

Doing drugs when I was twelve on my skateboard and my BMX  
Lost Juice WRLD, lost Mac Miller, lost Lil Peep, lost DMX  
I should be dead, I should be dead, I am not asking a question  
All of the money invested, all of the dope I ingested  
Almost went over the edge, know that it's not a suggestion  
Some just can't handle the pressure, are suffering from the depression

The Grim Reaper is waiting patiently to walk us through death's door

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Can feel my spirit, rising body, I am comatose  
Lying lifeless, I took it too far, now I've overdosed  
That's what woulda happened if I didn't say it's over, bro  
Had to leave, everyone I knew become a lonely ghost  
So close, my mouth foaming, my skin purple, my lips blue  
Can't really say that I'm surprised with all the drugs that I ripped through

Rest in peace to all the fallen soldiers in the rap game  
But all of us are playing with our lives like it's a crap game

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I can feel myself slowly floating from my body  
I hear children laughing in my head, I think it's over probably  
Tug of war, angels pulling at me might be too late  
Demons' arms are grasping at me, pulling me to hell's gate  
I'm not sure which way I'm going 'cause I'm filled with self-hate  
Suicide by taking too much of something that felt great  
Screaming while I'm crying 'cause the pain is too unbearable  
The great gift in life and I just ruined it, it's terrible

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