

Stress

Huskii

People ain't seeing my grind
People don't notice the demons that be in my mind
Pour up a three in my sprite, seem to be fine man
I swear I just need to be high
I'm a fiend and it eats me alive
I been keepin inside I'm alone like a thief in the night
Used to have to rack feeds for my wife
Now we only eat greens when the season is right

Sippin lean every night got the team by my side
Had a baby it gave me a meaning of life
First thing that I wrote was a suicide note
Now the streets I keep beast on the mic
Man the reason I write is it keeps me alive
I ain't never said shit for the people to like
Eighteen was a fiend for the pipe, poppin xan's
Now I charge for the features I write

Plus I need to remind a few peeps
They OGs for Q's and the P's I don't mind
They think they OG's but they lie they be weak
They don't know we can see through through their type
All these sheep want the keys to my ride
Try to jump in my lane for the day just to see what it's like
I been wavy off g's that I light never gave no fucks
I been sleeping alright

I been down for my fam, don't care about nothin
People think I'm the man shit I ain't changed
Where were you fuckers when I needed you
Now they all scream we believe in you
Claim to be mates they deceiving you
Now they all fake to your face when they meeting you
I don't need all these snakes tryna snitch to my P.O
You feel, she taking my freedom

Now I got real ones paying for meals and shit
Cause I'm locked up I can't even feed 'em
Over this life I ain't talkin bout suicide now
Man I'm thinking up ways of succeeding
How I been bleeding over all these tracks
And I swear that it feels like nobody can see them
Stressin these nervous twitches lately turning vicious
I keep poppin' valium to treat 'em

I been losing friends and bitches burning bridges
But it feels like I don't even need 'em
I fight with addiction I thought that I beat it
Still fight with my bitch when I do it gets heated
Swear that we keep going on with this shit
What you wanna leave me for some text I deleted?
Arh! Too much shit I gotta try and grapple
Mixin' syrup with this pineapple fanta
Got me feelin like I'm flying I ain't coming down
Until I've won all my battles

Ain't too many I've been fuckin' with

Syrup gang or you can suck a dick
I been gettin' faded for the fuck of it
I write a track and now they say they lovin' it
I'm on some other shit, laziest rapper alive
I do this shit for my mind

I ain't slaving or snapping my spine for the likes
I been trying and taking my time
People tryna pressure me to push an album on 'em like it's my day job
I been writing tryna keep myself from snapping I don't care if I get paid of
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