

BASEMENT

GAWNE

What if I told you
There's plenty of days when you're gonna go through
Hell, but I hope you're well now
That you overcame that hell house
Went from hell-bound to a free slave
Had to leave the chains and go reclaim
Those sweepstakes, what a mean game that we play
I never wanted what I became
See we may never leave alive
D-day, yeah we may die, I pray my soul will fly
Say goodbye, close my eyes, spread my wings
Go so high
I think I'm always gon' be trapped in the basement

Never gonna leave the pain
You wanna talk about hope?
Me and you, we don't see the same
I don't really wanna re-explain
This heated exchange, recommend leaving, I'll lead the way
Otherwise, get beat today
Till you got a fucking bleeding brain
I don't play when I'm heated
Too angry, you may wanna beat it
I pray for the day that my name is deleted
Ah, what they really gonna say now?
I've been in the basement way down
Tryna disappear from the world, shed a tear for the girls
That I hurt when it played out
I'll be better by tomorrow though
Otherwise I'll put the clip into my fucking pistol
Put it to my brain 'cause I become a martyr yo

Got everything that I dreamed of
But I need more
I'm still feeling empty
Now it's much worse than before
I thought the music would save me
But I need more
My heart isn't changing
Part of me's feeling vacant
I think I'm always gon' be trapped in the basement

I'm not intimidated
Got a problem, I eliminate it
Honestly, I feel exhilarated
On pen and paper, I'ma demonstrate it
My apartment is incinerated
I don't know if I can renovate it
Take the pain and I obliterate it
It's mitigated, yeah, I been living in the basement
I don't feel safe with myself and these manifestations
My hesitation made me complacent
Now I feel like I can never escape it
Damn it, I hate this, I'm not okay with
Myself, and the shit that I made
This isn't the same as what I envisioned
When I was a kid I was dealing with pain

Sh, wait
Do you hear the footsteps?
Walk above me on the top floor
Look at myself in the mirror
Talking to myself like, "It's not yours?"
I'm not sure
Remember the journal that we used to keep in the sock drawer?
'Cause you couldn't tell anybody the shit you were dealing with
Damn, can I get an encore?
'Cause the shit that I'm dealing with is entertaining
Yesterday I just had a conversation
With someone that inspired me to make this
This isn't the song that I wanted to play
I'm not okay, this trauma's got me enslaved
I don't think that I could ever escape it
Lately I feel like I'm wasting my life
By living my life in the basement

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But I need more
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My heart isn't changing
Part of me's feeling vacant
I think I'm always gon' be trapped in the basement
I think I'm always gon' be trapped in the basement
Trapped in the basement