

Basket Case

Rittz

Self, self-pity, self-self pity
Why the fuck is everybody else giddy?
I woke up and felt shitty
Matter fact I've felt the same all week
Let down on my last album on the shelf sitting
And I think I might need, help getting out of bed
Cause I'm here and I keep, spinning on a thread
I'm my own worst critic, and I gotta write a album
But I keep hating on my self, it's like I get obsessed
Cause I hate what I write, say-say something tight
I be thinking too much wondering what they gonna like
I don't got a lot of fans, I'm afraid that I might
Let 'em down if what I make don't relate to them right
If it don't, then they ain't gonna buy my record
And if my second doesn't sell better than the last
I'mma owe the record label cash
So it's hard to relax and write raps
I be losing concentration sometimes
I look at what they sayin' online
Somebody unfollow me and call me out cause I ain't respond
I'm behind on my dead-line, and I got a home life
To juggle ain't no free-time
My manager callin' up, "what you got another deep song?
What is it this time, your lady, or struggle trying to be something?"
Not in the mood to write a weed song
I'm sitting giving myself a mental beat-down when I rap
I'm my own worst enemy the energy I have's a waste
Cause I use it battling myself cause I'm a basket case
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case
Lookin' at this glass of whiskey, wishin' I would pass away
But I'm always wishing for the worst cause I'm a basket case (Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case
(Da, da, da, da) I'm a basket case I can have conversation with rappers
I'm not an asshole to anyone unless I have a reason to be
But God forbid, if they ever had a buzz, or a name
Then I feel like we are equal, and these dudes always want a feature for free
I try to network and help 'em out, I just gave 'em a tweet
But I'm starting to wonder if the shoe was on the other foot
Would these motherfuckers do the same favor for me?
But, on the other hand, people think I'm all famous
I ain't as paid as you think, when I tell 'em the price is
To get me on a record they are like it's too expensive just to pay me a G

And I'm starting to feel guilty
Cause I'm known as the guy who never quit and never gave up his dreams
So I'm watching dudes tell me that I gave 'em motivation
Not to quit and they gon' try and do the same thing as me but
Only difference is, I spent fifteen plus years studying my favorite MCs
So I kept getting better some of y'all ain't got it, can't hear it, what is blatant to me
And I don't want to hurt they feelings so I tell 'em that the music that they makin' is tight
But your image looks bad, and you suck, and you need to give up, and you're wasting your life
And it's all my fault... damn They tell me that I need to tweet more, but I feel kinda immature,
typing my thoughts online
Plus some fans that I got would probably hate me if they knew what type of shit that crossed
my mind
Cause I hate rap
Let me take that back, I just hate whack rappers for the most part
Even though I rap fast, I don't like when people try to impress me with double-time
And they be swearing that they go so hard
They don't really even say shit
Anyone can rhyme, thinking that drinking and synching
The song I'm making, them figures dope, it ain't about the speed
You gotta make it make sense
And did I mention that I really hate fake fans?
I don't understand how one minute, everyone could be on your dick and they say you hot
A year later, the same fan steady be talkin' shit 'bout the rapper, actin' like they forgot
That's how the shit works
First they love you, then they hate you, then they love you again, you gotta toughen your skin
This kinda shit hurts
This music industry is dumb, dumber than the comments on YouTube
Sayin' that I use the N-Word? (Hell Naw)
I don't rap like that, I don't hang around white boys who act like that
I done said too much, 'bout to snap, I'm mad
At the world, even I don't really have my back when I rap it's like... damn

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