

# Guilty Pleasure

Hi-Rez

Hey, Rez Motherfucker  
Let me get a hand job

Suicidal bars like the thoughts in my mind  
I got these Rolex dreams but I'm just lost in the time  
And often you'll find that I'm on my grind still pockets empty  
Put the semi automatic to my brain and let's get busy  
Xanax don't even work I'm going berserk  
When I pop a couple for the troubles  
All the struggles seem to get worse  
Every time I breathe it just hurt  
So what's my life even worth?  
I feeling like talking to God in a temple, masquerade or church  
I don't really care  
Just need answers 'cause cancerous thoughts are  
Dancing all around my damn self conscious  
I'm positive that my passion for rapping  
Might be decreasing if being deceased is better  
Than what I'm going through holding in these emotions I'm bleeding  
And leaking my thoughts on records  
And drinking to drown depression  
Effected with dark thoughts cause rapping ain't a profession  
Now my girl is getting sick of me  
Living is getting harder  
This music gun' be the death of me  
That's something that I'm sure of  
'Cause I never thought so negative  
This life just seem repetitive  
A pessimist with excellence  
Just trying to get his message to the people  
Before it's too late, I'm too great to be forgotten  
'Cause even Saddam Hussein remembered every autumn  
So infinity is a symphony and fame just leads to pain  
Let that marinate my brain and stain from every strain of Mary Jane that I s  
moke  
The Mary Jane that I smoke, I'm constantly losing hope  
I'm walking on tight ropes, so don't trip if I write dope  
'Cause I'm just trying to let go of what's holding me back from living  
By making these bad decisions and holding me back from prison  
Nobody wanna listen, they just always disagree  
And judge a book by its cover; In this case the book is me  
Just a year ago my friends are all supporting  
Now ignoring all my calls is what they doing  
'Cause they don't think it's important  
Only trust my damn self, walking on egg shells  
Spitting real won't get me far 'cause you know that sex sells  
Man I really need help because I've been going downhill  
Mad pills is what I'm popping, I'll OD on Advil  
Facts show they're blowing up I'm even less to slim to none  
Old enough to get respect ain't old enough to give a fuck  
Find a cliff and get to jumping  
I ain't bluffing you can take your opinion  
And go and shove it where the motherfucking sun don't shine  
There's no signs of me being happy  
So I bet they won't be laughing  
When they lowering my casket that's a fact  
They gun' miss me but they never showed me love

They gun' wear me on their t-shirts and say how tight we was,  
This music started with happiness then led to pain and drugs  
I was happy when no one knew me  
Ever since I got a buzz life has sucked  
What the fuck