

No Saint

All day

Oh they twist my words in quotations
Like I need any more motivation
I had no class, no money, no lady
Ex-pizza boy now I'm throwin' dough crazy
Crazy, no words can explain the lack of fucks I give
These rappers need to suck my dick as dry as the Sahara is
I got bars like Xanax, dealers, all my friends are pharmacists
Caterpillars in my hypothalamus they burrowing

You talk but, don't listen
I'm going through, some weird shit
You move to, the rhythm
Of the city, that we live in

Woah
I told you I ain't no saint
But you wouldn't listen though
You wouldn't hear me no

You must be out your coconut
Going through my phone and stuff
Young, drunk Australian
I'm going Russell Crowe on ya
You say I'm a chauvinist
I say 'Well, whose show is this? '
You know where the door is at, or do I need to show you it?
I became a monster somewhere, I'm retracing my steps
Studio, back home, her bedroom, studio
Well I'm just changing I guess
Cops used to stop me and say 'I need your name and address'
I would say 'Usain Bolt', then I gave it the legs

I don't get no happiness from their failures
I really wish them the best in this game yeah
I got all my own stress and these payslips
I don't get any rest, I'm awake all the time
In my room pacing like Indiana
I need Rihanna, or somebody really similar
I've been off the drugs a while I'm thinking clearer
I think I'm worse when I'm sober baby, text my dealer

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The city gets us all down sometimes

But if you're having fun

Yea

You're having fun

If you're having fun, you're not wasting time
You're not crazy, get crazy, it's a crazy life
You're like my lady, but you're not ladylike

Smoking haze until we get McGrady eye
Yeah we overtaking, Talladega Nights
Swerving through lanes on the way to mine
I don't give a fuck what you talking bout
Angel of death in a boarded up town

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