

# 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 grandads 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