

## Why Would I?

AK

Lately all I'm asked is Austin  
Where the f\*cks that real shit?  
That shit I fell in love with  
When you spoke I used to feel it  
But lately all you talk about's  
How you the f\*cking greatest  
Dawg we get it, you been making moves  
But why the f\*ck you changing?

Why would I wanna think back to all of the shit that went wrong?  
Why would I wanna be thinking 'bout all of the shit that I lost?  
Why would I wanna get deep, my wounds are soon to be scars  
Right now I'm just covered in scabs, but you want me to pick 'em off

If I f\*ck around and I let loose then these mother f\*ckers gon' pray  
If I f\*ck around and open old wounds watch all the skies turn gray  
For a kid who barely even had food there was so much on my plate  
Had a lot to prove with not a lot to lose only Lord knew I'd be straight

Honestly I hate talking 'bout my past  
Even if it's what got me here  
I would bottle up everything I felt for so many years  
Then it got severe  
I would pray to never see another day  
I'd pray to be the one Lord'll take  
Just to get the f\*ck away from everything  
'Cause I was dying slow and there was no escape  
Nobody could ever relate to my state of mind  
'Cause ain't nobody understood where I came from  
Always knew I was different  
I knew nobody would get it  
But mother f\*ckers was treating me like I'm plain dumb  
I never had a way to cope and all I needed was some hope  
I was drowning no one threw me a rope  
And was part of a broken family that was broke

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Spent my whole life trying to escape the bad  
But they all trying to bring it back to me  
There's got to be a reason maybe I just need to think  
Why they keeping asking me?  
I understand people go through the worst things  
And when I show 'em I relate then the verse speaks  
Way louder but my past was the worst me  
But no one seems to give a f\*ck that it hurts me  
Imagining sitting thinking all the time  
'Bout the worst times of your entire life

That state of mind that you had then  
You have to channel back to sit down and write  
That's the side no one sees shit don't come for free  
I know but I pay the price  
'Cause in the end we'll be better off and pasts gone  
But I live it twice

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