

You see the tears in my eyes as I walk by
You just smile as you hold the hand of another guy

I'm illiterate, I don't know how to read a room
I made it weird, but that's okay 'cause I'll be leaving soon
I know I'm blessed, but still I find myself impending doom
I'm burning up under the pressure like the sun in June
I need some water, but I'm too afraid to ask for it
A million things I need, I'm too afraid to ask for
I could go anywhere, got guala and a passport
But I just sit around and pout 'cause I'm a bad sport
How do I buy a house?
How do I make this last?
How do I catch the- feel like it's too fast
I used to have a couple things, but threw 'em in the trash
The time is up, your baby got a mustache

Now what's there to do?
When I find out, I swear I'll show you
I'm way too worried 'bout myself
Is that okay for just the moment?
Don't stress me out 'cause I could do without the bullshit
You were supposed to be on my side
But you're way too worried 'bout yourself
You only worry about yourself
You only worry about yourself
You were supposed to be on my side
But you're way too worried 'bout yourself

Just projecting
Light bussin' on the Rollie, it's reflecting
Woke up wearing the same shit I had slept in
Didn't drag you in my life, you type just crept in
Time flying while I hit the ground running
If you gunning for me, me, me, I'll give you a great shot
No sleep, still going, eyes bloodshot
Hit the store and left the crib, I let the fruits rot

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