

This Thing Called Life

August Alsina

I don't really know
I mean shit, that's usually my everyday
Why am I always thinking?
What am I, this thing called life is just a bitch
Sometimes I talk to myself, talk to myself a little too much
Who is God, a nigga just be trying to figure it out
I'm always thinking my brain always gone in a blank, is God my friend or does God love me?
I got to do better
Niggas say when you come up, I got to do more, money changes everything
No fuck that, no it don't
More money more mother fucking problems, who put me here?
What's with this shit about we supposed to survive, right?
Where do I go next, what's next, that's something to think about
What's this shit really about, how did I even get here?
Why you don't wanna see a nigga eat?(Bah-bah!) is that the police?
I be damned if a nigga kill me, you win some you lose some
Who is policing the police? (I heard this saying)
What mark am I going to leave here on this earth?
Why are you mad, can you answer?
What the fuck you mad
What is life, what is this?
Do you know?
What is this thing called life?

Songwriters

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