

Winter Blues

Joyner Lucas

Damn I feel so loose, I'm about to pop shit
What's a man to do when he's out of options

I ain't wanna do it but ...

Shhh, hold on

Be quiet, they're coming

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no, no

I said gimmie that, gimmie that

Gimmie that, gimmie that

You heard what I said

Nigga run that, run that

Run that, run that

You heard what I said

I said yeah

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

I remember everything was different

When I tried to get a job and make some money

I was livin' on the street

I walk a lot of miles and nobody wasn't hiring and I had to stand in line if I was to get something to eat
Cause I ain't had no homies and my girl depended on me every night that we were lonely and I couldn't get no
sleep

Cause I was plotting on anybody I seen that was getting money

You got it? I need it sorry, you don't need it more than me

And bitch, I'm tired of this struggle, ducking and dodging them puddles wondering if God ever hear the prayers
I said

Cause every time I got a new hustle, that shit done got me in trouble

You don't know how many fucking tears I've shed

But fuck it, I'm letting loose

And they told me don't bend the rules

This is my winter blues

You know what I'm finna do

Anything necessary to make it up in the news

And I'm taking every muthafucking thing that I pick and choose

And I'm done with all the begging, I'm past that

All I did was get laughed at

You can go back track but you'll never get cash back

And they told me I'm half black
But I'm white as a lab rat
With a mic and a gas mask
I'm a light for your trash ass
And I might get the last laugh
Better fight if you back stab
With a knife in your backpack
All my life I've been jabbed at
But I fight like I'm Mad Max with a knife with the yeah yeah
You know, you know what the fuck I'm talking about

Listen

I don't give a fuck about your feelings
You don't have any idea just what I had to do to get what I want
All I wanted was to make a decent living
I can't even count it all my fingers how much shit that I lost
Nigga this is my job
These are my thoughts
I ain't never had shit but for now you better give me what's yours
Damn I feel so loose, I'm about to pop shit
What's a man to do when he's out of options

I ain't wanna do it but ...

Shhh, hold on

Be quiet

They're coming Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no, no

I said gimme that, gimme that

Gimme that, gimme that

You heard what I said

Nigga run that, run that

Run that, run that

You heard what I said

I said yeah

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

You really got some nerve talkin' bout me like you're better cause you got your shit together and I'm really
goin' through it

I don't think you have a clue what it feels like doin' dirt knowin' in your heart you ain't wanna do it

I don't got one G bone in my body, I ain't never gangbang I don't know nothing about it

I don't claim to be a thug nigga or Illuminati but there really ain't no tellin' what I do when I get rowdy

And I'm starvin' and my back against the wall and you ballin'

Everytime I see you all you do is flash hundreds

Everything on fleek I ain't never had nothin'

I just wanna be you when I feel like stuntin'

And lettin' loose and they told me don't bend the rules
This is my winter blues you don't know what I finna do
Anything necessary to make it up in the news
And I'm taking every muthafuckin' thing that I pick and choose
I'm done with that hating shit
The fuck do you think this is
Damn it, you made me sick
Ain't no time for no babysit
This is the way we live and yes I'm okay with this
You think you all that and a bag of potato chips?
Could jump off a crazy bridge
And enough of you idiot kids
Go suckin' a lady dick
I would never just make amends
With none of you shakin' hands in public
Yeah yeah like get the fuck out of my face, dude
Listen
I don't give a fuck about your feelings
You don't have any idea just what a nigga had to do to get loose
All I wanted was to make a decent living
I can't even count on all my fingers how much shit I went through
What I went through
What I went through
And when shit get real ain't really nothing that you can do
Yo, what's up, this is Joyner
I'm unable to take your call right now
Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you
PeaceYo, who the fuck do you think you are tryna give advice to a child?
My child
Nigga, you the biggest piece of shit I've ever met in my life
My nigga
You the last person that should be trying to give advice to anybody about anything
Let alone my fucking kid
Acting like some fucking role model or some shit
Nigga, no nobody wanna be like you
Stop it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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