

Guilt Trip

Sylvan LaCue

Time; relative when the stars align
Feel like my heart'll fall out of line
Money and murder all on my mind
I pull up eradicate on a dime
When I die I want all my words in a shrine
Bury me 20 feet under pyramids
I don't know where my fear is
Only feeling with God, elevating my spirit
All hail the divine
If I knew betta' Beretta, my life
Isn't a product of many high nights
Riddle with sins in your mind, I
If I don't get glory what is your life, like
Bane in my reflection, plans for you before momma had c-section
Plans for you before daddy was finessin'
All of your dreams mesh with mine
Many children alike, I
Fillin' my voids with worldly pleasures
What is success, why do I measure?
Physical gain max the pressure
I'mma need a 745 dripped in leather
Paradise hundred mill, kodak perfect weather
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
Whoa whoa whoa whoa If I could be anything in this world it'd be free
I'm feelin' like Duckworth, I know it must hurt
Whenever my pride clings, all of my lies sink
Validity opera, all the impostors
I don't know the meaning of living inside the moment
Forsake gratitude often, I condone it
I am only human, God knows my components
Eyes in the mirror look at my opponent
Kill a hundred rappers, I send my condolences
This a figment of my imagination
I don't know if I deserve the admiration
These days know you gotta bring half the patience
I remember when i was desperate had to make it

Bleed to set this feed my restless need to impeach my precious sense of self
The feeling of need more to be more
Devil and God on a seesaw
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
I know yeah, I know it's wrong
Whoa whoa whoa whoa Like my girl Lisa Raye do
Make money but don't ever let it make you
Every day, I wake up, brush my teeth and pray to Jesus
Got some L's on me but I'm mouthin' with my angel
Back when momma had a pool with us
Had me singin' more than new edition
Waitin' on my daddy like a new subscription
North shore, daddy had a new prescription
Damn
Fast forward, nigga fast forward
Them bus tickets turn to passports
I don't touch the the stage unless it's cash forward
Credit buildin' but I still pay cash for it
Swear my girl won't ever take a week off
Make love then it's lemon pepper chicken with the sweet sauce
Educated plus she got like three jobs
Told me what I look like being Wozniak to Steve Jobs
I might fuck around and be my best me
New jack city flat top like I'm Wesley
One day mama wouldn't dread me
Too afraid them popo would arrest me
1997 pray for new elevens
Came back with the checks and nigga started stressin'
'Round the same time Wallace went to heaven
I was learning all my lessons but forgot to count my blessings

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