

Lately, I've been hard to reach. I've been too long on my own.  
Everybody has a private world where they can be alone.  
Are you callin me? Are you tryin' to get through?  
Are you reachin' out for me? I'm reachin' out for you.

I'm just so fuckin' depressed. I just can't seem to get out this slump.  
If I could just get over this hump, but I need something to pull me out this dump.  
I took my bruises, took my lumps, fell down and I got right back up,  
But I need that spark to get psyched back up in order for me to pick the mic back up.

I don't know how or why or when, and I ended up in this position I'm in.  
I'm startin' to feel distant again so I decided just to pick this pen  
Up and tried to make an attempt to vent but I just can't admit  
Or come to grips with the fact that I may be done with rap, I need a new outlet.

And I know some shit's so hard to swallow, but I just can't sit back and wallow.  
In my own sorrow, but I know one fact: I'll be one tough act to follow.  
One tough act to follow. I'll be one tough act to follow.  
Here today, gone tomorrow, but you'd have to walk a thousand miles.

In my shoes, just to see what it's like to be me.  
I'll be you, let's trade shoes, just to see what it'd be like to  
Feel your pain, you feel mine, go inside each other's minds,  
Just to see what we find, look at shit through each other's eyes.

But don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful, oh...  
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you, so ...  
Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful, oh ...  
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you, yeah so ...

I think I'm startin' to lose my sense of humor, everything's so tense and gloom.  
I almost feel like I gotta check the temperature of the room, just as soon as  
I walk in, it's like all eyes on me, so, I try to avoid any eye contact,  
'Cause if I do that, then it opens a door for conversation, like I want that.

I'm not lookin' for extra attention, I just wanna be just like you.  
Blend in with the rest of the room, maybe just point me to the closest restroom.  
I don't need no fuckin' manservant tryna follow me around, and wipe my ass,  
Laugh at every single joke I crack, and half of 'em ain't even funny like.

"Ha, Marshall, you're so funny, man. You should be a comedian, goddamn."  
Unfortunately, I am, I just hide behind the tears of a clown.  
So why don't you all sit down, listen to the tale I'm about to tell.  
Hell, we don't gotta trade our shoes, and you ain't gotta walk no thousand miles.

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