

## 8th Grade

Justin Stone

Yeah, wait, wait  
Tell me what to save on this mayday  
I been overthinkin' since the eighth grade  
Ain't nobody treat me like I'm next up  
Aye, wait, wait  
Tell me what to save on this mayday  
I been overthinkin' since the eighth grade  
Ain't nobody treat me like I'm next up

Really tell you that I'm chillin', I am not  
Wish I could say I'm in my feelings but I'm not  
Lately wanna give up, call it quits and walk away  
But I got drive bitch, yeah it's in my DNA  
Got a son, need a hit  
Diapers never free and tomorrow got the rent  
But it's never guaranteed so I'm livin' like I'm dyin'  
Tryna make it so I swing

Wait, wait  
Tell me what to save on this mayday  
I been overthinkin' since the eighth grade  
Ain't nobody treat me like I'm next up  
Yeah, wait, wait  
Tell me what to save on this mayday  
I been overthinkin' since the eighth grade  
Ain't nobody treat me like I'm next up

Really, really tell you that I'm chillin' but I'm not  
Lately wanna call it quits but I cannot  
Got a son, I need a hit (aye, aye)  
Diapers never free (uh, uh)  
And tomorrow got the rent  
But it's never guaranteed