

Untitled

grouptherapy.

I find myself getting to the age
Where every place your drive-
through remind you of times you were trying to forget about
Maybe you was cutting up, maybe you was sluttin' out
Maybe it was something nobody would give a fuck about
Me and Wussaname got beers here, and ramen
Talking favorite rappers and fears we had in common
Maybe I'm not meant to be anything more than this
And then we hooked up on the couch after Mario on the Switch
I thought we'd be exclusive, but nah
We never got official like a suit and a tie, business casual
Niggas want it chemistry free just like the radicals
Niggas want it chemistry free, no GMOs
Everybody wanna be treated like they deserve
But damn it, if wasn't so easy to be a ghost
Everybody quick to tell you, "you acting shy"
Maybe I just don't wanna laugh at your shitty jokes
Every time I step out the house, I try to hide
So everybody still in the house deserve a toast
So everybody still in the house deserve a toast