

## June 1st

Duckwrth

Every word unsaid  
Weighs a little heavier  
Weighs a little heavier  
The whole worlds on my shoulders  
Mmm  
Weighs a little heavier

June 1st  
I was sitting in the back of a  
Van, 100 grand  
Wasn't feeling so spectacular  
Knew I had to call you  
And tell you the things I did  
Dread sinking in  
Like a nigga kissing Dracula  
I dialed your number  
Every digit that I pressed  
Had me stressed  
I was bugging  
Can't believe I'm gon' confess  
It prob be easier  
If I jumped off the Eiffel  
Come crashing down like a meteor  
But I'm not suicidal  
I pressed the call button  
Then I hung up  
Then I pressed the call button again  
Like man the fuck up  
Dial tone sounding like  
The music to my funeral  
Six niggas carrying my body  
Nothing beautiful  
Hands all shaking  
Like it's cocaine in my cuticles  
I'm numb, but I'm feeling everything  
That's unusual  
The weight of the whole world  
Is pressed on shoulders  
And then you picked up