the surface
Swervin' out of lying to myself
Skrt, a brother losing to his self
Seattle had me sleepless
She had me in the deep end
I was deeper than the trenches
Looking at myself in the mirror with a vengeance
Tryna explain why, but I couldn't find the sentence
Couldn't really find the words to begin with
Then Wiz, had me write it in a letter that I never sent
Now it sits in a box with a severed pen
Oh lord
I couldn't breathe, was exhausted
I'm exhausted
Damn, I lost it

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Not myself, we was lost, we was young, let's grow up[Verse 2]
Let's grow up, Let's grow up, Let's grow up, Let's grow up

Put that time, on the shelf
Let that time, watch itself
I lost hope when the days were dark and the nights were timid
I held no weight, see I was at the end like there was no beginning
The morning dew on that rose petal was imperfection
I overlooked, I was caught up in it, see I was all up in it, I was the boss up in it
It don't mean shit, if a youngn' don't treat her right
Somebody will, somebody will
The brotha will cook a whole steak on ya girl
Yah
Live for your self, uh
Pick up your self, like you pick up your cell, phone
If you livin' in hell, nah
Then change how you feel
Ain't no pity for self, nah
I gave no fucks I was on one
On my bullshit like a Taurus
Shorties flyin' me out for one offs
Xanz had me poppin' out in Northridge
These pills might leave me in a coffin
But still I'm killin' where the mourners
These bills won't keep me in the office
These dreams will make it to the mornin'
You will respect him and applaud him
Straight into the bank with the winnings and the losses
No caution, I'm talkin my shit til' I'm hanging on the cross
On God[Chorus: Marion Write]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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