

## quicksand

Flatbush ZOMBIES

Don't pray for me, just press play for me  
Don't cry for me, just put one in the sky for me  
Honestly, if you lie, you die to me  
Don't pray for me, just press play for me  
Don't cry for me, just put one in the sky for me  
Honestly, if you lie, you die to me

My problems is real, mama, my problems is real  
I tried to run from my problems until I bloodied my heels  
My problems is real, mama, my problems is real  
I tried to run from my problems until I bloodied my heels  
I swallowed my courage and then I swallowed my fears  
And then I swallow every ounce left in a bottle that's near  
I'm deep in my feels, my right hand on the wheel  
I know they say drugs kill, but so do cops who cares?  
This shit's straight ill, nobody know how it feel  
I said this shit's straight ill, nobody know how it feel

Sometimes I want to run, run a million miles away  
But there's nowhere to go, feels like I'm stuck in quicksand  
See I don't need your judgment, shit is fucking with my brain  
I'm in way over my head, feel like I'm in quicksand

I'm feeling the connection with my family driftin'  
How will it be when I become a father of my own  
Lately my brothers been distant  
But maybe it's me, you know your boy gets paranoid  
They talk about us from a distance  
But hate's a disease, I'm sure they'll never find a cure  
Wish I could run away from my problems  
Until my heels is bleeding, lord knows

Sinkin', I'm drownin', I'm submergin', boy you better get to le  
arnin'  
Before that quicksand murk ya (Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah)  
Sinkin', I'm drownin', I'm submergin', boy you better get to le  
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Before that quicksand murk ya (Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah)