

Kalibur "Solution"

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[Chorus]

(I gotta find a solution)//
why I'm fillin up my body and my mind with pollution//
instead of a thought or a rhyme, I brought the chronic
and a bottle of wine as my contribution//
I think that I just came to a conclusion..//
I smoke too much (drink too much)//
hope too much (think too much)//
cope too much (sink too much)//
broke too much (stink too much)//
I think I need help, but won't let myself take it//
how I feel is so real, I won't let myself fake it//

[x2]

[Verse 1}

Fuck your opinion, some kind of Simeon//
sitting in sin with a stripper named Cinnamon//
silence inside when I'm spitting these synonyms//
violence, I write over rhythms I'm riddling//
I feel like I'm a kid again the moment I pick up a pen//
get me to the mic and I'm about to rip it up again//
I spit it hella tight and then I let you go pick up your
chin//
you better be coming right, or you won't ever pick it up
again//
devoured and empowered by the same substance//
scour for the flower when the pain ruptures//
shower me with powder, sniffing paint buckets//
I gotta give it up but I can't - fuck it//
look into my eyes, I'm destroyed inside//
I'm paranoid and high, it would be a joy to cry//
but it's never gunna happen, cuz I can't feel shit//
I done lost all my highs and lows from getting lit//

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[x2]
[Verse 2]

Something ain't right//
when they're about to cut off all your gas and your
lights, but there's bud in your pipe//
and Bud Light in a bucket of ice//
so you can just shrug and say 'fuck it' and chug it all
night//
but that budget ain't right//
and you barely can budge because you're under the
spell of your vice//
and your liver is paying one hell of a price//
but there ain't no telling you twice//
you're dealing with the roll of a dice//
you gunna fold up or fight?//
when it's holding you tight, the grip is colder than ice//
how you getting fucked up when there's nothing in your
fridge//
and your kid wanna go to get some shit//
but you're too drunk to dip the whip//
cuz you done pissed a fifth and hella hit the spliff//
and a D.U.I. just ain't the gift to get//
can't have your baby took away by the C.P.S. and Mr.
Smith//
you gotta find a solution//

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Somewhere inside of me, something has gotta be
guiding me//
seems every side of me teams up, and rivalry steams
up what driving me//
splits at the seams, having fits in my dreams//
and my diary spits out and screams 'why'd you lie to
me'//

so will I finally be who I try to be//
or will I succumb to the evil inside of me//
been young and dumb, now in need of sobriety//
but having fun is part of my notoriety//
an intergal part of my place in society//
losin' the boozin's like losin' a side of me//
if I wasn't usin', I wonder who I would be//
but it's been in my genes like the sack in my pocket//
my head feeling like it's been strapped to a rocket//
I put it in motion and now I can't stop it//
any day now the bubbles gunna pop//
I gotta find a solution//
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