Contemplate

AceMo

(Verse 1)
Dear sweetheart, wassup boo
Whatchu up to?
More club moves?
I call her, no answer
Her phone in the bag, she dancing
Its four now, the clubs over
I call her, but oh hold up
Yall know what? ignore button
Or the phone die, lets hope for it
That damier bag I bought her
Caught the attention of those niggas on it
That cellphone that I bought
Is probably filled with some other niggas numbers
So it leaves me to wonder
Why do I still promise to love her?
Cut me off every time im talking
Which means she ain't never hear nothing
I say "stay", she wanna leave
She get her point across so I gotta let her be
Ima let her be by herself in peace
But five years from now I bet she see
When the club gets played
The things you crave are no longer escapes
And no longing for dates
You want a husband, but no one has a cape
Now you wondering "wait"
And I aint trying to hear what you wanting to say
It feels good to be over you, babe
So play this shit while you contemplate, contemplate, contemplate
play this shit while you contemplate
play this shit while you contemplate
(Chorus)
Who am I living for?
Is this my limit?
Can I endure some more?
Chances are giving
Questions existing
Who am I living for?

Is this my limit?
Can I endure some more?
Chances are giving
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(Verse 2)
Them people, they talking
Them lights, they on me
This life I chose
But I aint know, til I found it
To be honest, im modest
One hater for every nigga on it
One day everybody is applauding
The next day you is everybody target
Why bother? why talk to em?
Where God at? I need to call Him
My knees on the ground, Dear Father
Don't let me break, please make me stronger
How much longer, will it linger?
Well my heart is giving will they believe it
When my song is over will they need me?
Watch how quickly they find a new leader
Questioning the whole meaning
In the viper room with just me and river phoenix
With courtney love and late washington
With a note there and im thinking of reading
This aint her, chris benoit
Heath ledger said the nights gonna be dark
Feel the size of a fellas ...? & low
Apollo theater I might just not go
Franky lymon the lime light gets old
Cold so in a while im schitzo
I cant cope, I cant think
I cant breathe, this aint me
This aint easy, im thinking
Am I doing this for them or me?
I cant think, am I doing this for them or me?
(Chorus)
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