

Manic Depression

[Chorus]

Stressing, stressing, stressing, stressing
Just like Usher said, I got a new confession
Stressing, stressing, stressing, stressing
Triple misdemeanor, I ain't learn my lesson
Stressing, stressing, stressing, stressing
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Stressing, stressing, stressing, stressing
Mama off the meds, she got manic depression

[Verse 1]

I didn't pay my fine, license got suspended
Had to pray to God I don't do no sentence
Police searched the car, we ain't have much in it
'Cept a open bottle and some marijuana, God dammit
Plus a grinder with some pot in it
At 1am in Utah, and I am not kidding
Road-side test, I really had to do it
I would tell you how I passed but I don't wanna get into it
I find it hard to really "talk about it" (yuh)
That's why I bottle up a lot of shit
My shorty told me that I don't cry enough
Aw shit, is it really that obvious?
I got my mind on a lotta shit
Like how to make my next dime, pull them dollars in
Plus all these problems with my mom and them
I think about it all the time and you know it got me

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[Verse 2]

Sometimes it's a curse, sometimes it's a blessing
Sometimes it get worse before it get better
Tell me I'm the worst, curse and hang the phone up
Next day she call me back and say she feeling better
Opened up her purse when I needed cheddar
I'm gon reimburse her if it take forever
'Cause she done had my back more than anyone ever
I could still remember way back 'fore the cancer set in
Can't front, you was someone different

I've accepted it but it's some days where I still miss it
Try my best to let it go, I can't just be indifferent
Have you ever seen your mama and not recognize who is it?
Sometimes this trauma is too much to mention
That's why I be talking 'bout the commas, shifting my attention
Lay in my cama staring at the ceiling
That's where all this drama weighing on me and it got me stressing

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