

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
Effectuated 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