

blackout.

grouptherapy.

Okay
Get all this shit out my way
It's messy
I'm too busy taking your place
Just let me
I write my own rules to the race
I'm petty, I love it
Already above it
You're heading for trouble
A couple of niggas with muzzles
Can't tell you the puzzles, spaghetti
If I ever utter or stutter, get ready
Your head in my hands, damn
Now what? How God even found us?
Squarepants all around us
Stare glass when I'm round 'em
Can't take it, man faking
Cut the check my fam waitin'

Don't want nothing when I'm rich (Let's go!)
I don't have a single rock on my neck or wrist
Still in this hoe (Let's go!)
Outfit black as my fist (It's as black as my fist)

I'm blacking out, I'm blackin'
I'm blacking out, I'm blackin'

I get high-low (high-low)
I could see that this was coming with my eyes closed
I been counting on the commas, not a typo
Am I psycho?
Holding baggage like my dad is just a psycho
Fuck niggas need from me?
Just wanna switch up my scenery
From black to blue to green and back to blue
It's that regime, you see
Don't want the cream
For me, it's just Mona Redeem
Sort out my corner for fortunate things
I don't need diamonds and Porsches and rings
I just need time on the porch with a swing

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Man

I'm sick of flexing, can I vent?
I just packed a show out
Still ain't paid my fuckin' rent
I just sold a show and still ain't made a fuckin' cent, uh
That don't make no sense, uh
I just called up Dee
He sent me heat and I repent
I need a big mop
Contain whole game in a Ziplock
I remain entertained in the gridlock
Since eight, I ain't never been okay
I got niggas like RHEA, had me wiped due to Kids Bop
Make the kids watch
Why you niggas out of shape?
This tip-top, too
Gotta make sure her wrist achoo
It do

I'm just blacking out on these niggas, I'm just blackin'
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I'm just blackin'