

Brain numb when I lay back  
Where I came from can't change that  
Been tripping lately I say that  
On suicide watch but I came back  
Body sick of them meds now  
Minds saying don't take ehm  
I just walk around with my head down  
I ain't gunna shake your hand cause I'm shakin  
Ain't talking to you are you talking to my girl  
Sick of fuckin living with these thoughts throughout my world  
Sick of always being sick thinkin I'm gunna hurl  
Sick of always laying on the floor up in a curl  
Sick of being depressed  
Always gotta wonder how much weed left  
Be stressed push a boat load like a v-tec  
Everybody dying swear I'm gunna be next  
He said she said  
And the wack rappers I don't listen to ehm  
They all telling themselves why are they whistleblowing  
If I want there fucking attention then ima whistle to ehm  
Say my name and I drop bombs throwin whistle to ehm  
Barbarian flow call it Conan  
I ain't got no friends I got no fam  
Blow grams so my head don't go scram  
I'm tryna get a grip I feel like I got no hands  
Fuck a stick 28 from the dope man  
Fuck a bitch get away you got no chance  
Want a misses n kid with a home and a dog in the backyard [?]  
If not, rest in peace to me  
Everything I do is taking a piece of me  
Everybody got a point there ain't no reasoning  
A fucked up brain, no one to blame I leave it be  
I don't mess around it just stress me out  
So I'm messed up now with that weed in me  
I don't want trouble but everybody that I know does always seemin to lead to  
me  
Trippin on my life cause I wrecked it  
I relate to my homies who necked it  
Too many days not phased but a maze I was faced with now I regret that  
Still tryna find where my heads at  
Still team huskii I rep that  
Still got cunts on the web tryna bite my shit like the faggots with redbacks  
My PO trippin on a drug test  
Bitches always hatin me she probably thinkin fuck yes  
Everytime I walk into her office wanna chuck fits  
Killin everybody cause I'm sick of bein fucked with  
Used to have to line up for soup bowls  
Bottle of purple sip it till I'm woozy  
Everybody around me sayin that I'm too cold put it on the paper now I spit i  
t like an uzi  
And stickin to the script this shit is not a movie I'm too busy thinkin whic  
h one of my homies is gunna do me everybody tryna fuck me like a bitch who g  
ot a booty  
Send me to the pen, they wanna send me to the looney  
Been up been this way for ages  
Been through stages with pins and razors  
Sick of chasing shit to hit the matrix [?]