Coughing Up Blood

Mac Lethal

I'll be honest, I'll be raw, I'll be real as hell
Lately I've been thinking fuck it, maybe I should kill myself
This is the first time I've ever considered this, but fuck it
I can't handle all this pressure, but wait a minute
If I take my life and end it, 'cause I seem scared of my feelings
Who the fuck is gonna be there for my children?
I'm not scared to die, I guess I'm scared to start
It feels like I'm far too damaged to repair my heart
It down my cheeks, the depression pours
I'm in too much pain to open up your empty dresser drawers
I'm in too much pain to open up that's what you left me for
I guess I felt too much of my own pain, instead of yours
My children smell the Brandy on my breath
They smell the marijuana stench, I swear it's so intense
Is this Hell? Fuck! It has to be, I swear I caught a glimpse
The hurt is blacker and it's deeper than the Mariana Trench
Japanese whiskey, neat in a crystal glass
Knowing I could end this pain with one single pistol blast to the head
But I can't heal if I'm dead
So maybe I should finally confront my twisted past
I've had insomnia for days, I'm exhausted in the days
The sun is bright and it's shining but I'm lost inside a maze
Like the shining—
I've lost my fucking mind, and I do not care if I find it
I'm panicking, I'm hiding, man but all this full of love
We need dissolve our fucking grudge
Before our family gets divided by two lawyers and a judge
I'm coughing up my blood
I can't handle this experience, stop it, pull the plug
I swear I've lost my faith
There is toxic waste up in my bloodstream
Every single man in the world only wants one thing
It's not sex, not beauty, not a piece of mind
It's a woman, that's okay if she is weak sometimes
I'm losing it, I swear to God I'm back to do some stupid shit
So many people out there are hurt and we call them lunatics
Because the pain, makes them do something that seems twisted
When all they fucking needed was someone to sit and listen, god damn!
Yeah I paid my dues, I paid in full
Severtized with myself, the blade is cold
I carry grief by the ton, it's a weight I pull
So many vibrant fucking colors in my faded soul
Yeah, to add insult to injury
Let me scan myself for some injuries to insult
So icy, every inch of me is in salt
I see the person in the mirror, like it's his fault
I'll be honest, I'll be raw, I'll be real as hell
Lately I've been thinking fuck it maybe I should kill myself
But nah, if I die I can't live my life, instead I play a beat and write

I'll be honest, I'll be raw, I'll be real as hell
Lately I've been thinking fuck it maybe I should kill my—
Nah nah, not that, not that, something that is— okay how about this?
I'll be honest, I'll be raw, I'll be real as hell
Lately I've been thinking fuck it maybe I should get some help
Yeah, yeah, yeah, therapy I'd say, yeah, that's better

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