

T Lopez

"The Blues"

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MI, crooked letter, crooked letter,
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I, crooked letter, crooked letter,
I, hump back, hump back,

I got that constant distressin' 'bout my profession
Can't get no restin', why n*ggas testin'?
Always suggesting I'm asking questions
Life got me guessin'
I've got the blues blues blues blues blues blues blues
I've got the blues blues blues blues blues blues blues

Ridin' under my city lights, lookin' real pretty like
Contemplatin' on my sh*tty life
Wonderin' if I had that pretty wife, big house, nice car
Would that make me feel like a star? I doubt it
Houses can be possessed like cars
And marriage only last a minute - what you think they
throwin' rice for?
Get so deep on these cuts, homie they might scar
Sh*t what you think I'm holdin' these dice for? I stay
rollin'.
The car ain't stolen, officer, it's on me
And I don't appreciate that name you just called me
Could've said young, black, gifted, I'm all 3
Long night, you ain't readin' my rights, you stall me
This sh*t appalls me. How can I be so f*ckin' dope?
Still they got me leaping through hoops and jumping
this f*ckin' rope
You mention me and they'll say that's somebody Kan
You know Ye West, my n*gga I stay calm

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Look, I live my life on the edge, not a ledge
'Cause any minute I could slip

Neo had just about half left of a good clip
Shack on my face, black on my waist, my hip burn
Actors on that Hepburn, fake make my neck turn
That boy's slappin', quit actin' like you done just learn
Everything they gave you, they made you, I just earned
And now they sayin' they tryna heal love
It's right here cuz it's them headphones and ear plugs
Still I get overlooked, got razor ass
But they don't favor that sh*t over hooks
Got us thinkin' how these stupid conversation's
overlooks
It's ice age for real n*ggas, it's over, look
Ain't bad to them n*ggas that beef sh*t is overcooked
All this gon' be a sneak dissin', y'all won't say my name
But I've got people really dyin' while you're really lyin'
2 funerals in a month, can you say it's chain?
Is that a game? Listen
My grand daddy died and now my aunt gone
Guess who the foundation for my family to stand on
Why the f*ck you think I be so hands on?
Feels like I'm moving forward and moving backwards
with every damn song
Lord forgive me for every lie that I've ever told
Ain't wanna repent, now I'm ready like Archie Eversole
I never sold out and I'll never will
Bet I'll be the hardest for you haters to ever kill

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