

Latte

Charles Hamilton

Fuck you got me up so early in the morning for man?...

Yeah, thanks for meetin' me here
I know it's short notice,
And if I black out, don't feel bad 'bout leavin' me here
I would rather have a latte, then stay inside a hosiptal bed
So just let me invent from the top of the head.
It's a lot, or maybe it's a little
And I can't process it, whatever, God bless it
Unless it was sent from the devil in a message
Along with the fairwell quest on my soul
Eyes closed, with hydro and a white bowl
I know, my high goes as fast as it comes
Try and gain weight, try and save faith
In the same place, that moves as fast as I run
Which isn't fast at all, I can crash and fall
Nothing is promise life is basketball
After all, who the hell drafted Charles?
Do not play, but that won't fuck up my latte

Pick a sin, any sin, I commit it (I commit it)
Pick a drug, any drug, yeah I did it (yeah I did it)
Pick a lie, any lie, I'll admit it (I'll admit it)
(And go on) only have one life I still give it (still give it)
Pick a sin, any sin, I commit it (I commit it)
Pick a drug, any drug, yeah I did it (yeah I did it)
(And go on) only have one life I still give it (still give it)
But ain't nobody fuckin' with my latte (latte)

Yo, my brother - I love him to death
But with that love comes struggle and stress
I wanna' snuff him and [?]
This fuckin' neck, everytime he disrespects me
But to maintain the friendship, I keep a button, lip
Is this some sick shit, that my pass [?]
Should I ask him why? Why ask him?
He can't be me, he can't have my passion
For this [?] called music
I've been tryna' creep with' her, but it's hard to creep with' her
When I sleep with' her, everybody knows about us
So I've never seen with' her,
Unless you've been in the bed, and see me with' her
I mean... I just radiate her [?] hate
But they know they just rape her,
I take her by the hand
And guide her, 'smack' was my drug of choice 'til I tried her
Then we had a threesome
I didn't, music on smack-smack-smack that ass
I grew music on the back,
And no one knew the difference
'Til they heard the recordin', I think it's porn
You think it's songs in the mornin',
You get excited, I think it's borin'
"Charles, why sample, why you gotta' sing
Why you gotta' rockin' pink, why you gotta' thing,
For drugs" Shit, WHY YOU GOTTA' SUCK MY DICK?
Why you gotta' front like you don't love my shit?

Why these niggas wanna' stress me?
Why is the devil?...
'For the music, none of these bitches though I was sexy
Why don't 'body believe that I'm in dept b?
You askin' me for cake, nigga I can't afford a pepsi.
Yeah, I'm broke I said it, let's see
If any of you gold diggin'-niggas gon' hol' me down
On your credit, nigga I don't need cash
I need debit, get it? Got it?
Fuck a bank, I'm your deposit
Capital One, what's in your wallet?
You think Robin Hood would be robin' in the hood?
Since you niggas are ballin', he'll be ballin' too
When you're money is fallin', he'll be callin' you
Oxymoron; like snow on a hot day
No "Beach Chair" in this blizzard, I am not Jay!
Ya'll are red/pink, don't work
So when his +Kingdom Come+ nobody's fuckin' with my Latte

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You can have my iscolation
You can have anything that it brings
You can have my absence of faith
You can have my everything
Help me.
I pick apart my insides
Help me.
I got no soul to sell
Help me.
The only thing that works for me
Help me get away from myself