

Run that shit nigga
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Runnin' up a check, my mama think I lost my mind
Told her I'ma fuck it up because I cannot bide time, run it
Battle my conscience, aura mad gothic
At the formal gala, start a moshpit
Say I lost it, cause I'm high end
Dropped a tab of acid now the night lit
Syrping so hard saw the sky bend
Started rioting

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Moved back, started sleeping less, damn
Then my room started reeking plants, damn
Oh he's just an artist, he's depressed, damn
Shit well purple buddha guardian the wrist
All these top floor views, feel like jumping off a cliff
Hecka bottles, hella shrooms, got me nodding off, legit
Product of the sin, hottest riding for the grim shit
I'll die a supervillain, suicide, squadron 'til the end

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