

Off The Knob

Marlon Craft

4am and I'm twisted off the Knob
Creek, that is, piece of this
What you don't want, bet you both front
You and that weakass team you with
I be in my mind where it's bleak as shit
I'm down on my town on some Bleecker shit
It seem these days we don't dream of shit
If it ain't some get rich schemin' shit

I'mma reach the riches, I don't fiend for it
But I fiend for love, even more for lust
Always ready to bust me some cheeks and shit
But I'm super cuffed, my predicament
I'mma need a min, when I walk in the spot
I be nervous and hot, let me breathe a bit
I'mma ask your name but know y'all is lame
And everybody know that I hate cheese and shit
Stuck in the crib, my recent shit
Tryin find peace and shit
But I don't have a choice
Cause I ain't tryna get people sick
On some decent shit, while y'all outside wildin'
I think you afraid just to sit inside wit yourself for a while
and yo, I need admit
I been forced to face up to a lot of habits
That I built from sadness that I need to quit
I can feel the cold outside, sittin in this empty space
I won't fill it up with lies, I don't gotta run their race
Livin in abundant waste, I been in a one-way chase
Tryin' to outrun my fate and I don't even know its face
What you call a guilty pleasure that you don't feel guilty bout
?
Think you call that a good night, cravin one, it's been weeks w
ithout
Tallyin these numbers how you quantify a peace amount?
Maybe I don't need to count

5am and I'm twisted off the Knob
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