

Spent a rack
Made it back
It ain't nothing baby
Say you love me but we both know that you're bluffing baby
Ooh
Can't get enough of the substance lately
Ooh, ooh
Same thing
That same pain
I must refrain from mind games
Going fast
On the dash
Its a hundred baby
I got 20 fucking percs in my stomach daily
Goddamn
So high
I don't care about my life
Uh
But your my type
Lets go party all damn night

Oh
I be wasting away ay, so
I be stuck in my brain ain, oh
Cuz my life's full of pain ain, oh
Can I wash it away ay? No
I can't
I'm forever feeling dead
I guess I am just lost again
This whole life feels like pretend
Uh
This life's pretend