

Buggin' Out

Apathy

As I inhale in this smoke, it's so potent I'm chokin'
I'm chill but at jail, I realize that I'm open
My actions are slowin', my eyes become slanted
I'm laughin' but growin' inside me is panic
I push it back, keep my feet firm on this planet
I'll master my high if I just understand it
It's sweatin' my palms and I can't feel my arms
I'm crazy numb from my feet up to my cranium
I'm sit-sittin' up, get-gettin' up, drink-
drinkin' down then spittin' up
I don't don't even know how much time when by since we lit it u
p
This is the reason I stopped puffin' trees
And I'm freakin' out feels like my mouth isn't breathin'
My heart is racin'
Pulmonating
People are talkin' but what are they saying?
I don't care, I can admit it
As soon as I lit it, I shouldn't of hit it

I'm so fucking paranoid, right now I hate it
It's probably some slay shit but I think they laced it
And who's to be trusted?
It might not be dusted
I don't know who rolled it, but still I just puffed it
I'm buggin' the fuck out
This has to be wet
Cause everything now has this glassy effect
I'm mal-ma-malfunctioning, breaking down again
(Yo, Ap chill the FUCK out)
I got to lay down again
Wishin' I never inhaled it, I'm hearin' shit
Scared of shit
Sounds like I'm speaking in Arabic
Every second I'm bugging out, I get a grip, I'll never smoke th
is shit
So potent, approaching the point where I might flip
I'm slowly relaxin', they told me this happens
When people who smoke loose control of their actions
I am so fucked up
Not feelin' this, chill with this son
I'm simply not built for this