

I feel  
 Stuck in a box  
 I saw Jesus walk, aye  
 Gotta tap in my thoughts  
 I'm still- me  
 I don't care what I think  
 Sick of the drugs, round of applause  
 Stuck in a polo, I'm pretty in pink  
 I go  
 Way up  
 Sauce, sauce  
 I been lost, lost  
 Keep it honest

Thinkin' too much got me caught up  
 I been off track, feelin' locked up  
 Lost in a blank face, seen a lot of blank faced smiles on a pay day  
 Wake up in the mornin' realize it's all the same  
 Feelin' bad, yellin' May Day  
 Got me on the stairs tip-toein'  
 Spliff rollin' while my life gone coastin'  
 Think about the shit I gotta do to make a memory  
 Shit been on the the move too quick, need some therapy  
 Guess I'll make a note to it  
 I been feelin' down broke  
 I'm losin' all my hope  
 I'm startin' to gain fear  
 I'm back on this tight rope  
 I'm lost in dim lights  
 But back in my zone  
 I'm gone, I lost fate  
 Well take a minute  
 I don't know when my life gonna drop, I get it  
 I ain't tryna lose this  
 I'll prove shit to show you  
 Don't trust me and act like I know you

(Flowers) In a glass vase  
 (Layin') On a new grave  
 (Under) Is the old ways  
 (Tombstone) Say the young days  
 (Prickles) Grow on my face  
 (Sugar) Ain't the same taste  
 (Midnight) New day  
 (Flippin') To the next page  
 (Sippin') 'Til the lights fade  
 (Lookin') Through my camera  
 (Tryna find my old face)  
 (Tryna find my old face)  
 (What happened to my face?)  
 What happened to my face?

Hate that they tell me what to do  
 The second I'm all in, the minute it's all through  
 So I'ma let it begin, I'ma get it how I'm gonna get it  
 Even if I'm lying through my teeth  
 You know I'm in it to win it

I'ma bend, flip, stretch lyrics like I'm workin' gymnastics  
Lil' bitch, call me Mr. Fantastic  
I ain't had nothin' but a pot to piss in  
Give me freedom, give me death 'til I'm winnin'  
Whippin' Civics, I ain't got the gas to make it back to the crib  
And in a minute, I'ma get it back  
Fuck it, I'm never relaxed, I'm way too attached, I  
Can't tell, won't tell you  
Ixnay, bitch made, I  
Sink in float my boat  
Bring it back, bring it back  
Uh, back stab, broke that trust  
Day in, day out I  
Work hard, play hard we  
Run it up, run it up

I been way up  
Sauce, sauce  
Shit, I work my ass off  
Keep it honest  
I been lost, lost

Yeah, cut out the brakes to my car so the ride don't slow  
No drive and the ride won't go (Yeah, ayy)  
Devil on my shoulder tellin' me to push the pedal  
With an angel on the side busy crying, ho  
I make moves  
Steady, I level the dudes  
My people just know how I move in the cracks and the grooves  
Grimy is just how I do  
Keep it 100, that's truth, ayy  
Demon face in the shadows  
When I walk, I'm movin' past it  
Creepin' real late when it's active (Yeah, ayy)  
Hope the skeletons up in your closet don't catch you  
It's anything that's liable for cash moves, uh  
People cry because they really want the bag  
But they don't wanna work, act causal (Hey, hey)  
Think I got the time for the vision (Yeah)  
Might snap to a nigga on stage with the hammer might blast you  
Work is the center of all of this  
I called it quits with like all the college kids (Hey, hey, hey)  
Traveled from campus to campus  
Who thought I'd end up with like all of this polished shit? (All of this)  
Diamond and gold what I'm rockin'  
I pull up and flaunt this like nobody jockin' this (Jockin' this)  
Carry the weight from whatever  
I slide up on you if you say you is not with this