

It was me and my notepad when I was a young no-hoper
Suddenly you're grown up and it ain't much like the brochure
Then you keep it silent like the p that's in pneumonia
Am I getting closer or farther? Went the hard way like Kokoda
She called for closure but she knew it wasn't exclusive
I also told her I love her, maybe that was stupid
Even slept over, she did yoga, superfood and turmeric
And the pussy tight like student units, don't wanna lose it
If the shoe fit, she coulda had Louboutins, Jimmy Choos on
Hit a few bumps, sleeping on futons, from paying with coupons to
Copping a coupe, these dreams giving me goosebumps
Feel like Kubrick, turn this music to a movie, to a movement
And a few kids in the crowd they got that glint like the words I say
Explain how they feel, don't make no sense, 'cause I ain't even
Know how I feel, I know these demons got me pinned
But I wouldn't let them demons win, c'mon man

There's nowhere left to hide (Nowhere)
The ghosts are in my mind
But I'm not scared now (Not scared, no)
The shadows seem to creep (Oh)
Closer to my feet (Closer to my feet now)
But I'm not scared now (I'm not scared)

I been toxic to every girl I ever been with
I call them crazy but maybe he is
Why I'm so fucked up, I got my reasons
Why I'm so fucked up, I got my reasons, Jesus
I've been talking fast at therapy, that's more bang for your buck
Told that bitch to fix me, if you don't I'll fuck this office up
How come every time I get my way but still it ain't enough?
Chasing an illusion you never touch
Wrote my car off drinking and driving, it's not me, it's the liquor
Besides, I think my dealer should have just delivered
Wish that I could scratch it from the record, chicka chicka
I promised my girl I would change, she's like quicker, quicker
I won't front, low on funds, tried to withdraw, my stomach sunk
My car don't skrr, it just clunk, on the bus, sit in gum
Addicted to them girls in dunks, white Air Force 1s, I eat the cunt
Wet like a sponge, she got no flaws, acrylic claws, tan like Trump
She hate my guts till I put it in her guts, and then she stunned
I love her so, till I make her love me back, then I run
Now she at Sweet Greens, Tender Greens, looking for a better me
She probably do it by the end of week

Hi, it's me calling again
I'm the rap song voicemail girl
I leave you annoying messages and I'm not real
I'm just a representation of your distorted perception of women
Anyway, call me back