

Inner Thoughts (Honesty)

ChillinIT

(This one hurts me)
(I always keep it in, always)
(Not today)

Headphones on for the train ride, silence that teared through my bones
There's a whole train car full of people, we all just stared at our phones
Five thousand friends on my socials but for some reason I still feel alone
I've lived here my whole damn life but at the same time, well I've never been home
If I could I'd stop my head from these thoughts that bounce off the wall till I'm dropping dead
I ignored what the doctor said and got better on my own
I don't need you to cop me meds
No mind, so my brain feels lost
I thank God that my souls been found
Now I'm giving you the real damn me
Now I'm never gonna stop this sound
Cause these days rather help you up than sit there and let you down
Cause I'd much rather help you swim than sit there and sink while I watch you drown
Said I'm back on my real shit
Back now and back with the fire and back with the back the back
Won't stop till my mum's out of work and my fam can retire
It's real man shit, come and they go
Yeah I know there's a chance it'll hurt
My brother what makes you a man is the way that a man puts his family first
It's easier to take what's yours, it be much harder to give
Everybody works hard for themselves, a real man works hard for his... (ugh)

My best friends turned strangers, I learned that my love was a lie
I just don't think I could face it, thank God that my brother's alive
One of them still never made it, it's a pain that I suffer at times
And I know that he's up there with Teta and that Teta's sipping that scotch in the sky
I swear that the whole world's crazy, no respect and the whole world's lazy
The one girl that I love still hates me, and I wish that we kept my baby
I'm not proud of the man I've become, lost good friends to the

grams of the drugs

I'm trying to swim on the moonlight, I wanna dance on the sun

I wanna hold hands with my son but I can't

Wanna put hands on the gun and cock back and drop the clip to my brain and lay there in pain with a handful of blood

All of my homies act like they don't know me, they're actually close

In the end all my friends disappeared through the years like they casper the ghost

I get stuck in a train of thought, where I can't feel pain at all

Praise the lord that I still be alive at the times I would die
And I would give back my life just to make sure that my baby's born

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