

Beast 1333

"Fight To Survive"

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Verse 1:

I think Deeply to Myself
As I Age and Reflect
Upon the Many things in Life
That I Haven't done yet
It seems the Older that I Get
Yo my days, yo they Passing Faster
The Ingredients in my Life
Have been Recipes for Disaster
But I Must Progress
Cuz everybody's living overcome with Stress
I'm not the only One
That's Running round with Pressures on his Chest
Don't fucking Care
I'm gonna Make it out of this Alive I Swear
It Doesn't bother Me
That aint nobody gave a Fuck or Cared
It makes me Strong
Fear is for the Weak
I'm Brave when all is Wrong
I take all of the Strain all of the Pain
And channel it to Songs
I'll never Cry
My Eye is on the Prize
And yo the Goal is Clear
I'm working toward Something
Coming upon it Man
I'm almost near can almost Taste It
Got to shake the feeling that these years been Wasted
Ninety-Nine Percent of Solving problems
When you Stand to Face Them
Things are Getting worse and bad and shitty
Crumby 'fore they Good
I wonder to Myself
When will I make it out this Starving Hood?

Hook: What Kind of Corny Rotten Life is This?
(Damn Right that I'm pissed! Every Single day I Fight to Exist!)
What Kind of Horrible Type Life is That?
(Catch a Panic Attack! it's Pitch Black No More Living in Shacks!)

I have to Dig myself Up out This Mess
(I Been Feeling Depressed,
But nothings Gonna Hold me Back from Success!)
My Time is Ticking brother 'Fore I Go
(Ima Learn Ima Grow, and Come Up out of This A
Lyrical Pro!)

Verse 2:

Ayo what's Up? what's Good?
(Not a Damn Thing)
Damn your Life Then
Misery Loves company
They Want you Sad Just like Them
Don't Even think of Dragging me Down
I'm the Exception
Exceptionally Gifted at adapting my Perception
I have Fought
Many demons to Death that came to take Me
There's a God then,
Why did he have to go and Forsake Me?
Growing up I Never got Nothing I wanted (EVER!)
We went on a Family Vacation together (NEVER!)
The Chips were a Quarter
Bum a Quarter for a Juice
Young Ladies having Babies
As the Ghetto Reproduce
Many Children of Abuse
Mothers Crying out to Jesus
Cuz the Biggest Murderers in the Neighborhood
Were Polices
It was Freezing Cold
Parasites we checked for them in Stool
I would Wear the Same Shit
Ever Single day to School
Out of Luck
What the Fuck
No money for a Cut
There were weeks we didn't even have Paper
To Wipe Our Butts

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Verse 3:

I wouldn't have it any other Way
Was thinking just the other Day
If I had it Easy
Would I Have all of these Things to Say?
Some days I would Blaze
And Felt like Jumping off the Roof
I was Rescued by one of my niggas
We Hit the Booth
It was Late it was Great
The Music was an Escape
Had an SM-58
Recorded the Shit on Tape
What I Played Back
Sounded like the Past
A slice of Time
I was Venting Frustration
And Shocking my Friends with Rhymes
For the Bad Times
Where Really more important than the Rest
Cuz I learned along the Way
That it was Fuel for my Success
I wanted to be the Best
I wanted to Make it out
Before that I Lay to Rest
I'll show them what I'm about
Not Beat
Know that shit ain't sweet
With no Bucks
No Luck
Never say or confess that your life Sucks
Will I ever make it out?
Or ever Be Living Nice?
What type of Dirty Rotten World?
What Type of Dirty Rotten Life?

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