Drinking Sessions (feat. Keyon Harrold)

Big K.R.I.T.

Yeah, yeah
I got these ideas, I got a lot on my mind
And it's so hard to put 'em in a lot of songs
I try to put 'em all in one, you know
Just what I'm feeling, what I'm going through
I've been drinking so please bear with me
Eyes wide shut, barely eating, tryna get my game on
Played it too cool, almost like I froze, had to put my flame on
All the while watch em X me out is what he says here
Magazine cover motherfucker, I ain't tripping my flow
And maybe they'll listen to me when they sixty
Breaking some bread down, treat it like the Last Supper
Toast to all the time we were po' but still we had one another
Hoppin' in/out of shuttles, I'ma be big momma
I'ma get rich momma, I'm sorry I ain't got a wife or kids momma
But look what I did momma
Got a house that I barely can stay in
A car I barely can drive
I'd be a liar if I said getting money didn't make me feel alive
Hustling, arguing about who's better than I in tweets
But what does it matter when a new artist come out like every week?
And the label all on they nutsack, good for them, keep sucking
Most rappers'll bend over for you, but me?
Bitch I'm not for fucking, over
I'd be the biggest star, they told me
Signed my name on that line and when I die, that's when it's over
Moving on to the set, I was just a talented black kid
But to them I was like a check
Another five years of slaving and then it's on to the next
I was tryna be what I envisioned as a child
A king ain't a man of God when ain't no church in the wild
Shit been fucked up 'cause they don't talk about Christ
Everybody trying to die young but who gon' talk about life?
I pull that card Good Lawd, confederate flag shit so flawed
They used to fly it like pilots and burn crosses in our yards
I can't get with ya if you with that whistling Dixie want that old time back
But niggas got a hundred rounds and automatics so we ain't having that
I ain't promoting no violence, it's people out here been wilding
So much that you can get gunned down just for being happy and smiling

Ain't no hotline worth dialing to say the world needs help
We too busy filling our needs that we might kill us ourselves
I got my gumption for my granny, had a dream about her like last night
She held me tight and told me, "Little one, everything gon' be alright"
My mind playing tricks on me, but I needed that there
In a world where I feel all alone sometimes I'm needing her care
It's hard to share my insecurities so I medicate, I mean meditate
And pray to God for a second chance, for Heaven's sake
I'm just waiting on a sign or two
Like what I'ma do when my heart get rusty and tired
And it ain't shining through, and I think about death a lot
My father scared of dying, I can relate, I call him before every flight
In case it ain't meant for flying, I can't hold it back
Can't control these tears
I mean after all these years I'm still the kid writing poems, too shy
To eat in the cafeteria, I'm two cups in and three shots way
I don't give a fuck about any of the shit I didn't have to say
Lord knows, it's hard to see the truth with your eyes closed
It's hard to protect your feelings when you so exposed
Yeah, I'm so exposed
I'm so exposed
So exposed
I let it all slip away
And now all I can say
Is here's a toast to a better day
And the love that will come and stay
Oh God, oh God, oh God, wherever you are, yeah
I call your name near and far
Oh, oh God, oh God, wherever you are, yeah
I call your name near and far
I'm so exposed
I'm so exposed
I'm so exposed
I'm so exposed
Oh God, oh God
Oh God, oh God
Oh yeah uh

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