

Questions (feat. Da\$h & Kendra Foster)

Domo Genesis

Am I dreaming now, I can't tell the difference
Is this mission God-sent or is it sacrilegious
Am I running from the past or am I backwards sprinting
Can I blast out all this sleep and just get back to living
In my war, will God hate me for these rash decisions
Or will he save me, know in my heart through this path I'm given
I got so many questions but who am I asking, nigga
I ask myself, what is it you really after, nigga
Is it money, is it bitches, is it fame
Is it pursuit of happiness if everybody knows your name
Does this weed keep me from going clinically insane
Are you really even living this image up in this game
But what is you really saying
You ain't really saving souls, is you
You from nothing fam, you really think it's gold in you
Are you built to keep that spirit in your soul with you
Will you stick to it even if they don't roll with you
I got questions Just when you thought this life was just for your fun
There's something there to tell you that you ain't done
So I've got a lot of questions
Cursing that you're on a mission, oh Just another dead man breathing
Burnt out heathen, sipping syrup every week
Doing powder every evening, popping pills to keep me even
Since a nigga left school, seems it's death that I'm cheating
So I'm speeding, fuck slow is
Catch me anywhere the dough is
Nowadays it's anywhere a show is
Same [?] call me asking where a O is
If you talking 'bout the edge, shit, I'm dancing on the closest
If you talking 'bout showbiz, I don't know shit about it
Start to fight, these other niggas crowd around it
The rap game got me questioning my surroundings
I got issues, so I'm counseling with the ounces
My lump of problems seem to turned into a mountain
Money in the mattress, never spoke to no accountant
Nigga, all this finessing, God gave me a blessing
Make it to Hell before me, just tell the devil I got questions Just when you thought this life was just for your fun
There's something there to tell you that you ain't done
So I've got a lot of questions

Cursing that you're on a mission, oh
What's worse, fake smiles or not smiling at all
You risk it all, asking if you hit the ground if you fall
What if they don't love your dream and ain't astounded at all
And when they say you'll never make it, will you doubt it at all
You ain't ashamed to public answer to that drum in your heart
Are you afraid to bring to light, what you've done in the dark
Are you embracing what's becoming your part
Are you complacent, can you face personal pain just for the love of the art
I hope that you ain't let your momma down
You wish that you was back in college now
Do you feel dumb from all that knowledge now
We bout them digits, yeah them commas now
You wish you had some solids now
Will they still love you if you not around
Now are you using all your intellect, I mean no disrespect
But are you capable to be they interest
Are you afraid to let your dreams and life intersect
I wanna know man, I ain't finished yet
I got questions Don't stop, keep on living
Can't stop, we ain't risen
Wake up, check your vision
Play until your time's up (I got questions)
Give until your time's up (I got questions)

Songwriters

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