

GLORY*

Jean Dawson

Ex girlfriend thinks that I'm fucked up
I am
Mom thinks that I keep a gun tucked
Yes mam
My best friend thinks that I'm off one
My dad thinks I don't care to call him
My old friends think that I've lost my head
Oh my god
Shut the fuck up
It's like all my life
I've been a fuck up
Who do you really think you are

I'm so fucked up I can barely stand straight
I'm bout it bout it I'ma laugh until my last day
I'm so fucked up I can barely stand straight
I'm bout it bout it I'ma laugh until my last day

Young bull might be crazy
Young bull might be shady
Young bull young bull
Young bull might fade away
Young bull might kill a matador

I'm not crazy
Hallelujah
Tell my momma
Iont need no shooter
I ain't missing not a shot huh
Thanks a lot huh
Blocka blocka
Pull my body out the devil locker like...

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I'm so fucked up I can barely stand straight
I'm bout it bout it I'ma laugh until my last day

Young bull might be crazy
Young bull might be shady
Young bull might fade away
Young bull might kill a matador

Young bull might be crazy
Young bull might be shady
Young bull might fade away (be crazy)
Young bull might kill a matador

I'm so fucked up I can barely stand straight
I'm bout it bout it I'ma laugh until my last day
I'm so fucked up I can barely stand straight
I'm bout it bout it I'ma laugh until my last day