

Rittz**"Nowhere To Run"**

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I want to run away
Because I know there's got to be a better place
Sometimes I really want to run away
But the more I try the more I can't escape
Because there ain't no where to run
Instead I'm drunk, praying to the Lord
Saying "here I come"
Sitting on my bed with a loaded gun
Pointed at my head
And then my girlfriend screams put the gun away
I told her "love just saved the day
Let's pack our stuff and run away
From all this bullshit"

Man, I hate my life, my job
I feel like my days is all
Working nine to five
And give her five to eleven
Limping in my front door looking tired and sweating
Last thing I feel like doing is going and writing a record
My fuckin' socks are soaking wet, my girl gotta go to bed
These opposite schedules getting harder to manage
Working in a kitchen with a bunch of Mexicans
And I swear motherfuckers talk about me in Spanish
My only plan is to make it rapping
After so long you start thinking if this shit was meant to be, it'd happen
If it wasn't for my homie Yelawolf believin' in me
I'd still probably be feeling like my dream was shattered
Cause my team is scattered, but now I got a second chance
It's time to get the fire back
At a young age, I done developed so many bad habits
I feel like I'mma have to snort a line to even try to write a rap
On top of that, I can't afford the power bill
Rappin' ain't payin', makin' nine dollars an hour still
Can't afford to have a kid, can't afford to put my girl on the pill

Plus I hate the way a condom feel
How does your family feel about your music, about
your numbers?
They said it was dumb and never gave a shit
I be smilin' now, when they tell me they proud
But then the climate turn around and say some racist
shit
So it's strainin' my relationship
I told my girl, I need her, I'd never leave her if I made it
big
One day I want to marry you, and raise a kid
Gone all night long, but I ain't chasin' chicks
I'm trying to write, but always feeling like I can't commit
Can't come wit' the shit I want to say to vent
Instead I'm steadily drowning am I wastin' it
Sometimes I wish I could escape from this

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I just missed another show cuz I gotta work
If I try to request any more days off
Then my boss gonna fire me
He said he's tired of me tryin' him
I wanna tell him to go fuck himself
But I know ain't nobody hirin', besides I'm
Twenty-nine, my future's on the line
And my girlfriend rely on me to try to iron these
Problems we created down entirely
A year ago, this time, we was in a bind, in a dire need
To find a place to live, we was about to lose the crib
Had to get a job, that's exactly what I did
All for me is set and now this rapper shit is dead
Last Christmas, we ain't have the cash to get a gift
For each other, man, I'm sick of the struggle
Doing drugs made it easy to accept that
Then I settle getting used to having nada
My doctor said I got a bleedin' ulcer in my tummy
But still continue to shoot rot-gut liquor in my stomach,
trying to numb it

Can't afford Crown, so I'm sippin' on McCormick's
Tryin' to write a rap, but I can't think of a chorus
I bet I snort some meth and things will hit em in opposal
And 'Wolf said, record exec's checkin' for us
So you better step it up, they're scanning the
performance
Snap back in the music industry
I'm missing at least sick of kissing ass
I question my endurance
So I pour another shot, trying to calm me some
Alcohol really can't resolve it none
Still pissed off, thinking everyone is dumb
Because I don't give a fuck what team LeBron is on
Whoever follows on Twitter the comments on
My Facebook wall tellin' y'all what all I'm doin
I'm a ray of sunshine, yeah, ball of fun
But they can look up and I'll be gone

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