

Jan 14th

Larry June

I'm still putting in work, even on bad days
Keep a smile on my face, even on sad days
Tryna cover up this pain with a band-aid
Yeah, this rap shit to me is like a band-aid

So much shit on my mind, I don't sleep at all
Cause I'm knowing if I stop, everything'll fall
And real talk, I don't really got no one to call
And I'm the first in my family that done really balled (damn)

I ain't tryna go back broke
Cause real talk, all my life I been fucking broke
And this microphone really be my only hope
Now they looking at my life through a microscope

Tryna find a fucking flaw, like I'm not human
I'm not the toughest in the world, but had the heart to do it
Taking chances everyday, dodging the institution
Thankful I could spill my heart through this fucking music (damn)

I done lost another close friend
You don't know how it feel to lose a close friend
I wasn't on good terms with my close friend
But to this day, I'm still thankful for my close friend

Through the highs and the lows, I had a mouth to feed
I'm a single fucking father, I got mouths to feed
Thought I woulda touched my dream with these pounds of weed
And I don't think that its a (uh), that is outta my league

I'm switching the speed, you niggas fatigued
I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit, I'm aiming for Bs
I'm hopping out jiggling keys, either the Porsche nigga, Ferrar i, or B
You niggas not fuckin' wit me (not fuckin' wit me)