

Odds

Drapht

Not taking calls today
Should I let nature take it's course, yeah of course I wanna stay another day
But another course of chemo is underway
Most days I feel it's killing me instead of healing me
Yeah, and what would I know
Looking what I've done to me, searching for comfort in Southern Comfort and
My shirt's covered in that red wine
Self induced bed time, days of Lazy Grey and Len One
Yo, is this the final come down
From years of drug abuse and hanging round the wrong crowd
I got a son now that I love to death
And his mother I still love her too, put her through so much stress
God let my sins wash away
Washed up in this hospice, I found you but I lost my faith
I found Rob but at what cost, what a fucking waste
Sorry God I'm in a lot of pain
From these tumours in my front and back
Yo, while my son is running laps around my bed
Death is like a lumberjack with axe up to my legs
I'm waking up with Dracula on my wrist
Take my blood, run these tests
They say take these drugs, forget about this
It's all about my son and watching him grow
I tell him that I'll be there but everybody knows
They know that

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I still feel okay mentally
Just don't understand why they all wanna be friends with me now though
The shows can't go no more
'Cause they don't respect my comfort zone and I'm photobombed
And before this, before I was sick
You even give a shit? Bet I was up in your hated list
Daz and Layla are my real crew, I love them
The other day Layla came and brought me some soup, it was so mad
Dazza brought the MPC
And I got a track with OPT, Draphto, Mortar and me
You see I'm still writing everyday in here
Working on kings collide with friends up in Australia
The Hoods are up in here, I'm proud to call 'em fam
I've been to every show, friends but I'm a bigger fan
Damn, crew are doing dry july because of me
Hope they didn't read the rant on Twitter when I was on morphine
Ouch, I've been through couch to couch
In this corridor it's impossible to get comfortable, and now
It's fucking midnight in this hospice
Leaving here alive is like spotting the Loch Ness Monster up in Scotland
It's a wives-tale, it happens but not that often

Is it too late to pray for life and read the Gospel?
SBX, YCK with Marley Bear I trust you
If I don't wake tonight, always know I love you

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