

## 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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