

RJD2 drop that shit so I can drop my thoughts  
Driftin' away and depress all within listening range  
Nah, but for real I got so much shit on my mind  
From fake motherfuckers to my future I'm trying to get in line

And doing Hip Hop in this life and time  
Ain't all nice and fine  
At times I feel like my whole life's a rhyme  
Full of punchlines and jokes  
Fuck-ups and punch-ins  
It's like I just can't get shit right  
The first time or somethin'

When no one knows your name  
And your vinyl's still in stores  
Once you get a little life  
Through arguing over who feels it more

We got sixteen-year-old net-heads buying garbage  
Wanting to keep you for their personal private artist  
We don't do shit for the clubs -  
It's for us 45's go RJ's archaeologist diggin 'em up  
And I'm the saint sent {Saint-Saens}  
To vinyl when it gets set to bash  
And it's for life until my final mic check is cashed

Yo  
I can't fully become my mother's guiding light  
Till my dad returns to tell me what the other side is like

I keep the things you taught trapped in mind  
I know you cared even though you weren't here half the time  
But who am I to blame  
I'd probably do the same in your shoes  
I never held that against you  
Complained or assumed  
You never went through what I'm living

Hell who am I kidding?  
Depression is practically  
A part of family tradition  
So I keep the time we shared close

It sucks to lose  
It also sucks we had to share the month of June  
I woulda shared eternal time before I left  
Each month I celebrate my birth  
I'm reminded of your death