

Freezed up, bass hit  
Up and copy, paste it  
Drink till I be, wasted  
And this world so, tasteless  
Dead friends on my bracelets  
My death sentence need patience  
Once you make it erase it  
Don't get lost in the matrix  
I board that train up with no ticket keep my eyes up for booby  
traps  
Deal with all my problems keep them locked up in Gucci bags  
My homie popping perks I told his dumb ass stop doing that  
That high might be alright but know that come down so blue and  
black  
And every single second slip these serpents never let me live  
They want to test your grip, like will you hold on or slip  
There must be some way out, because suicide too mainstream  
Depressed that's how my days be, your memories just pain me

Drifting on a memory  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
But with you, and loving you

Damn, like here we go again  
Playing records, let them spin  
I Hope the heavens let me in  
So I can greet you but wait, hope you're not down in flames  
That devil shit be fucking strange  
It's not your fault you crashed your plane  
But then again it is, now I'm out getting ribs  
And searching for my exorcist, so demons let the games begin  
Getting too high, my friends all getting too high  
There's no surprise, I knew that was the case when you died  
And I don't wanna see another pill again they killing friends  
I wish the devil and God inside you would've just made a mends  
Your boy been lonely it's a shame your time is finished  
On the cusp of all this greatness, save a place up where your s  
itting and I'll be there