

Three

Remember they ain't see the vision, now they flocking  
I wake up at 2AM, I'm feeling nauseous  
I remember when they told me I should stop this  
And now I passed them, so they calling me obnoxious  
Please, stop tryna tell me that I need another option  
He talk shit on Twitter, when I see you, we gon' pop shit  
Now they like, "Damn, he switching up, he think he hot shit"  
It's not my fault you're fucking broke and you ain't got shit

She throw her phone at the wall  
She praying to God that I call, but God don't hear her at all  
I guess she ran all out of friends, she shop alone at the mall  
I cut her off and now she's pissed, she's like, "How you have the gal  
1?"  
It's not my job to save no one, no, I'm not nobody's savior  
It's 2AM, I'm skipping stones and now you're blowing my pager  
I'm too nauseous in the back, but I'll still call you later  
I'm just tryna feed my fam' before I'm meeting my maker

Wake up from another daydream  
It's a new day, but I'm still doing the same things  
But when it all comes crashing down, don't fucking blame me  
So many people weren't around 'til as of lately  
Lately, I've been fucked up, I hope they don't notice  
She been talking 'bout me, I just try to focus  
I can't trust a damn soul, everybody bogus  
I can't even trip on it 'cause I know that I'm chosen, I chose this,  
I

Remember they ain't see the vision, now they flocking  
I wake up at 2AM, I'm feeling nauseous  
I remember when they told me I should stop this  
And now I passed them, so they calling me obnoxious  
Please, stop tryna tell me that I need another option  
He talk shit on Twitter, when I see you, we gon' pop shit  
Now they like, "Damn, he switching up, he think he hot shit"  
It's not my fault you're fucking broke and you ain't got shit

She throw her phone at the wall  
She praying to God that I call, but God don't hear her at all  
I guess she ran all out of friends, she shop alone at the mall  
I cut her off and now she's pissed, she's like, "How you have the gal  
1?"  
It's not my job to save no one, no, I'm not nobody's savior  
It's 2AM, I'm skipping stones and now you're blowing my pager  
I'm too nauseous in the back, but I'll still call you later  
I'm just tryna feed my fam' before I'm meeting my maker