

I'm in my bag, bitch, I ain't going out sad  
They say you live and you learn, well bitch, you lose and I laugh  
I got your bitch in my lap and she be calling me dad  
Why the fuck she calling me that? now she be broke with no man's  
I do not need no advance, labels try fucking my (ayo pause)  
Don't need that, you don't own me like that  
I do my shit on my own, still got no soul in my flesh  
But at least my white fazos still got that shine like crest

So when I walk in the dark they really light my step  
Don't know why I feel low when I stay high like jets  
At least I see everything here, I got 3 eyes I guess  
Nah I ain't lose my mind but I think mine is my mess  
Need to be left alone, think it's best you go  
Catch my breath, you know? Get some rest, you know?  
But I know I won't, I need some more of those  
Tryin' to lift me up, hope I don't overdose

Really turnin' into an addict  
Getting higher than I imagined  
I ever thought that I would back then  
I'm just wondering how it happened

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Like, I got nothing left to give, now I'm selfish then a bitch  
You made hell for me for real, yeah, that's some damage you can't fix  
You don't even recognize me from that shit that you done did  
Turned me into a different man, not even me knows who that is  
At least I open up my Mac while feeling numb and make some hits  
Mama told me to forgive but what I won't do is forget  
Got enough ice in my heart that Johny dang would take a shit  
How are you a fan of me? I'm not a fan of how I live

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