

Runaway

GAWNE

Run away, run away, yuh
From my life and this pain, yuh
Pray to God for a savior
Devil making me anxious
Livin' life, I live dangerous
I do drugs, I do lame stuff
People want me to change up
Fuck 'em all, run away, yuh

I get by by getting high, so hurt inside
I can't describe, can't tell no one
So I pop pills, I cop false dreams
By my design I'm self-prescribed
By my design I'm well disguised
Can't you see that I'm happy?
Smiling me, I'm doing fine
Got masked for days, I'm buying time
For my demise (yeah)
Don't mind me, just cruising by
Getting closer
Death will be my closure, so just let me die
Might as well have been in FBI
I'm living double lives
Papa wants a doctor
But I'm out here selling lies
Oh geez, I might OD
Get my corpse found by my OG's
Whole block wake up to the siren
Getting questioned by the police
Reasons why I left;
'Cause I felt like nobody to these phonies
Crying at my funeral
These bitches acting like they know me
[?] my friend, my homies
Have fun thinking that you owe me
You know who you are
You made up a promise then ignored me
That's the last time I'll get hurt
I'm gon' have fun in purgatory, yah

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Paralyzed
Para- para- paralyzed
Crutches for my defects, call that shit a pair of lies
Every night
I pray to the wrong ones for my paradise
One more- one more hit for SEPPI
Watch me risk it
Roll the dice

He got by by getting high
My best friend was hurt inside
But we couldn't see through him, nobody knew it
His family didn't and friends were clueless
Like, what the fuck was I supposed to do?
How was I to know you weren't cool?
Every night getting so fucked up
'Til one day you never woke up, fuck you
I hate you for it, left me here alone
Heartbroken with no support
No one left that can relate no more
Today I called just to hear your voice
And it's gonna be a long road home
Without my homie by my side
Can't sleep at night, sometimes I cry
I pray to God and ask him why
Why the fuck did he die?
Why didn't you take me? I can't even breathe
The funeral is on Sunday
And I don't know if I can see him
I put shoes on, a black suit on
Then I leave my place
Today's the day, and no pun intended
My best friend is asleep at a wake

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