

Chaundon "Understanding"

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Damn, it's like I got a lot of shit on my mind 9th
It's like I don't really got nobody I can really talk to now-
a-days man
But I swear to God, when you play these tracks I know
they listening my nigga
It's the shit I'm goin' through man. Listen

You can't see my pain
Shit, I smile too much
Meanwhile, anger and anxiety is pilin' up
I lost my job, now what?
Bills comin' by the hundreds
Deep depression, can't run from it, now I stay blunted
Drinkin' liquor with my breakfast, I'm a fuckin' alcoholic
I hit rock bottom
Where'd this come from? I can't call it
It was good just a week ago
I was makin' green fo' sho'
I answered, opportunities knocked, she don't come by
no mo'
What am I gonna do now?
The burden's on wifey
She workin' overtime at her job she don't even like B
I feel like a loser, a bum, I need change
I never did nobody dirty, life can be so strange
It's like Job in the testament
He had it all then it was gone
But I'ma ride to the end cause my faith in God is strong
Shit is arduous, no choice for me to make it either
I'm gonna earn it or just jump up and take it

(Percy Miracles):

(I need some understanding
Please try to understand me)

You can't feel my stress
Problems get bigger with times
Shoppin' at the .99 cent store with nickles and dimes
I feel like I'm wastin' away
At home, wastin' a day, I sleep a lot to avoid facin' the
day

And I should be outside chasin' the pay
Instead of havin' Vanilla Coke chase the Granmanier
Man, this ain't my life I should be livin' it up
Not givin' a fuck
Jumpin' out the biggest of trucks
Reality sucks
I gotta get my resume tight
Hair braided tight
Set my mind and get my money right
But now-a-days jobs are slim
My other option is the dope man
I can make some yards with him
But my run could cause the refs to throw a flag on the
play
Ten yard penalty and haul my black ass away
Fuck that
There's gotta be another way to make it, either
I'm gonna earn or just jump up and take it

(Percy Miracles):

(I need some understanding
Please try to understand me)

I can't take it
First Wynn, Luke pass
Now it's Dad, Info
It's like every six months I look up I'm losin' kinfolk
I'm drownin' in my sadness and rage
It wasn't time for them to go
I shouldn't be writin' these words on this page
I should be talkin' about makin' money and broads
Dreamin' about pushin' Bentleys and a Honda Accord
Well then Luke's in the passenger and dad's on the
block
This is gettin' out of hand, it's about time that it stops
I can't handle this death shit
I know I'm soundin' selfish
Between my life and they past and I'm highly effected
I can't walk down Bryant without seein' Info's face
Knowin' that's the very corner that the murder took
place
I'm fallin' apart, but yet I'm tryin' to hold it together
Prayin' that one of these days everything will get better
If good times are givin' out I'll be happy to take it
Otherwise I gotta figure out how I'm gonna make it

(Percy Miracles):

(I need some understanding
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