

Piss

Lil Peep

I hit the dope two time, take the stress off my mind
I hit the coast, and I ride, coming quick on your side
I'm like a ghost half the time, I'm just creepin' behind
I'm never slow, I follow, take your soul, you hollow
Bass kickin' like your bitch, kidnap her for kicks
Come 6, poppin' sticks, while she biting my lip
Don't flip, don't dip, better not move too quick
I take that grip right off your hip and smack yo' ass with the clip
Hollow tip spit, like a blue-nose pit
Hold my shit, I'ma fuck your bitch
Bump Three-6, while I cut my wrist
Funk my kicks, then I break the rim
When I dunk that shit, bloodstain the Timb
No shit, got razor blades in my fist, taking lists
Only time I put the blade down
When I gotta pick up my pen
Fuck your Benz, I'ma paint the Cadillac black
Can't see me in the night, with the lights off (nah)
Quicksand on the white walls
Living life on the edge, bitch, I might fall (might fall)
Don't give a fuck what they say about me (nope)
Peep won't rest 'till I rest in peace
S on my chest when I come up on the beat
Full moon flex while you motherfuckers sleep

Make my will, while I take my pills
Give your bitch chills, when I make my bills
If I get killed, I know I'ma die real
Stay real still, you already know the deal
You already know the deal
Lil Peep poppin' Henny bottles, fuck a seal
I love the way it feel, so I do it for the thrill
Say she wanna chill, bitch I know the fucking deal
(Fucking deal)

Young shady motherfucker, really scary when I'm comin'
If you hear me get running, when you see me, get low
See the profit, bands in my pockets
So I'm skunkin' up and gettin' back on my flow
White trash boys, just some white trash boys
Flipping up the middle finger to these motherfuckin' hoes
I ain't talking 'bout the women, nah, I'm talking 'bout these bitches
That be pushin' all your music and they sell that flow
I never gave a fuck about a deal
So I ain't ever fucking with them, man, that's how it is
All these internet bitches hoppin' on my dick
Life turning into shit, I'm finna slit my wrists
Spittin' a miss and flickin' my wrist, to these bitch boys
All I ever hear you do is talk shit, boy
I hear you rappin' 'bout the trap, but it ain't shit boy
Hoe, I been on my fucking grind, and ain't got shit for it
What the fuck bitch? Robbing ain't gon' cut it, bitch
You got no creativity, you ain't no artist, bitch
You ain't a thug, you ain't a g, you ain't the hardest, bitch
You just a pussy ass motherfucker starting shit
I spark a blunt, blow the smoke to the fucking breeze
Thinking "how the fuck I get out of these fucking trees?"

Climbing up, to the top, to the fucking leaves
I can't even fucking see what's underneath

Too high, too much, so alive, but I'm done
Smokin' up in the dust and it's all I ever loved
I don't wanna hear about it now
All I ever wanna see are clouds
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