

MAD

CHIKA

Uh

Perpetual chip on my shoulder
I'm tired of fakin' this shit like a poser
Attention is lost in a second, these battles are endless, I'm build like a soldier
Got women who tend to my issues, just bring me some tissues if you gon' come over
A bottle of liquor make therapy quicker, might regret this shit when I'm older

My enemies caught in a whirlwind, my ego the size of a boulder (Boulder)
I'm hopin' to watch as the world end, I'm a witness who lost they Jehovah
And I'm smokin' a blunt with a pearled end, I got higher to feel a bit closer
I'm the image of fired and tired, I been the example, put me on a poster
I think I may be too raw for this life, dreamin' all day make it darker at night
And then stayin' awake get me tossed into fights, and when I find my footin', they tossin' a knife
Bad girl, really, mad girl on the low
Make a sad girl get a bag off of no hope
And then after, I ask for a box and a rope
And I hear an applause as I cough and I choke

Perpetual chip on my shoulder
I'm tired of fakin' this shit like a poser
Attention is lost in a second, these battles are endless, I'm build like a soldier
To the women who tend to my issues, just bring me some tissues if you gon' come over
A bottle of liquor make therapy quicker, might regret this shit when I'm older

I've written about all the good times, I've sung a few songs of the bad
I lie to myself that I'm happy, then after, I feel I've been had
I ask, what the price of my peace is if I can exploit it to cop a new bag
Y'all met me before, I was angry, but excuse me, I'm 'bout to get mad (Haha)
Excuse me, I'm 'bout to get mad
Excuse me, I'm 'bout to get, 'bout to get
Hol' up
Pardon me, I'm gettin' pissed and I don't give a fuck what y'all think about it
'Cause y'all be mistakin' my trauma for drama and don't give a fuck 'less I sing about it
My nigga, I been knew this shit was transactional, loner for life, that's the thing about it
I'm already gone, I done been an addict
I don't want your prayers, I've already had it
I'm already sick, just asymptomatic
'Cause if I don't hide it, I seem dramatic
From cryin' to smilin', that shit is magic
Someone give me an Oscar for illest actress
I'll be a symbol for sadness that is doomed to come
It get really tragic just to give your all in the midst of madness
But what really count is how thick your cash is

Perpetual chip on my shoulder
I'm tired of fakin' this shit like a poser
My message is lost in the moment, blown up in my face, hand grenade, I'm a soldier
Next time I'm out gettin' my toes done, I'll ask if it come with a tag
If you think before I was angry, you don't wanna see me get mad