WHATS WRONG

Chris Miles

Everybody is half dead, everybody avoids everybody, I know I'm
one of those everybodies, and to me it is terrible

Talk is cheap, but my clothes so expensive
Fell asleep in my bed with a dead bitch
I feel like I don't exist
If she ever cut me off, I'm cuttin' both my wrists
Used to be a lame ho, now she on my dick
Threw away my iPhone, busy gettin' rich
Rich, sorry, I can't fight you, I'm a bitch
But I'll be down to lose it all once my brother load the clip
And her boyfriend's so mad because she likin' all my pics
I'm a schizophrenic, baby, that's why I be off the shits
Yuh, that's why I be off the shits
Uh, yeah, that's why
I'm not a bad guy, bad guy
Baby, I just need a fat line, fat line
In love with the drugs, they think I'ma flatline
In love with the drugs, but I don't got cat lives
I'm talkin' 999, anxiety is takin' over my mind, mind, mind
Yuh, I'm talkin' 666, why you in my crib takin' pics, pics, pic
s
Take it all 'cause it all means nothing
Only call me when we on that substance
She been on that fuck shit
But damn, I think I love it
Ah, it's there, then it's gone
But I'll be here in the morn'
They said "tell me what's wrong"
But I don't even know what's wrong