

Running

Madchild

Running running
Running running
I keep
Running running
(Can't stop)
Running running
I keep

Look, my share of demons, still let 'em in
Ring the doorbell, cause I'm bored as hell
They say the turtle will win the race
And I'm looking good with the tortoiseshell
I'm 45 with the .45 and it's pressed hard to my temple
They think I'm rich cause I'm kinda famous but things are not that simple
An ex-junkie, a drug addict, with bad habits that haunt me
I stay away from girls I like, have to question why they would want me
The pain I feel I just can't hide so I put it into my music
And lowkey, Covid ain't nothing to me, always been a reclusive
That he's self-abusive and self-
destructive, my darkness feeding my art production
Aye, I still love animals, people are cruel and deceiving, do not laugh
Crazy pain with the razorblade while I'm sliding into a nice hot bath
Running and running but I'm going nowhere cause I haven't figured out where
I should be
I know I make greatness, I'm far from that fake shit, but demons in my head
are fighting with me
Already made it, thought I was excited, but i ended up being worse than before
Inside there's a war
Wanted to find a new high, my life became going to score
7 grand worth of blue pills, there's a weeks worth, that is deep hurt
That's a hellhole, jumping feet first
When I should've prayed till my knees hurt
But now I'm back, gray facial hair
With crow's feet, it's a rebirth

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Look I can't stay in one place for too long, I get too anxious
I was young, I was dumb, all my friends were crazy gangsters
Moving weight wearing Gucci, girls very boujee, with the big crazy bankroll
Now I'm just wearing my own brand, OMG, I am very thankful
There's a maniac that's inside of me but he's in a cage and I hid the key
And people that's not in my life anymore you can all die, don't mean shit to me
I don't care about my past history, I'm too busy now making history
I've suffered enough of my own sins, that's enough pain, enough misery
So hungry I am malnourished, so now I'm eating so I'll flourish
And all of you so-called 'friends,'
Straight clowns, you'll all perish
Aye, so many scars in my back, so many scars in my back
Still think there might be some broken blades in there

I'm having a nightmare, I'm not even taking a nap