

How did I end up this way?  
Okay, okay, I'm good now  
I barely move  
Golden crisp like an apple  
Memory in a capsule  
That one day in Seattle  
My eyes big  
Blushing red like rosacea  
I'll do it if you say so  
Looking up at my pillow

I feel guilty, guilty  
The streets are made for me  
You feel me, you feel me

Pickup basketball in the summer  
Pickup basketball in the summer  
My heart hurts, it stops and it flutters  
Rollercoaster December  
Do my best to recovery  
I'm so sorry

Guilty, guilty  
The streets are made for me  
You feel me, you feel me