

# Questions (feat. Da\$h & Kendra Foster)

## Domo Genesis

1: Domo Genesis]

Am I dreaming now, I can't tell the difference  
Is this mission God-sent or is it sacrilegious  
Am I running from the past or am I backwards sprinting  
Can I blast out all this sleep and just get back to living  
In my war, will God hate me for these rash decisions  
Or will he save me, know in my heart through this path I'm given  
I got so many questions but who am I asking, nigga  
I ask myself, what is it you really after, nigga  
Is it money, is it bitches, is it fame  
Is it pursuit of happiness if everybody knows your name  
Does this weed keep me from going clinically insane  
Are you really even living this image up in this game  
But what is you really saying  
You ain't really saving souls, is you  
You from nothing fam, you really think it's gold in you  
Are you built to keep that spirit in your soul with you  
Will you stick to it even if they don't roll with you  
I got questions  
Just when you thought this life was just for your fun  
There's something there to tell you that you ain't done  
So I've got a lot of questions  
Cursing that you're on a mission, oh Just another dead man breathing  
Burnt out heathen, sipping syrup every week  
Doing powder every evening, popping pills to keep me even  
Since a nigga left school, seems it's death that I'm cheating  
So I'm speeding, fuck slow is  
Catch me anywhere the dough is  
Nowadays it's anywhere a show is  
Same [?] call me asking where a O is  
If you talking 'bout the edge, shit, I'm dancing on the closest  
If you talking 'bout showbiz, I don't know shit about it  
Start to fight, these other niggas crowd around it  
The rap game got me questioning my surroundings  
I got issues, so I'm counseling with the ounces  
My lump of problems seem to turned into a mountain  
Money in the mattress, never spoke to no accountant  
Nigga, all this finessing, God gave me a blessing  
Make it to Hell before me, just tell the devil I got questions  
What's worse, fake smiles or not smiling at all  
You risk it all, asking if you hit the ground if you fall  
What if they don't love your dream and ain't astounded at all

And when they say you'll never make it, will you doubt it at all  
You ain't ashamed to public answer to that drum in your heart  
Are you afraid to bring to light, what you've done in the dark  
Are you embracing what's becoming your part  
Are you complacent, can you face personal pain just for the love of the art  
I hope that you ain't let your momma down  
You wish that you was back in college now  
Do you feel dumb from all that knowledge now  
We bout them digits, yeah them commas now  
You wish you had some solids now  
Will they still love you if you not around  
Now are you using all your intellect, I mean no disrespect  
But are you capable to be they interest  
Are you afraid to let your dreams and life intersect  
I wanna know man, I ain't finished yet  
I got questions Don't stop, keep on living  
Can't stop, we ain't risen  
Wake up, check your vision  
Play until your time's up (I got questions)  
Give until your time's up (I got questions)

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