

Brokeboy

Bladee

You a brokeboy on the net
I don't fuck with disrespect
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You ain't got no respect man
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Walking on ice
Blood moon tonight
Who's gonna die?
20 seconds I'm outta sight
Who wants to get high? I got nothing to do tonight
Gotta come to your house, something in the air tonight
Going to the sky, fucking poison all the time
They hit me up online, but I can't talk to them all the time
Creepin up with the Drain Gang, looking for me I'm blind
Come save me some time, see my angels come and go

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I got bruises on my neck
And I got some evil friends
The pollution in my chest
Still infected in the head
Famous ghost I'm still possessed
I feel like the god of stress
Still awake I never rest
Oh my god I feel so blessed
True Religions in distress
And I'm bleeding from my lids
Ziplock full of triple X
Off a blue Mercedes-Benz

Open flash got no defense
Touch 15 and 1 for 10
And I wish I could forget
Tell myself never again