T-Pain "Going Thru A Lot"

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Convict music, it's time to do it

I can't handle all these bills and payments This stuff is overstressin' me, but I still gotta do it Baby, mama, put me on them papers And get nothin' for the baby, but I still gotta do it

I can't keep on workin', keep on workin'
Seems like the whole world's ignorin' me, but I still
gotta do it
Schemers keep on dirkin', keep on dirkin'
Everybody's gettin' more than me, but I still gotta do it

So pass that drag, pass that dro, it's my life So what you think, what you know? Yes, alright and I paid the price, but still I'm

Going thru a lot, sittin' on the block now Thru a lot, slangin' out my drop now Thru a lot, nobody's helpin' me whether they see it or not

Going thru a lot, I'm hittin' on the cops now Thru a lot, wishin' they would stop now Thru a lot, nobody's helpin' me whether they see it or not

All this music got me goin' crazy Can't even concentrate on my family, but I still gotta do it

Plus I gotta go through all this family hatred I don't know why everybody's hatin' me, but I still gotta do it

Even one of my homeboys thinkin' that I'm bangin' his lady

I don't know why he would think that outta me, but he gotta go through it

To all the nappy heads I got you baby We 'bout make it, yes, indeed and we gonna get through it

So pass that drag, pass that dro, it's my life

What you think, what you know? Yes, alright and I paid the price, but still I'm

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Thru a lot, slangin' out my drop now
Thru a lot, nobody's helpin' me whether they see it or
not
Going thru a lot, I'm hittin' on the cops now
Thru a lot, wishin' they would stop now
Thru a lot, nobody's helpin' me whether they see it or
not
Going thru a lot

I work a nine to five shawty and they think it's funny And how they feel that my stress don't count homie I hit the beat like a cop when I hit the block Because my baby's gotta eat, I ain't gonna never stop

I see them laughin' at me fo, 'cuz my pant's red And my do' won't shut and my car's shabby But I see the future man like I'm Nostradamus And in my heart all I see is a future star

But in my brain ain't nothin' but these notes man But ya'll don't feel my stress, ya'll don't understand The next step is my pistol and it goes down Wiggle it out, fat boy, just calm down

And sing this song and sing that song 'Cause God gonna make a way for me to get my hustle on

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Going thru a lot, thru a lot, thru a lot Going thru a lot, thru a lot, thru a lot

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