

It's embarrassing, I think I need some therapy  
This shit ain't even fair to me, these spirits keep on daring me  
That hoe wanted everything, but now that bitch is scared of me  
The shit that I'm inheriting, is a product of the fear in me  
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I don't feel nun when I'm cookin'  
Now I'm racked up and I'm bookin'  
Gotta get up I'm pushin'  
Gotta lay low in the bushes  
Know you hate me but you lookin'  
Baby I'm a good guy you shouldn't  
Yeah I know it's crazy and it's crooked  
Scratch that nevermind I get it  
Now I'm bout that fine dine livin'  
Too turnt now I'm fine wine sippin'  
Smoke it up won't blind my vision  
Too up yeah fine eye livin'  
Two cups they define my feelin'  
Only got a few friends they the realest  
Had to cut the loose ends just to get it  
Want me? It depends if you with it  
This hurt too much can't heal it, hit the booth it's therapeutic  
Shit was fun for like a minute, now I can't undo it  
Guess I'll run through all them digits, dead guys lookin' bluer  
I been goin' through it  
Now I'm goin' through it

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