

Sad Money

Call Me Karizma

I'm told I'm just stressed
I feel it in my chest
And it's getting heavy
Will somebody help me?

When I was younger, I felt like a loser
Kids called me stupid on my dad's computer
I wanted to be like the rappers on TV
But no one believed in me
There were nights where I'd have nightmares
I was rolling, cold sweat and my whole bed's like an ocean
Sinking, fucking thinking of my death
Asked my parents about it and

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I'm hanging by a thread
But everyone's depressed
'Cause sadness is trendy
Guess it pays to feel empty
Now I'm rich as fuck

When I got older I felt like a loser
Almost killed myself because of some rumors
I wanted to prove to the world that I changed
But they want me to hang (Shit)
There are nights where I have nightmares of my childhood
Mom's sick, always haunted by the sight of it
Sinking, now I'm singing all the words
Made a mil' off being hurt

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It's so sad that sadness is making cash for these assholes
Like, "Yeah a kid's in a casket, but look at the mathematics"
We glamorize being damaged while damaging all our fans
I profit off being honest, but I want you to understand
That every lyric I write, I lived
Everything that I said, I meant
Every word on the internet ain't shit unless I say it is
I ain't here to babysit
I play the game and I came to win
I pray to god that he takes me in 'cause

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