

# WODRAINER

Bladee

(I'm Working on Dying)  
Can't seem to get right  
Can't, can't seem (Mine)

Must be nice  
Dirty ass Eastpak backpack, blood money in a trash bag  
I bought a thousand Smurfs on Ebay, I was on shrooms needless to say  
I'm the rain king, can't stop the rain  
I'm having traumatic flashbacks  
I'm in the airport, fast track  
Trying everything, I'm a lab rat  
Say you love me, elaborate on that  
Say I'm nothing, I'm even beyond that  
Speaking the truth and then I become that  
C'est la vie, go tell your mom that  
Know I fell off but this is the comeback  
Drain Gang follow the code, we honor that  
Walk in the store, I want all of that  
Icedancer, I'm living in Disney Land  
So much designer, got sick of that  
So much designer, we been in that  
Put it in the trash, we binning that  
Let's leave it at that  
Stepping out in Converse and Vans  
I'm counting more stars than fingers  
Three stars, feeling lingers  
G-Shock, G-Shock my wrist is  
SBE, we cold like Christmas

Catch up with, us can't catch me  
Sleep is the one time I'm happy  
But even sometimes there's nightmares  
I feel like there's someone else there  
I'm waiting for disaster or something else bad to happen  
I'm in this beauty pageant and everybody's laughing (Haha)  
Rollie plain jane wrapped around my wrist  
Ever since that I got rich everyone wants to know me  
Montana, I feel like Tony (Montana)  
Tony when he was in the club  
He was sitting all fucked up  
Just before the shootout  
Just before the shootout

Let's talk the ones I am that  
Order hundred bottles, send that back  
Into madness descend back  
I came back from a heart attack  
We're equal, let's pretend that  
I paint better than Rembrandt  
I drain better than- (Drain)  
They starstruck off this newsflash  
Depression clinging to my back  
Sharp ass claws all on its hands  
I'm infected from its scratch  
I feel sick and I feel sad  
Self-hate frustration on my ass  
They won't let up on me, man

Not even a moment  
I need some atonement

Thought it was over, I'm back  
Thought I would quit, I can't  
What else am I supposed to do when I don't even want to be close to you?  
Don't want to be next to you  
Sun is shining, I can't stop rhyming  
Working On Dying 2  
Thought I was lying, it's true  
I'm stuck in this glue  
I'm the one that's sick but bless you  
You get X'd out, you're excused  
You know  
Three stars  
G shock my wrist is, SBE, we cold like Christmas (Christmas)  
Catch up with us, can't catch me  
Sleep is the one time I'm happy