

Lately I've been paranoid
I walk around with a blade
Thinking 'bout buying a stick
Hope I don't blow out my brains
I didn't grow up with shit
Used to sell drugs, hide the bag
Out of my moms apartment
Yeah, I regret it, the shame

Leave the racks on the curb
That was for a double P
That night I almost got shot
In my house for sellin' weed
Flying through trees like a bird
Addicted to numbing the pain
Maybe I've been too reserved
I've been too humble and tame

I gotta puff out my chest
I've been in this for a grip
Lately I hop out of bed
And I'm trippin' in a cold sweat

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