

2HONEST (feat. SAINT JHN)

VIC MENSA

VIC MENSA FEAT. SAINT JHN - 2HONEST
Loneliness speaks through my smile
It sings the darkest lullaby
La, la-la-la, la-la, la
La, la-la-la, la-la, la
I call a 51-50 on myself
That's how you know I need help
I call a 51-50 on myself
That's how you know I need help
Tears of a fallen soldier, rollin' down my face
One hand stickin' out of my grave
The whole world left me for dead, Michael Jackson's estate
But I'm too high, I'll never land
A river that knows its source can never run dry
That's why I had to cut out the middle man
Hate from all directions, assassinatin' my character
I felt like Malcom X and J. Edgar Hoover's America
I said the truth and I paid for it, I paid for it
I got on my knees and cried to the Lord, I pray'd for it
I had bounties on my head, when my sist'r was in my home
Sleepless nights by the chrome, trigger finger next to my dome
Contemplatin' self-destruction, equatin' myself to nothin'
Fixated on my regression, I felt like Benjamin Button
I collapsed in my depression, I just couldn't write for nothin'
When I stared at my reflection, all that I felt was disgusted
My confidence evaporated, less than a man, I was emasculated
I turned to violence to be validated
Violated probation again and again
My kin and my friends like, What the fuck, is up with you fam?
Don't you understand? Niggas wanna fuck with you fam
But you keep fuckin' yourself and that fucks with your fans
Pardon me, my nigga I believed the lie, I kept it too honest (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
The pain behind your eyes, tells me that that's not what you wanted (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
And it's hard to explain to the people standin' still why you're runnin' (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
I was runnin' from the absolute savage that I know I'm becomin'
I call a 51-50 on myself
That's how you know I need help
I call a 51-50 on myself
That's how you know I need help (Oh, oh) Do you know what the fuck it feels like to wake up
every day in distress?
Pissed off at yourself, neglect, so you just lay in your mess
And people depend on you, got so much shit on your chest
That your train of thought can't seem to find a way to express
I found a notebook in my parent's crib from when I was five

I went inside and it said I hate myself, I wanna die, cried
I couldn't even fathom the child feeling so lonely
So next time a nigga tell you 'bout Vic, say they don't know me
I need to be loved, I need to be loved
I needed the drugs 'cause I couldn't do it
I couldn't do it, I was goin' through it
Growin' up I was a product of my biracial confusion
Neither black nor white, I guess that makes me translucent
I crushed everything I touched
I fucked every single slut, I couldn't bust, it was a knot
In my stomach, I plummet into my dungeon
Down in the depths of my darkness
I'm steppin' over my carcass, I'm comin' out of my hatred
Tired of my heart bein' vacant
I made a promise, won't break it
I told my momma we'll make it
I told my gang we gon' make it
If they won't give it to us, we'll take it
One thing that is true is my greatness
Promise I won't doubt, I'll believe it
I'm exercisin' my demons for the last time Pardon me, my nigga, I believed the lie, I kept it too
honest (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
The pain behind your eyes tells me that that's not what you wanted (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
And it's hard to explain to the people standin' still why you're runnin' (Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh)
I was runnin' from the absolute savage that I know I'm becomin' But pardon me, my nigga, isn't
this the life you said that you wanted?
You know the car's movin' fast, what a view, and the women are stunnin'
And it's hard when you're comin' from the bottom tryin' not to become it
So I'm runnin' from the absolute savage, that I know I'm becomin'
Comin', yeah, ayy

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