

# Chasing Faith

## The Underachievers

So a nigga ain't have no direction  
Locked up in my own mental prison  
Suicide on my mind, no one listen  
Made a nigga remain so distant  
From the ones that could help me cope with it  
Heart close nigga, feeling indifferent  
Can I stand on my own?  
Pain on my dome, fucking up my zone  
Dreams surrounded in darkness, heartless  
Mind fucked up, thoughts littered with garbage  
Desolate minds, so my pace move lethargic  
All of this pain is what made me an artist  
Picked myself up off the ground  
Push a nigga forth where they chalk them out  
Need it to rain in my endless drought  
Cause all a nigga rivers filled up with doubt  
Free, free, let me tell you what I mean  
Cause a nigga grew up in the coldest of streets  
Hood real, gonna make you fold up your dreams  
Old school system bring the clothes from the weak  
Robbing, they stealing but the plot only thickens  
Cause the cops hitting niggas 'fore they reach for the phone  
Try intervention, but the confidence missing  
So they got all the children and they stripped all my hope  
Damn, damn, feeling like death  
Where do you turn when a nigga need help?  
Trapped in your conscience, your conscience gon' melt  
You think she's watching, but they do and you fail  
I'm try'na show you that a nigga been there  
Crucify myself, a story to tell  
If you thinking that you stuck in a jail  
The key is in the room, you standing  
Right there  
When you lost in this world, man it's hard to relate  
And your back's on the wall, only tense, it go straight  
Road signs, left, right, which path do you take? Only one lead the way  
Tell me which one distant  
from your faith Nigga, which path you gon' choose?  
Both got they perks, but one is for the few  
Other is bright and gold and shining too  
Either one you pick, you win or you lose  
One is for the dark and one is for truth  
One will keep the voices, one is on mute  
One will keep  
you hanging inside a noose  
Other teach you all the ways to unloose

Woke up from a dream we're still in  
 Will we ever break free from these chains on skin?  
 Got an axe in a flash we'll be back making sense  
 Bring it back on a ass, mine blowing in the wind  
 Bold thoughts of a king, go hard but fuck brain  
 So hard to sustain, just a product of the game  
 Young ace hit the safe, get involved with the snakes  
 Pull your carpet or keep a gaurd, niggas might take everything  
 And they clean my karma, now there ain't no drama  
 Always felt like the target, with a tick in my armour  
 I'm taking shit from my father, never listen, why bother?  
 Too lost in the ego, could've tried way farther  
 Cause my dogs, they lethal, getting passed, they eat you  
 Had to get up, get out of the track they lead you  
 But we live now, that Cali life, side my eagles  
 Had the wars peaceful, had to stop and eat full  
 Used to bang with the third, quickly leave you blood stained  
 Pants hanging and things changed, nigga fuck fame  
 to the praise see the sun cause we up late  
 hitting jane, right into them drugs, but [?]  
 Remember thinking this is gonna pay off  
 Is a nigga really gonna have to get a day job  
 Till my niggas load the guns, hit the streets, then we mob  
 A shoulder to lean on, to show my allegiance the worth of bond  
 12 years old when I took my first toke  
 Then I never looked back, since then been gold  
 Soul is gravitated to this shit that stayed away the most  
 If my mama only knew 'bout that shit then I ain't gold  
 Would've been without a home, probably layed up with a stone  
 Was the sticky little brats to packs under my song  
 Running [?] in the crib, nobody knows  
 Showing up to every period smelling like an O  
 When you lost in this world, man it's hard to relate  
 And your back's on the wall, only tense, it go straight  
 Road signs, left, right, which path do you take?  
 Only one lead the way  
 Tell me which one distant from your faith  
 Nigga, which path you gon' choose?  
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 One will keep you hanging inside a noose  
 Other teach you all the ways to unloose  
 What you gon' choose?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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