

Recovery
Rehabilitation

Woke up cryin' out my sleep ain't with my painkillers
Like I fell in love with catching hats and drug dealing
Choppa sounds so damn loud I bet the gods hear it
War with everybody swear I feel like fuck my city
Right now im shot I can't lay down I need sum dead
My own cousin dropped my lo' I got shot in the leg
Now he got chores cause for that he done made his bed
This my 12th shootout this year, all I see is red
Tryna recover from this shit like im on special teams
Ray charles dont know he so damn blessed cause he dont see a th
ing
Wish I ain't see my brother die charged it to the game
Whether its a quarter dime a nickel why my nigga change

I hear demons talking (damn, damn)
I see angels walking (6)
I see the reaper stalking, huh
I hear bibby talking (fuck)

I was posed to die, AR bullets flying through my window
Police want answers but they label me like im the killer
My lil cousin died for get back streets had caught up with him
Then I got shot up hours later so its fuck that nigga
Searching for peace looking at my niece she need her uncle here
Glock in my lap and I got killers watching in my rear
I wanna tell god the truth but thats my biggest fear
Fee say sit back and relax big bruh we need you here
Boy this way it ain't never been killing without no killing
Im so lost, what the fuck with my feelings
Damn
With my feelings (ion know)

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