

TIRED

Jack Kays

I'm really trying here
I cannot look in the mirror
Feeling like nobody's here
Poppin' on Percocet pills, yeah
Baby, I'm dying here
I gotta be more serious, yeah
I gotta pour me a liter, yeah
Devil is in my ear, yeah
I'm really dying here
I cannot look in the mirror
Feeling like nobody's here, yeah
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My demons tell me to chill, but I need a bag so it's fuck what they feel
I can't be trappin' with pills, sippin' on Codeine syrup, keep it filled
I be tryna keep it real, but everybody actin' fake now, yeah
I be tryna keep it civil, but I ain't got that much to say now
I can't be taking a favor 'cause I ain't got that much to give
Trappin' to get in my paper and I don't like the way I live
I gotta pop me a pill 'cause I don't like the way I feel, yeah
Fucked up and stuck in my home, I'ma break another seal, yeah
Baby, I'm trying here, tired of getting caught up in my fears
Stuck and I'm lying here, crying for somebody, nobody hears
Fall to the ground with my tears, I can't do another year
I pour a four in a liter and I know I got it severe, yeah

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