

GOOD GRIEF

cleopatrick

Man I shoulda cut but I couldn't keep my mouth shut
Lowlife phonies so corrupt
I was speaking my disgust and lost my lips fought fibs went buck
She love it when I trust my guts
Say my piece
Give a fuck
If they don't feel me now I trust that they will soon enough

Good lord
Switching flows
Touching road with the guys
Then I get low
No control
If it's working then why do I feel this all the time?

Good grief
I believe
You've been pushing too hard for the wrong things
In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent man listen
Oh god, just listen
You still don't get it...

She told me she got heat so I froze
Sent images to my phone
That's when I lost my composure
She was fully exposed
And I was only supposed to take a look then dispose of them
But the contents enclosed remitted all self-control
I said, uh

Good grief
I believe
You've been pushing too hard for the wrong things
In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent
Man listen
Oh god, just listen
Ya ya
Good grief
I believe
You've been pushing too hard for the wrong things
In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent
Man listen
Oh god, just listen to me

Good grief
I believe
You been pushing too hard for the wrong thing
In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent man

Good grief
I believe
You been pushing too hard for the wrong things
In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent man listen
Oh god, just listen
Ya ya

In my opinion, you and your vision are so unequivalent man listen

Oh god, just listen

Ah, you don't get it