

# Anemic

Cam Meekins

She was anemic, I told her I was hemochromatosis  
She don't believe it  
And now she acting like she don't know me  
But let me take it to the back room, let me take it to the tippy top  
Let me live my dreams then stop  
Let me get high when you lick my lips  
Let me get by when you talk that shit  
Let me go fuck myself, right?  
That's what you mean when you stopped responding?  
Waited all night but I still got nothing. Fuck it, I'm like fuck you women

Woah, w-w-w-why you gotta do that?  
Why you gotta play me everyday and put me through that?  
Why you gotta tell me that you love me then leave  
W-w-why you gotta gimme gimme gimme your disease  
And I tellem like

Fuck you I'm out Time to go and wild out  
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Fuck you I'm out Time to go and wild out

Gone in a blink of an eye  
And my eyes leak in amazement  
As I ride try to clock get high and I drop feeling unappreciated  
Cuz if I gotta ride switch sides I pray I die and I hit the pavement  
Cuz I ride for you, do I die for you?  
Baby girl and you know ain't shit to play with  
Well if I watch you, beg to me "Can't you just stay a bit?"  
But if I left would you get struck when you know this shit is dangerous  
All I wanna do, all I'm gunna do is hold you close cuz time is wastin'  
And I know it gets hard sometimes, I can't lie I still need my baby  
Put it all in a pot and I fuck my pain I burn a couple of pounds  
I cover your phone with messages feelin' so low write in my clouds You got m  
e chasin' you, but please don't give me the run-around  
I know what I said, I don't mean it but I don't dumb it down  
I'll take a night on the town

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Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah  
So many bad bitches up in my room  
Looking up at the moon  
I'm on that top down questioning myslef like, what the fuck am I doing?  
Cos' I was 15, just a normal kid  
Making beats by myself to escape the depression  
Put it on YouTube then I start flexin'  
Now everybody just wanna make checks, and  
Wanna have sex and do drugs  
Wanna buy cribs with new rugs  
Wanna be so damn famous  
But, do I even want this shit?  
There's a reason that nobody talkin' this shit  
Cos' it's boring as fuck, when you vibing this shit  
In the crowd, you took mad E with your friends  
Witcha' friends on the weekends cos' you don't see no ends

They call you a hypocrite  
Because I made a song and they depict every line that I spit  
And they shit, and they find that I write all the shit  
And producing it, like, yeah right when I spit like  
Shit the fuck up with all your emails and details  
Telling me that I need help  
And who the fuck gave you the right  
To sit here and tell me a song I should write?  
So I could all these angers bottled up  
But on the other side I'm just a normal kid  
To a couple people I care about  
And they're all shocked when they see what I did in a video  
And I ask some girl to date, but  
When we hang out I'm stressed  
I get texts from a intern, from a record label  
Telling me that I ain't got no good tracks  
Then when I text her the next day  
She don't wanna talk cos' she'd rather run away cos'  
That's just how the game goes  
So I sit and figure out how to have both  
A real life, and a rap life  
With a jackknife whammed both sides out like  
I don't even have nothing left so I send her a text like  
Fuck you I'm out