

Hit The Exit

Abstract

Batter up
Did it all slow down, am I speeding up?
Glass half full, had to fill it up
My mind don't mix with the indica
Pressure, got a whole lotta goals on my back
Crack gold with the way this shit snap
Got a plan but they all don't know that
Mind big as mine, think I'm tied to a sound
Ten years in, thought they would know by now
Not a cage nor a style could contain my plans
Gotta grave dug for another fair-weather fan
Get in
Dust off my shoulders to fill in the hole
Y'all should be resting in pieces with all of your pleading for moments that don't come recyclable
Nostalgia
That there a hell of a drug
Always create in the present I write so I don't have to live in the hell of the was (Dang)
What I gotta say to inspire you?
Maybe with a medicine I call the truth
If you always stuck living for the better days
Maybe you should make a change, make a better day
Tired of your TBTs, really saying "I miss me"
"But the grass used to be so green"
'Cause you watered in between those scenes
You stopped taking care of number one
Dreams turned into all they ever was
Tucked inside your mind like they were fiction 'stead of diving in to make a difference
In the life you lead, became a ghost of all the things you thought you'd make the most of
Guess you're dead already
Tryna bring me down with the ship; had a dream, thirteen with guitars in my grip
Green Day "GC," swear I never hit skip
Now I made a whole album to honor the kid
Who had cardboard boxes placed on his bed with a pair of drumsticks
Headphones on his head, played along to the songs that he found for himself when the world didn't see him for all that he felt
Alone
Music he knew truly understood him
Sounds that ever since knew how to move him
Out the darkest places that he's seen
The darkest happened to be recently
Kept a promise to my younger self
Plugged in everything that used to help
Came up with an album he'd be proud of
Hit the exit if you'd like to doubt him
Said hit the exit if you'd like to doubt him

And it's, I'm aware, people-some people are just fans of songs, some

people are fans of me. But if you're a fan of me, you know to always expect... the unexpected