

Codeine Cobain

Juice WRLD

Purps on the beat
Codeine Cobain, Percocet fazed
Drop like a mixtape, pills full of mixed hate
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Uh-huh (Haha)

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I'm beggin' and pleadin', my stomach is bleedin', I need her right now
I'm coughin' and wheezin', I'm breakin' down pills in my loud
Uh, I'm beggin' and pleadin' and calling my plug, I'm runnin' out
She serve me pills full of thrills, I'm aroused

Uh-huh, everyday I pour 4-0s till I'm slow-ow
Play the game of life, using drugs is the cheat code
Everybody knows
But everybody don't know the repercussions of them codes
The day that you run out and the plug don't pick up the phone that's when it's gon' get cold
You gon' feel the devil himself putting his hands on your soul
Personally I put up a front and say these bands make me whole
But these blue pills the only keys that let me in my home
Uh-huh, you can imagine the tragedy
But us, we go through it on the daily
What the fuck? There ain't no hope for us
But they sure got dope for us
That's what got us in this rush
Uh-huh, pick up the phone when the drugs call
Uh-huh, the Percs, it got me scratchin' through the walls
Uh-huh, it works, but I only feel high for a minute
I get so high, feel like I'ma die for a minute
Mix more then I crash, head-on collision

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