

SANOVA "Writers Block"

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It ain't easy. It aint easy!(echo)

VERSE 1:

Barely 2 am /
I'm at it again /
Gripping this pen /
Writing another song, hopefully this one, it is a gem /
Cross my fingers, compose a jingle. Hope this single spins /
But I barely listen to the radio, don't know what
to do /
Perhaps I follow trends /
but nah I know deep down within /
That's not me. Might as well be a leaf blowing in the
wind /
By following THEM /
Hopefully nobody I subliminally offend /
But I can't relate to what they say / How much they
make and spend /
I can't pretend / My life is grime /
My pockets super thin /
Yeah rub it in... /
Benjamins, ballin' and whipping your benz /
I turn the tv off / and now I'm back at it again /
Gripping this ink pen /
Hopefully this song will connect with THEM /
And draw them in /
Is anybody out there listening? /
They whispering /
You can really hear it, if you listen in /
Must be tripping /
Look at the clock, its nearly 3 am /
I dose off only minutes later to hop up once again /
Cuz man /

CHORUS:

The day I stop / Is the day when I catch writer's
block /
Meantime I'm chilling right here glancing at the
clock /
My eyes are shot / I try to rest but I toss and turn alot /

So I get back up and NO I canâ€™t sleep cuz of these
racing thoughts /
That I got / These visions I see just can not be blocked /
Too many concepts. Too many ideas â€œoff the
topâ€ /
Things just keep coming right and left, Sometimes I
wish they would stop /
Hope this ink pen runs out of ink as I just write and jot /

VERSE 2:

Grab more notebook paper / Stack of pens / a pack of
10 /
Lyrics just pouring in / the time now going on 4am /
I close the window, cuz the rain now is just pouring in /
As I sit back down, I begin to catch my 2nd wind /
A click of the pen / I start writing, but then I just drop a
grin /
Scratch that out. Ball that up. Toss that in the bin /
All these ideas flowing out at once.. Nothingâ€™s
making sense /
My head it spins from all these concepts that have been
trapped within /
I take a break. Click on the radioâ€ Oh god not again /
They keep saying hiphopâ€™s dead / I think its just low
on oxygen /
Too much politicking, hating, dissing, beefinâ€™ ,
knockinâ€™ . DAMN /
Just stop with the â€œreality showâ€ shit and just
drop a jam /
THE VERY BEST YOU CAN / Yo flow. Go ham /
Cuz I know I am /
I be damn, if I let a criticâ€™s opinion box me in /
Thatâ€™s what Iâ€™m thinkingâ€ / Donâ€™t know
why sometimes I hold it in /
Just then I pick up the pen sitting right next to the empty
soda can /
And once again /

CHORUS:

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block /
Meantime Iâ€™m chilling right here glancing at the
clock /
My eyes are shot / I try to rest but I toss and turn alot /
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racing thoughts /
That I got / These visions I see just can not be blocked /
Too many concepts. Too many ideas â€œoff the
topâ€ /

Things just keep coming right and left, Sometimes I
wish they would stop /
Hope this ink pen runs out of ink as I just write and jot /

VERSE 3:

As I write and jot / I eye the clock / Its 5am /
My body tells me to stop but I can't seem to drop
this pen /
Too many songs up top / Nonstop they just keep rolling
in /
By the time, I'm done / It's 9 o'clock going on
10 pm /
Just then my phone it rings / Its fam and friends, like
"Where you been?" /
Just right here at home / writing songs working on
music, man /
By the tone of their voice , I can tell that they don't
understand /
Just then I put the phone on silence / lower the lights on
dim /
It seems to set the perfect mood, no matter the mood
I'm in /
I cue the music. Its so therapeutic, it just sucks me in /
Soon as I can picture the concept, like a movie, film /
I pick up the paper with the lyrics. Press record and vent
/
I nail it. First attempt, cuz hell I give it 200% /
Cuz deep down I know this is more than a hobby / Its
DELIVERANCE /
Soon I'll be out of this predicament, I'm living
in /
Until then / I'll be documenting my life through this
pen /
THE END!

CHORUS:

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block /
Meantime I'm chilling right here glancing at the
clock /
My eyes are shot / I try to rest but I toss and turn alot /
So I get back up and NO I can't sleep cuz of these
racing thoughts /
That I got / These visions I see just can not be blocked /
Too many concepts. Too many ideas "off the
top" /
Things just keep coming right and left, Sometimes I
wish they would stop /
Hope this ink pen runs out of ink as I just write and jot /

(Barely 2 am, I'm at it again. Gripping this pen)

* echo

Outro

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