

## **Busy B**

### **"My Feelings"**

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I don't write my rhymes to rap I write my rhymes to free  
my mind.

But once my mind is free, sometimes it gets so hard to  
find.

What will become of me is something that I'd hate to  
be.

I sit alone by myself and wonder why god is hating me.

Everybody makes mistakes, they make mistakes that  
ain't pleasin.

I make half of my mistakes, the others happen for no  
reason.

I have no license, have no car, and I have no permit.  
My life's down the drain, I'm 17 and don't even work  
yet.

I'll tell the truth about me, I've tried hittin a cigarette.  
I don't do it cause of addiction, I just want a quicker  
death.

I have a lot of problems, and I try to learn my lesson.  
I also try to fix my issues and I still live life in  
depression.

How can things get so right but my life can be so  
wrong.

People say enjoy the world, well it's a place I don't  
belong.

I would die for my family, I would die in endless pain.  
I would die being a hero just so people would hear my  
name.

I wanna live my dream, but it's out of sight now.  
If I could go and fix my past I would do it right now.

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