

# 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

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 think I'm always gon' be trapped in the basement  
Trapped in the basement