

Missed Calls

Chris Miles

Mo' fucking Jesus

I was in a dark place
And my mind racing fast like a car chase
Mix the liquor with a little bit of heartbreak
Now I'm numb to the shit that they all say
Had to learn the hard way
I don't run no Maison Margiela 'cause my feet off the ground
I be sticking to myself and blowin' weed by the pound
Lately I'm just 'bout whatever, baby, can you hold me down?
Say you miss me when I'm gone, but then you never come around

I got missed calls, never replyin'
I don't wanna talk anymore, be silent
Missed calls, ringin' like sirens
In my head, it's in my head
'Cause I got missed calls, never replyin'
I don't wanna talk anymore, be silent
Missed calls, ringin' like sirens
In my head, it's in my head, yeah

I can barely breathe
Antisocial, leave a message at the beep
Beep
"Yo, Chris, I was just wondering-"
Delete
Only time I feel alive is off a beat, yeah
Tryin' to stay sober but I know I'm about to relapse
All these bitches actin' like they different, but I seen that
Truth be told, you the same as before
I ain't fuck with you at all
Leave that bullshit at the door

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