

# Endo

Felly

Yeah yeah come on with the come on get down with the get down

I'm swerving steady, they trying to tell me Armageddon's coming  
God-damn I ain't even ready  
I throw machetes in my brain when I lack resin  
I'm off some headies but they hittin me like abscess  
Pardon my tardiness but this shit no absence  
Illuminated I be banging shit like crash test  
Like, how that make you feel?  
How that make you move, smoking weed to jazz music I be in this crazy mood  
I look around and its pretty wild what this world will do  
Open up for one (moment/woman) now they all controlling you  
I shed a tear for my people who ain't here  
Reminiscin' on my boy bradley, he died last year  
That's some gruesome shit I'd rather not get into  
Lookin out my window, blowin' out some endo  
I question if this is the life that I should live  
Seeking righteousness but then I grip the sin and I give in  
Melancholy, bumpin billy Holey, until I'm grinnin  
Tell my homies what I'm dreamin'  
But they tell me I'm trippin'

But the time don't stop  
Uh-uh uh uh  
And this is really all I got  
Uh-uh uh-uh  
You either with me or you not  
Smoking on some pot, in the parking lot  
Thinking how the fuck to get on top

Aye-yo  
Walkin down the avenue I stubble  
And recognize that most you people never leaving trumbull  
And that's sad to me but ain't no diss to my town  
Cause honestly I got to get away this place hold me down  
I'm sippin berries tea thinkin about my father in life  
This instrumental suit me right I had to get on the mic  
You know my styles something like the dark mixed with the light  
But most my time I'm just bitchin' about some shit I don't like  
Apologize I keep letting down the people I love  
I'm either working on my crap trying get me a buzz  
Down in my basement, at Tommys Ceres  
Yeah that's my fella  
Used to hit the blunt up in the woods and kick an acapella  
Ever since I started rhymin' serious, shit's been brighter  
My attention spand be lackin' lately yo wheres the lighter  
I write songs that splurge  
Nothing like some herb just to get the mood right  
And when I'm right mark my words

Cause the time don't stop  
Uh-uh uh uh  
And this is really all I got  
Uh-uh uh-uh  
You either with me or you not  
Smoking on some pot, in the parking lot  
Thinking how the hell to get on top

Let's go

Aye-yo  
Aye we ridin up  
I feel good (x3)  
My man davey's in my room right now  
He's lookin at the ceiling  
We coolin'

WOOOP !