

## What's Left

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What's there left to talk about because I don't feel like nothing  
Used to be to numb me but it's really become me  
I feel like I'm bugging out, I feel my heart pumping  
I just needed something but now I feel like I'm floating  
And like most things  
Too much of that and you'll be bound to OD  
I don't talk 'bout that too much it's lowkey  
God made me this way it's in my coding

You stay in my mind, it's like you own me  
Played me, Sony  
Thought you was my only  
Left me lonely  
Shut me out like a goalie, I just miss the old me  
I don't really miss much, it's love that I miss mostly  
Gas is what I'm smoking  
Demons try to rope me in, I'm not going  
Feel 'em enclosing  
Try to keep roaming  
Almost done loading, pop I'm exploding  
Nah I'm not joking  
Pop I'm exploding  
Nah I'm not joking  
I'm not joking  
Pop I'm exploding  
Nah I'm not joking  
I'm not joking

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