

NO SWEAT

cleopatrick

I think I'm doomed
I wanna be the man I really do
But my feet don't fit the fucking shoes
Tried it didn't like it that's the truth
I'd give another shot but what's the use
When no matter how hard I'm hitting
No matter those lines I'm spitting
I always miss something yea, yea
I always miss something

Practicing my patience
Held down by the dayshift
Said god damn, I'm fucked man
I was planning my escape through the building's ventilation
There's no chance there's no chance
There's no chance there's no chance

So tell me what you're needing lately
Tell me what you're needing bad and I'll be that
Okay cool, I'm there, it's no sweat
I tried and lost
I died on cross and never once saw my God
I said I'm trynna stay gold but it's getting hard

Unsure of my placement, full of hesitation
Said it's alright, it's good vibes
Can't forget the basics, steady Henley Arcading
It's my ends it's my ends
It's my ends it's my ends

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Now I know
Know what they want
My love, my love, my love, oh god
Oh yes of course
My love, my love is what they need
Specifically
Full honesty, I do agree
But I can't defeat
This mouse in me