

# 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

    Skrts, 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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