

Sick

Bladee

Still sick, still sick, still sick
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Still sick, twelve grams in a zip, us, we don't mix
Triple 6 for my wrist, blood on my lips

I can't stand, I'ma sit, I was broke, now I'm fixed
Black skies eversince, I hope I won't be missed
From the rain to the snow, going in, I am sick, I'm not sane
I don't know what I think, I can't see anything
Call my friends, give me wings, SG, Drain Gang, who I'm with
Don't get lost in this shit, I don't want to be sick

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