The Message

Deez Nuts

Pick myself up, dust myself off,
Never let nothing get the better of me.
Keep my chip up, get my head straight,
Shit, I gotta be the best man I can be.Yeah I know how it feels to wake up fucked up,
Tough luck times is tough, so I better man the fuck up.
Easier said then done huh?
My mind full of paranoia creeping round mine with my blinds shut.Gimme pills gimme powder, take em till I feel numb.
Chain smoke them cigarettes till I got the black lung.
Here come the come down, drown it with that Hennessy.
My heart's heavy, my heart's racing, got me pacing in concrete boots.
Feel the weight of every situation but I rise to the occasion.
Pick myself up, dust myself off,
Never let nothing get the better of me.
Keep my chip up, get my head straight,
Shit, I gotta be the best man I can be.Yeah my mind fucked, running circles in my head,
But I'm stuck to my bed wishing I was fuckin' dead.
More money more problems, fuck I feel you big,
Make a little cake, so called "friends" cant stand the kid.Gimme pills gimme powder, take em till I feel numb.
Chain smoke them cigarettes till I got the black lung.
Here come the come down, drown it with that Hennessy.
My heart's heavy, my heart's racing, got me pacing in concrete boots.
Feel the weight of every situation but I rise to the occasion.Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge.
I'm trying not to lose my head.Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge.
I'm trying not to lose my head.
Pick myself up, dust myself off,
Never let nothing get the better of me.
Keep my chip up, get my head straight,
I gotta be the best man I can be.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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