

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