

While my grandmother's scarf comforts me  
But you look ugly  
And I ain't ever trippin' 'bout the lack of company  
Cause honestly I'm sittin' here alone quite comfortably  
Depressed through this dimension  
And I think I failed to mention  
That I feel like I been runnin' outta seconds  
Nobody gave a forewarning nor a preface  
Followin' my dreams feel like followin' my death wish

She said she know just how that stress gets  
When you hungry and you just tryna eat breakfast and nobody feel your message feel  
Good enough to wake up and then fall back to sleep  
It's a bad car to go get involved in like half the shit that I see  
Plus I feel happier in my dreams, right  
I spit that shit that give the feeling of the seaside  
Hungover in Pitts  
But with the flick of the wrist  
Yo I can kick shit like this  
I be as good as it gets  
Even through all my vices  
My inner being Rastafarian  
Always one-hunnid three times you'll get Spartacus  
What's with all you knock-offs, and self-conscious narcissists?  
Said I'm an artist bitch, do this shit so artifice  
In it for the hardships the nonsense of reapin' attention  
Homie rolled up a blessing  
We in a world with no exits  
You gotta give me a second  
Straighten up and get balanced  
My homie flipped on a record  
I beat it up ain't no challenge

I smoke that weed while my grandmother's scarf comforts me  
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Cause honestly I'm sitting here alone quite comfortably  
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Followin' my dreams (let's go) feel like followin' my death wish

Ayo, reach and you slip a backpedal  
I do my homework blazed and gets A's I'm mad mellow  
I hear the sad fellows get they fix when I spit  
Like that sun up in the sky you must protect or you get hit  
Sometimes life is full of shit too many damn to-do lists  
But yo I learned if you ain't coolin' you just being foolish  
I used to think that I'ma die early, like mid-thirties  
But fuck that I'ma rise early, and ride dirty  
I reach the crucifix up to my lips and then I kiss it  
I try to walk with God but got some holes up in my slippers  
And so I keep on slippin'  
Get tangled in the mischief  
So in a nutshell I'm just a sinner named Christian

But still they keep me spinnin' when they drinkin' on they lonely  
High rollin' like Jody, eyes open, got stolen by this music shit  
And I don't think I'm coming back (what that is bro)  
Everybody rockin' plaid we look like lumberjacks (straight up), ayo

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Yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Ayo, let it go  
Damn, damn  
Damn, yo  
Damn