

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