

Sean Glatts - So Much

Tik tok on the clock i be looking at my watch

While i'm tryna get together what was supposed to be on lock

Take a sigh i got a text from someone look at it and watch

See it's kimmy she want something all she wanna do is talk

I got money on my mind, all i wanna do is grind

I got buddies from a month ago they wanna come and slide

Throw my phone away the window right that always help my mind

Got my hands up on my head i'm stressing obvious to i. i don't wanna be alone

I don't wanna see me go. wait a moment get depression out i stop and see the phone

Walk on over and say "wait a minute jimmy wanna smoke"

Yeah i know it wrong but listen it has always helped my lows

Shake his hand he then say "how you been" "it's been a long day"

Take a hit from what he hitting "what you tripping on mane"

I said "dawg i'm on my grind but i can't get a damn break

People always in my face i'm peeping and they all saying, want this want that."

"why not tell em walk back" "well you want me to be honest momma said don't talk back."

Anyways i gotta go and then i get up off sat

Dip on out the door i oughta go and check the clock fast

Cuz it's getting kinda late, and i got the grind to rake

And so much i know i'm holding down my grip is on caped

It's a wicked all weight, in my whip i'm gone bang

And then off i'm on the road i'm steering thoughts they all say

"damn i got so much to do". (damn i got so much to do)

"man i got so much to move" (man i got so much to move)

And i got so much to prove (and i got so much to prove)

"damn i got so much to do". (damn i got so much to do)

"man i got so much to move" (man i got so much to move)

And i got so much to prove (and i got so much to prove)

Wooh oh clock is going fast

â€œman i got so much to moveâ€• (man i got so much to move)

And i got so much to prove (and i got so much to prove)

Wooh oh clock is going fast

While i'm in the car i'm driving like i'm on a mission

Clock is tik and toking like a dog who wanting missing

Eyes are bent alive and sent i'm ready on ray if i die before my life is said

Just know i was' wake i think. i don't want our life to be a sticking

Glue on one another causing nothing to be glistened

Gut is on the move she wanna shed lil grace saying

God he gotchu too but you got work upon may. i see

Got me on the move i'm in my mode, i don't wanna lose i gotta do it for my bros

People want me tired but i'm keeping up pace

And i know they want me wired but i've figured out ways to free

Still i'm on the road i'm on the row, rushing to the studio got something t
o record

Everybody talking but i'm spitting out flame

While i'm keeping it in check so lucky that you ain't have' to leave

Pull up and for sure this is the place, open up the door i say hello a coup
le hey's

For' he hit record one thing i'm trippin on bang right again and on again i
s this

I'll spit it out lay it for we

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