

I Forget

King Iso

I swear it's like I can't remember shit
Got so much shit to do
So many people bringing shit up to me
You feel me? Like what the fuck are you talking about
Oh shit, I'm supposed to do that hoe shit
I swear man

My mind is so twisted
Swear I'm so inflicted, so I'm gon' forget shit
I try though, what is this?
I'm high, low and shifting
My life on some sick shit
My mind is so twisted
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My short term memory fucked
I swear I forget
My long term memory fucked
One hit, two hit, three then I'm blown
My short term memory fucked
I swear I forget
My long term memory fucked
One sips, two sips, three then I'm gone

Most underrated and you lying if you say I am not
I'm losing my mind, I'm like the egg inside of the frying pot
I been on an Easter egg hunt for it and I'm walking with a basket case tryna
decide if I want to die or not
In dire need of some fire weed for my dialogue
Try and stop me hella freeze up in the sky and drop
Thinking you gon' roll on me until your tires pop
You gon' need air alignment and a diagnostic
Been trying to foil my entire plot to radiate this crazy nation
From the road to get the cream 'cause I'm the crop
From baby-making wait from dark to light, I got the spark
The train of thought to wreck the way of day to day and change
'Cause I am god
I did not just say my grace, my plate is scraped, and like a box
They just paper chase but wait one day will make suppliance gone
Make your idols idle, take the titles and say hi to mom
And television that you have by the way of web fire come
I am armed, racing with the arms, yeah I'm the bomb
Fly as fuck, TSA can't find the fucking flight I'm on
I been getting hella medicated
Educating people on how I'm the don
You washed up like you're rained on
You can't nod or nothing by the time it's dawn
Nobody will remember you like any feature I am on
Murdering all of you niggas
Increasin' my sentence every time I write a song
They call it paranoia
Buy your weed like "Is this guy a cop?"
And if not, you're tryna be one like Kevin ride-along
Posing for the pics, holding on my dick
Showing the world my giant dong

Ding backwards like someone is at the door but I am gone (Hello)
Look what these meds did doc, you guys are wrong (No)
And tell my psychiatrist she should buy a thong (Ho)
Is it gangster rap or horrorcore? You guys should stop
It's neither but like the flu I'm going viral if I get shot (get it?)
I'll never take an L unless I rob a guy for pot
But what's the concept of this fucking song?
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You can prolly catch me high as shit or drunker than a mug
People walking up like "Iso, man, what's up?" and give me hugs
Then I reminisce on how we both grew up and give me love
Like they knew me; the truth is - don't know who the fuck that nigga was
I been whippin' to get back low, bitch, I ain't jumping in the club
My anxiety will make me get to bucking with the snub
Tripping balls like when I unzip and then one just hits the rug
Now it's puddles full of blood, I thought it wasn't what it was
Nigga be fucking with my buzz, givin' me love to get 'em on
Nothing becomes of it because
Homie you funny and you suck
Really no wonder why nobody fuck with you
Keep it a hundred, you know you a sucker
Do be hella different 'til I get in front of you
Like you ain't drug me through the mud
Who put you up to this?
You up against a functioning addict
Like I'm getting high upstairs all day and smuggling in drugs
Dump a hot pot of coffee on you for fucking with my mug
Yeah, I rose like a dozen but I don't want your freaking love
Man, that's ironic as Harriet Tubman in a tub shaving
Fuck slaving, that government is done (Ay)
What happens to a nightmare deffered?
Does it dry up like herb?
You wanna smoke and then huff it in ya lungs?
Dear Iso's mom, please come and get your son
But she dead already, the cemetery said Gullledge isn't done
The way the world paints me, I guess I'll make a crayon
Name it bad, find a globe and then color it with one
Fuck, what was in this blunt?
Forget it, twist up an extendo just to double it for fun
Speaking of extendos I been leaning out the window
Choppers chew you up like spearmint though
If you bump your freaking gums, man I'm done
I'm on the edge, who wants to freaking jump? (Who?)

With a forty-five I'll start a cult with succubuses stuff (Right)
Clinically insane I am which really does permit this stuff
But when I wake up in the morning forget what I really done
All because

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They be like "Remember when?"
"Remember when this?" "Remember when that?"
"Remember when..." No, no, I really don't