Lately I've been hard to
I've been too long on my own
Everybody has a private world
Where they can be

Are you calling me?
Are you trying to get
Are you reaching out for me?
Like I'm reaching out for you?

I'm just so fucking depressed I just can't seem to get out this
If I could just get over this hump, but
I need something to pull me out this
I took my bruises, took my lumps, fell down and I got right back up
But I need that spark to get psyched back up and in order for me to pick the mic back up

I don't know how or why or when I ended up in this position I'm in
I started to feel distant again so I decided just to pick this pen
Up and try to make an attempt to vent but I just can't
Or come to grips with the fact that I may be done with rap I need a new outlet
And I know some shit's so hard to swallow but I just can't sit back and
In my own sorrow but I know one fact I'll be one tough act to follow
One tough act to follow I'll be one tough act to follow
Here today, gone tomorrow, but you'd have to walk a thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see
What it's like, to be me
I'll be you, let's trade
Just to see what it'd be like to
Feel your pain, you feel mine
Go inside each other's
Just to see what we find
Look at shit through each other's eyes

But don't let say you ain't beautiful (oh)
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you (so)
Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful (oh)
They can all get fucked, just true to you (yeah, so)

LIVEWORKSHEETS