Sadboy

Huskii

My own fears got the best of me, she got what's left of me
Now everything I own in a box to the left of me
She left on me, tried to do the righty she turned left on me
The recipe was gone now the sauce is all I got left on me

Back to this quarter roll, ten bucks, ciggy packet
Rap ain't paying my bills I'm so sick of slinging packets
I ain't making no money I need a bigger bracket
The world is yours but most these cats be too shit to grab it

My bitch's had it with these bitches I've had
See my self every time I seeing them pics of my dad
Look my son in the eyes I think all the things I done bad
I'm over-thinking so I bring over some bitch to my pad

Help me get over this shit I'm over-thinking at that
Sober drinking this lean so I take a brick from the bag
I got bottles off the plug now the addiction is back
I know I'm just getting older homie this shit's getting sad

Sadboy

But everytime that I'm alone, pictures of you in my head
Suicidal on my own that's why all these different bitches in my bed
Know where I can call a home? I'm so fuckin sick of living in my head
Swear to god if I keep going on another 6 months I'll be dead

I'd change the day DOCS took my little brother
Fuck the system, fuck the pigs, even fuck my mother
I hate that bitch it fucking hurts me cause I tried to love her
My exes tell me I'm damaged I probably won't recover

But they the ones who wanna fuck me still
I dunno when I'm dreaming or what the fuck be real
I keep waking up screaming I'm thinking fuck these pills
I've been starving my whole life I would love three meals

I'm sick with my stomach hungry I'm sick with my stomach filled
I'm sick of these fuckin junkies who owin' me money still
Sick of these rappers spitting their shit out but nothing real
I'm sick of this shit I'm looking so sick like I'm puffing still

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