

**Dutchmassive f/ J.J. Brown****"Dr. Ama"**

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[Verse 1 - Dutchmassive]

I didn't ask to be born  
I don't want this life anymore  
You can take it  
Yo, I just waste it  
Thanks a lot  
I love the vote of confidence  
It seems every word I say has consequence  
Nothin' but a High School drop out  
I shout, no respect, Dutch get out of my house  
Same old sickness  
Same verbal beatings  
Same family meetings  
Same disgusting family  
I don't wanna live this way nomore  
Yo, I don't wanna wake up anymore  
I can't take the stress, wanna rip apart my soul  
And hand you my broken heart, just to show you it's not  
cold  
I'm growin' older, but you don't see that  
I'm not responsible... but where my dad at?  
I'm glad that cowad left  
Lucky him, now I can't beat him to death

[Chorus]

The stress is too much to take  
Break down mentally, full of hate  
Suicide is not an option  
Must look forward, gotta stay positive

Everywhere you look there is drama  
Escape reality, become a little calmer  
Suicide is not an option  
Must look forward, gotta stay positive

[Verse 2 - Dutchmassive]

I practically practice patience  
Always over-anxious and always frustrated  
I'm scatter-brained, I have no aim in life  
And I have different views on what's wrong and right  
I like to walk at night and escape reality

And go to a place that no man drug can carry me  
Although I'm often messed up  
But it's okay, society's wack and life is f'd up  
Stressed to the point of no return  
Bottle's almost empty but the blunt still burns  
Growing bitter as the years go by  
I used to be pure now I'm forever gettin' high  
How could I let my life come to this?  
I fell astray, I can't believe I fell into the dumbness  
Now I'm numb so I bother  
I can't alter the effects created by Dr. Ama

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - J.J. Brown]

Yo Dutch, It's getting harder just to sleep at night,  
cousin  
Kids around my way in Brooklyn always bustin'  
So they put my name on wax, least I've got somethin'  
To call my own until the tax, then I gots nothin'  
It's gettin' to the point I'm runnin' out of options bro  
Try to prioritize but shit is steady poppin' bro  
I keep on waitin' for the day but it ain't stoppin' bro  
If they make one more sour move then they all droppin'  
bro  
It's code orange in my city and everybodies all cool  
But if it happens again, I'm enlisting, and springin' that  
fool  
The odds are totally against me but I'ma make it  
through  
Kick me when I'm down but when I get back up... ooooo  
Dabbled on both sides of the fence but my heart is  
underground  
Imagine this bitch without beats produce by Celph  
Titled and J.J. Brown  
Maintain fam, hold your head  
And wear you fuckin' flag, United States born and bred  
Out

[Chorus] x 2

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