Voices

Big Krit

[Intro:]Jam!
I got these voices in my ear
Aye!
Yeah, got these voices in my ear
HAAAA!
Yeah, I got these voices in my ear
Yeah (YEAH!)
[Verse 1:]Wake up to the sound of a million horns
Jesus piece ruby red diamonds in the thorns
Say a prayer for the Jammed and the one's that's gone
I might a missed my nigga wake, but still I mourn
Did it big in the club with my cash out
But dealing with alot so I drunk until I passed out
With a brall I met a broad with her ass out
Her concern was the earn like 'nigga what yo cash bout? '
In the ville up on my tip with her glass out
We live a paparazzi life, what yo flash bout?
Hit the mattress set the ceiling, what yo stash bout?
In case I had doubts
[Hook:]I got these voices in my ear
They tell me get up, get up, get up
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me wake up, wake up, wake up
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me keep running, keep running, keep running
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me get money, get money, get money, get money
Breathe
[Verse 2:]What if a dream was all you had
And life ain't Fab you can't throw it in the bag
Niggas ain't real, hoes ain't shit
My Hammy Downs was too dig they buying clothes that don't fit
I'm like, it was more than fame that the credit
Feeling like my whole life I been try'na be the freshest

Respected, in a world full of kings you pathetic
If you can't buy the finer things before you exit
The very moment that'cha got it
Is where my biggest fears that I'll doubted nobody

Forgotten, when I was really at my best
It seems like nothing left
[Hook:]I got these voices in my ear
They tell me get up, get up, get up
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me wake up, wake up, wake up
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me keep running, keep running, keep running
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me get money, get money, get money, get money
Breathe
[Verse 3:]Lately I been feeling like fuck it
Heavens in my face but Lord knows I can't touch it
Plus I heard the angel wings was kind of heavy
Scared to put em on my back, so I threw em on a Chevy
Death knocking on my door I can get it
Looking through the peep hole in case I ain't ready
Fuck this rap shit yeah I said it
On the road to the riches ain't no telling where I'm headed
Now I dread it, the world ain't what it seems
And during all the shit to be a king
Praying for tomorrow, some more time to borrow
I'm scared, aware, they whisper in my fear
[Hook:]I got these voices in my ear
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They tell me keep running, keep running, keep running
I got these voices in my ear
They tell me get money, get money, get money, get money
Breathe

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