

## Washed Up

Injury Reserve

Why is everyone in my town oh so wishy, wishy  
Wishy, wishy, wishy, wishy, wishy, wishy-washed up?  
And every time I come around, it's all wishy, wishy  
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Why why why why, priorities flip-flopped up  
Too settled, too comfortable, why's everyone so caught up  
Why's everyone so balled up, why's everyone gon follow  
Why's everyone thinking just like they grandpops and they grandmama  
Where's the, yeah, where's the real crafters  
I'm tired of being put on the same pedestal as these half-assers  
I'm tired of being boxed in, I'm tired of no profit  
I'm tired of people now with us just because we poppin'

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I hate going home because it's always crowded  
Never trust my judgment cause it's always clouded  
If I got some liquor best believe I'll down it  
Y'all be like "I feel you" but I really doubt it  
We about to run this, you gon wish and watch me  
Fans are like politicians, hella wishy washy  
But I can't even talk because I've done the same  
One minute that's your favorite, next minute that nigga's lame  
But I guess that's how it goes  
Love to see you coming up but they hate to see you blow  
Wanna hear the same old shit, never wanna hear you grow  
It's that blah blah blah shit that everybody know  
But if you tryna box us in you know you got me really really  
Really really really really really really really fucked up  
And I'm always one shot away from being really really  
Really really really really really really really fucked up

You Mr. Me Too's, I'm Mr. Miyagi  
I fathered these niggas, this shit is a hobby  
You Daniel Son ass niggas, man, these niggas is washy  
The different cats all the same, man, we need to applaud them  
Man, this shit is a problem  
Why is everyone thinking like they granduncles and auntie  
Settled with who they are leaving no room for some progress  
Will kiss some ass for a title, man they remind me of Congress  
But flip the script, flip names like Muhammad Ali  
Shaheed Muhammad scratch the surface I lay, backwards Ali  
Thanks to Trinidad James, half my friends are popping mollies  
But Chance is cool so they'll start dropping acid probably