

Slip

Felly

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 sitting and I'll be there