

## **Kam Moya**

### **"Give Out, Give In"**

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[Kam Moya] When I was growing up, old folks used to tell me, they said "You better be careful how you talk to people and how you treat 'em Because you never know what that man got going on in his life You never know what he going through" And that's true, because y'all have no idea what I've been dealing with I've got a few things on my mind I need to say, at least get it off of my chest, address it this go round This is more of a thank-God-I-made-it speech I'm pouring my soul out the only way I know how It's like my life shattered in a hundred pieces I may smile but there's wounds hidden underneath it No fam or friends mattered, this has always been battle When you look in the mirror, see yourself and cringe at it There's been nights I damn near give out Me and depression, we've been going through this ten-year bout It wasn't caused by money, it didn't stem from my income I tried suicide, ending my life and then some When you depressed, you can't see a brighter future You don't believe the phrase that you lose some, win some This ain't a mood, this is sickness and syndrome It's hard to keep your faith when your hatred is ingrown As many even as are grieving, I ain't even try Lay down to sleep, don't give a fuck if I breathe or die I ain't wanna look weak to the world My girl asked me if I'm fine, I tell her the same frequent lie Don't worry about me man, I'll be alright Knahmsayin? It's been a rough road But for some reason, I'm still here My family keep telling me to stay strong Wish I could say it was just that easy man Trying not to give up Now as a young boy I was taught to never let emotions show Never get emotional and cry cause then folks would know to not respect you, cause then they see how weak you are They told me "Tough it out, wipe your tears, sleep it off" But some problems weighed heavy on my self-esteem Some black families think that prayer answers everything I fell victim to believing if my soul was saved I could snap fingers and just make the pain go away Plus my real daddy abandoned his family and never thought twice to pay a visit after vanishing It took years for me to start understanding things But that's a lot of hurt for children to be handling

I used to blame myself and hold me responsible But then it started making perfect sense after a while I found out that he was making other babies Even taking care of 'em, so now I'm feeling like the bastard child I ain't solely blaming him for what I'm suffering through That would make me just a brother with a another excuse But if I said it didn't affect me, I'd be lying Slowly dying, these fools adding fuel to my fire and I'm trying not to give up man I swear I am It's hard not to feel hate in your heart for somebody like that I used to always ask myself why he never came back Was it me? Was it my momma? Or was it just him? I guess I'll never know the real reason Now I done made my mistakes too and had to pay the price later Got a girl pregnant when I was only a ninth grader I thought my momma would murder me for my dirty deeds I made that woman a grandmother at thirty-three And I just ruined my possible opportunities And never had my real poppa here properly grew in me When other people my age were making prom plans I was screaming "Push! Push!" holding my baby mom's hand Now fast-forward, my daughter's a teenager No longer a baby and I barely know what being thirty's like And just when my life seemed to be in peace And everything was in order Lord, now I got hurt in fights You heard me right, when you dealing with your children One argument and you go a hero to a villain Bit it's family, you share the bloodline, the same name It's like I can't escape this never-ending blame game I just wanna maintain, I just wanna stress less I just wanna make being in depression a success Hate looking at myself and seeing negative I just wanna feel like I've got a reason to live But I feel like I'm giving out For real man, I made my mistakes man A lot of things I shouldn't have done or say A lot of situations I could've handled a whole lot better I made a lot of bad choices But it was hard to love anybody when I ain't even love myself That's nobody's fault but my own But I'm still holding on I might give out, but I'm trying not to give in

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