

Okae

Down with Webster

I think I'm okae
Could be a beautiful day
And all my friends went away
They'll be back one day
I think I'ma stay right here in my own world

Maybe I'll walk to the park
Maybe I'll lay in the dark
But I've been thinking lately
I should join a gym or maybe
I should order in or maybe
Both I'm mixing Ritalin with pot

Now let me Irish goodbye
I show myself out
Build things up or burn the house down
No plans for the future
Kids and no spouse
Gone way too far to turn it back round
But I like it
I'm turning all of my dreams into vices
I'm turning all of my schemes into hype shit
Used to have drive but I wiped it
I'll be alright

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Maybe I've run out of luck
Maybe I've just given up
Still failing upwards
Try to keep my friends close
But my enemies are closer
That's my story and I think I lost the plot

Yup!
Now watch me get in the way
And waste my own time
Don't need your help, I'll lose my own mind
I'm gone for the month
One room and no life
If the shoe don't fit, I'll trip and fall twice
Think I might just keep talking my shit
'Til the mic quits
I can see it all coming, I'm a psychic
Life's about to hit me in the chin with a high kick
But I'll be alright

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