

# Steer (feat. Rush Davis)

## Scarface

Staring down the barrel of a colt 45  
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive  
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes  
Demons got me seeing double in the rain  
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel  
Lord if you hear me, steer, steer  
Lord if you hear me, steer. I think I need to breathe cuz I ain't feeling right  
My conscience is at ease saying live your life  
Got everything I ain't miss much, bra  
Got my little paper back I ain't feeling fucked up  
My woman got my back so I ain't stressed out  
Side looking in, you can say I'm blessed huh  
Career still intact got my street cred  
Went on with life thinking that the beef's dead  
But every now and then I get flash backs  
Get down on my knees and I ask that  
God keep my head on cuz I dont wanna spaz out  
Load back up that 45 and air a nigga, ass out Staring down the barrel of a colt 45  
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive  
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes  
Demons got me seeing double in the rain  
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel Lord if you hear me, steer, steer  
Lord if you hear me, steer Awaken by the sound of the siren  
Helicopter spotlights illuminate the crime scene  
Crowd gathers round try to find out what the fuck is happening  
Wait a minute, time out  
I looked a little closer at my t-shirt  
I see squirts of blood just now starting to bleed worse  
I'm lost I got blood on my hands, though  
And then the camera man starts to pan slow  
Realizing what I'm up against  
I guess I just have to face the consequence  
Snap back to reality  
I gotta think fast, got some motherfuckers after me Paranoid, got me running for my life now  
Homicide, questioning my mama and my wife now  
Parking lot, full of cops, got the dogs out  
Running, chest burning, out of breath  
About to fall out  
Hit the corner, parked car at the stop sign  
Going back to jail ain't the plan so the outline  
Is to come up with something so I escape this or hand cuffs Fuck that I ain't gonna take shit  
I rather be carried by 6 than judged by 12 getting that cell

Or maybe they gon' gun a nigga down  
Cause they don't wanna see me in the trial  
Staring down the barrel of a colt 45  
I'm feeling mad suicidal, so I think I'm gonna drive  
Everything is hazy and I can't see my lanes  
Demons got me seeing double in the rain  
If I put the peddle to the metal, take my hands of the wheel  
Lord if you hear me, steer

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>