

Fly

99 Neighbors

I'm off a bottle, off a zip, off a motherfuckin' tab
I just took a day trip, there ain't no way I'm going back
I just drank my fourth fifth, and I might crash this rented whip
And go to hell with every choice and bad decision that I had
Hopin' all my friends are strizzy and my family doin' proper
Know momma always wished that I'd grow up to be a doctor
But I ain't make it to Harvard and I'm glad I didn't
Just a son of a bitch whippin' a Ford, focused on writtens
More importantly women with bad intentions and fishy feelings
Keepin' me outta pocket, then diggin' in 'em
I ain't done my dishes in a minute, my roommate finna kill me
And I just left my girl 'cause she fuckin' with other niggas
Now I been on a trip, maybe more than a bender
I'm still up in the studio, tryna get through the winter
And I thank God that I'm still alive, I coulda been finished
By my antics, or asleep with the fishes, yeah

I've been taking my time before I go down baby
Take a look at my life from the outside
Lately the more I see the less I know
Within my dreams without control
I'm running out, running out
The more I breathe the more I choke
For what I fiend inside my soul
I'm running out, running out

Running out of ooooooh
Running out of ooooooh
Running out of ooooooh
Running out of ooooooh
Running out of

It's acid rushing through my system
Fuck your feelings, I feel everything
Dropped a dose 'cause it was busy fuckin' with my vision, okay
I make history with hittin' every beat I try to kill
And I'ma get it, leave the bait and see who reel it in, wait
Slightly stupid, I'm slightly movin' to lightning music
Correct them talking, no move in silence, I like to do it
I function different than all your idols, I wouldn't choose 'em
I just think that trying would be useless
I'm not the stable one, honestly they can't copy me
I can't copy myself, I think I shoulda been in college
And I'm not really the cocky one
But I'm the only thing that's been stopping me
Rockin' with the whole process that I've been jockin', okay
So it's back to the music, and it's back to the drugs
Lord I hope I don't abuse it
Got this talent, can I use it?
And it's back to the booth
Always, always, always comin' up with new shit
I'm feelin' every way, sentences sit with heavyweight
How can I help them hear me?
I hope I'm sendin' a message
Hazy like we some pledges
Smokin' at all the edges
That effort I put in has to help me elevate