

Conversations

French The Kid

Yo it's French, my darlin', welcome to this life of mine
Welcome to this life of crime
Welcome to this life I like to describe when I'm writing rhymes
And to be honest, bro, I get drunk just to past the time
Can't be off the fucking lie but some days I would rather die
I guess this music's working now and shit it's really good
I wish my bro could see this shit, I think he really should
Ah well, I guess I'll stick to writing all this down
Stuck inside my brain, I hate this fame, at least it makes you proud

I've got supporters now, they tell me what they've been through
Yeah they tell me that I've helped them through the dark days when they can't move
They tell me, French, I wanna leave, I'm gonna end this shit
I'm inspired by your music but my brain is always spinning tricks
It's like a switch, my bro, I know you'll understand
Here's some pics of when I cut myself, French, please, you're the man
I don't have a plan but when I listen to your songs
I relate to all that pain up in your voice, it makes me strong

Look, I got these voices in my head and shit they constantly debate
Why the fuck I'd even do this 'fore I'm bleeding and it's great
Ah shit, I guess I'm waffling again
But Frenchie, can you be my friend, you've seen the message I sent?
Like why the fuck you even airing me, I love all your tunes
Everyday I message you, shit I got nothing to prove
Nothing to lose, fuck it, I can tell you don't care
Might just end it all right now, all this shit ain't fair

Yo, just heard your voice note, I appreciate it all
But I talk about you cut yourself, my bro, shit ain't cool
If you feel that way inside, then get outside and hit the mall
Or even group up with your friends and hit the field and kick the ball
I don't ever air your messages, I might not see them cuz
Now I see how much your fuck with me shit, I swear it's love
Keep your head up, look above, 'cause the darkness never lasts
Always think about the future, bro, don't ever hold the past