

Die 4 Me

Joseph Black

When the times get tough is you gon stay or leave me like they do?
Getcha mind made up cause mine's made up so bae whatchu gon do?

I won't let you die nah not for me
But I just wanna know would you die for me?
When it get real will you ride for me
Put ya hands on the wheel might gotta drive for me
I won't let you die
I won't let you die
Just wanna ride
Want you to ride for me

The way I feel inside, I can't explain the shit
Can't get rid of my craziness
And I think it rubbed off from a crazy bitch
I really mean it when I say it I put pain in this
I got a frown on my face, gun on my waist
And that's a bad combination with the way I was raised
Oh he a bad mufucka you might out today
But she a bad lil shawty tryna soften his ways

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Roll it up
Smoke it up and forget the shit
Load it up, my doe is up like I been hittin' licks
Blow it outta proportion, she a pretty bitch
But it's some bullshit coming outta those pretty lips
She say that I'm paranoid and I need to see therapist
I said that I'm good I got trauma but I can carry this
I look in her eyes while we talk I see embarrassment
Hope we do better than our parents did...

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