

My Old Self

Mr. Probz

Said you want to be friend but I don't want that
Told you to leave see Ima go back to my old, self
Find yourself someone else
Told you I don't want you to come back
'cause Ima do me bitch fall back
My old self, old self

Yeah now this must be the realest shit
my pen wrote down and got spoke loud
Some crumps on the table
Cheap beers and smoke clouds
My head down, put the phone on deaf man
My body so tired, can't squeeze both of my hands
I'm doing bad, got stress with no motors
Going back to the days
Where the pain was simple to cope with
You wanted everything so I just put it on the plate for ye
Take that, erase that, now
Cuz why you do your best trying
So hard to prove something
Every time this shit happens it feels,
Like I lose something
And I ain't never been the talkative type
But two wrongs can't make it a right
And I ain't calling it a night
I need a moment to cool off
But every time I close my eyes
I picture you sucking some dude off
But that's me
I gotta learn to cut off whats unhealthy instead
of waiting and let it grow
It's what my heart knows but while my heart froze
Every chance of you letting go already died
Slow so I'ma die slow
Everytime I cross ya mind
I figure this is more than a rhyme
Something like a bullet hole that won't close,
A 'chute that wont grow [?]
Ima put it somewhere it wont show
Lay my pen down and pour a couple Jim Beams
And say welcome to the new old me

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