

# These Days

blackwave.

Why do I try?  
Yeah I'm just gonna sing it pretty raspy  
I think it might sound nice  
(Yeah yeah yeah uh yeah yeah yeah ah ay)

Why do I try?  
To exist in this game you made for me?  
Caught stacked in your favor  
Then you pushed me to the edge  
I chased the dream that you sold me  
Running towards the thought of being happy  
I want my money long my hair nappy  
Put my family on no more stressing  
Tired of typing the words stress (man fuck)  
These days  
I find silence  
Traveling the places where my enemies don't know us yet  
Don't tell me when the sun is rising I don't want to know it  
Cause when the light come out I'm face to face with all my problems and I show it  
Shaking hands with my devil  
Before I go to sleep  
Put some liquor in the kettle  
Cause I like the way I drink  
When they ask what my problem, imma tell them everything  
When they ask me what's my problem imma tell them  
(Hope they see)

These days  
My heart is much colder  
To wake up and I'm smoking putting liquor in my soul  
And smoking smoking smoking  
Trying to leave this shit quickly  
If I take it for myself at least I told myself to give it  
These days  
These days  
These days  
You can take me straight to hell I'm pretty sure that I would know it

Yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Rain usually got me moody  
Now we wash away the sound when it hit me on my hoodie  
Seen the scene, happy kid live a happy dream so surreal  
Yeah just like a movie  
Ay yeah yeah yeah yeah  
The sun turn all days to good days when it shine (when it shine) But that's usually not the case  
Where I was born and raised  
Except when I rhyme, when I'm out of line  
The systems running on reserves which lefts me humming to the birds  
I got no returns slowly lowkey left with my concerns  
And I know I could sue all of my wounds  
But I've rather stay lost and cursed  
Die in a [?]  
Work myself up till it works on my nerves  
And I burst give you my worst mixing to fight, disperse  
Then all of the bridges are burnt all the lessons are learned

And if we don't play on my turn  
I'll take what I've earned till I'm stacked  
Hit the road like Jack  
And never ever come back

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