

Bless 1

"Starving Artist"

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Verse 1:

My world's animated; music helps it all spin around
Fiends pound the pavement for that Betty White or
Charlie Brown
I mark it down; recite it over drums I get excited
Snares pop for power like when rounds get ignited
Watching my people run to the temple seeking
forgiveness
Doing dirt in secrecy, where only God can witness
Trying to walk a road less traveled, but it's like
The straighter the path the harder the gravel
Trying to survive where the bullets part with the barrel
If money decreases and the future starts to look
narrow
Playing them corners harder than kids at recess
Take deep breaths the stress is like a knee in your
chest
We keep it gutter, in cold weather leathers are butter
If the words ain't clear enough they let them gun shots
stutter
Shorties be stressing so we let it burn like rubber
Then pick up our seeds the next week with a new lover
Cracking your window like broke dreams to leak the
sounds
Of an unsigned word merchant dwelling in Chi-Town

Chorus 2x:

I got a dollar in my pocket and I'm riding the train
I know you hear me homie, but you ain't feeling my
pain
Why don't you do me a favor, buy a couple CD's
I'm trying to get, get onâ€¦ get, get ,get on
If you ain't really hear me then I'ma say it again
I'm trying to get, get onâ€¦ get, get, get on

Verse 2:

I Jim Crow the pain to the back off my skull
Place the brighter thoughts forward like sale items

from grocers
Staying up for days in a cramped room with dirty crates
My soul yelling 'til they soundproof the pearly gates
Or at least until I own a little real estate
Paid off the these incurred debts and set my people
straight
A broke man with a vision, in Samhain's kitchen
Just a glimpse inside my mind while my hand's itching
Hanging by a thread for a place to rest my head
Lusting money want to slut it out across the bed
Skipping meals trying to keep my ambition fed
It's barely breathing, matter fact dog, I think it's dead!
So I coast with fumes
The only time I felt alive was when I spoke in booths
Blurting out raw emotions dipped and soaked in truth
They've outgrown their home so I'm turning them loose
I ain't begging you to purchase my songs
I need the money, but homie if you ain't feeling me, I'd
rather you don't

Chorus 2x:

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