

Atmosphere, To The Break Of Sean

You rap for a living but you wish you could sing
Ayo Ma
People are starting to support the music
Self-esteem getting a little boosted
Me and Derrick, we made a record, a lot of our friends bought it
RSC, we built a label and heads parted
Yo Mom, I'm grinning
But most the time it's fake
Too much of my head, it makes the thought ache
For God's sake Sean, take a capsule, painkiller, Advil
Tame your bad self, quit being an asshole
Hey Moms, I could use, just a few more hours of sleep, I think I need to push snooze
There's no way I can lose, 'cause it's not a game
I'm confident; no matter where I land it's all the same
It's all insane
And I'm beginning to adapt
Stepping around the potholes, time-bombs, and mousetraps
And when I fall flat I'll smile
I gotta go, I'll call you back
I'm teaching Jacob how to freestyle
"To The Break of Sean"
Tell everyone I'm doing alright Mom
Its goes "To the Break of Sean"
Tell everyone I'm doing alright Mom
Its goes "To the Break of Sean"
Tell everyone I'm doing alright Mom
Its goes "To the Break of Sean"
All night long