

Introverted

King Iso

Just a second...

Sit up in a house all day with a bottle and a blunt like fuck life
Staring at the TV, covered up the window with like three sheets
Nigga, no sunlight
Hella faded and sedated nigga wait a minute
I can't even say the shit, I'm tongue tied
Maybe I should go and get the razor but can't figure out which way to slit s
o cut twice
See now I'm on some stupid shit
I took these meds, went to the living room to sit
Got dry mouth, all I had was a brew to sip
Flipped on the news, then I started drooling spit
I'm 'noid and I'm hearing sounds like, "Who is it?"
I'm super sick of dealing with the foolishness
I forgot I had this muh'fucking doobie lit
And I just bruised my wrist by cutting a crucifix
I'm high, I'm hoping I land on Jesus
'Cause if I plan to get better, your man's gon' need it
Need to feed myself but damn, no eating
Fridge is empty and I don't plan on leaving
Even treatment please but fam must feed 'em
Chill on ammo squeezin' and most sleeping
Leave the beef behind, I can't go vegan
Need some peace of mind, well man go eat one
With those sane folks you won't see ISO
Got big problems, they go fee-fi-fo
Can't be fixed if I quote the bible
Toward my head I will point the rifle
Gotta be insane like A-E-I-O
You don't get it, do you? I told these white folks
And they loving the dough, they don't be right bro
Flow so dark but it's so delightful

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(I just wanna drink all day and get high, get high, yeah)
Sitting in a house all day with a bottle and a blunt like fuck life
(The anxiety makes it hard to get by, get by)
I'm really introverted

Sit up in a house all day with a model and a slut like fuck wives
Never be committed to these hoes, I be diggin' in them though
Each one, I'ma fuck twice
I gotta hate death nigga, no love life
Little nigga heart turned cold, yep crushed ice
Killa finna spark, come close like a bug light
Sitting on the couch with a shotty and a Bud Light
I been perverted, introverted
Fuck a nervous system, my system's nervous
With a pistol, paint brush, I'm picture perfect
I'm at war with this prime shit, Winston Churchill
I get more sick when I spit these verses
Not a single prayer can lift these curses
License to kill like I'm whipping hearse
'Cause ninety percent of what y'all spit is worthless

I hope you get into an accident on purpose
Doing a buck fifty, and flip reverse it
Eject from the windshield and hit the surface
Engulfed by flames like a missing person
I spit that venom like a freaking serpent
The main reason that yo chick is slurping
Hard off the top like a bitch that's shirtless
And this gon' be that shit they purchase
They don't really want it with the ISO-velli
I bet you bitches want a kid inside yo belly
Wolfing with a kid and never find y'all rellies
If I'm off like the work up inside those tellies
Who wanna go to war, nigga I'm so ready
To trigger, to get it fingered, nigga I'm no Freddy
Be dumpin' out of the window of my old Chevy
Machete ready to turn 'em into my spaghetti
(Just a second)

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