

Last Four Words

BEXEY

I just don't have no time for it
(Yo, BEXEY, I'ts like a Blood, Magic & Diamonds mixtape
Give it to them BEXEY)
Why are you still fake smiling?
Pretending that you like them
I just don't have no time for it
I said, I don't have no time
Don't have no time
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Give it to them BEXEY)
Don't have no time

Why are you still fake smiling?
Pretending that you like them
Meaningless interactions
I just don't have no time for it
Why you tryna blend in
Play chameleon, stand beside 'em
You comedian, got the whole crowd laughing and crying
They don't like me
Okay, cool
I don't blame you
Sometimes I wanna kill me
But I never been the fool that's uncomfortable
Tryna be someone else
I'm the real me
I try to talk slow so they hear me
But life stops for no one
Life keeps marching on and drags you along

You better hold on, hold on tight
Shut your mouth real quick
There's a collision ahead, uh
I remember laying on the tracks
Just waiting for a train to cut my head off
When you get back from hell you play it smooth
'Cause you're already dead
My granddads antique pistol
Fill my brain with rusty lead, uh
Bitch, I don't let up, give up, or don't settle
If they wishing death on me
Then imma smile in their face
And tell them 'Bless you'
Physical pain ain't a thing when your mind is out to get you

Counting my days and my last four words are
I'll never forget you
Yeah, my last four words are
I'll never forget you
Yeah, my last four words are
I'll never forget you
Yeah, my last four words are
I'll never forget you
Yeah, my last four words are
I'll never forget you