

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
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

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