

## Personal

Marlon Craft

I been searching for that praise for a minute I done tried  
I been in a daze I'll admit it I won't lie  
Give a fuck if they didn't meant it this my life  
Homie I'm taking it personal  
I been drunk for 25 days a month  
I been stuck for like more like 31  
I'm about to face this personal  
Homie I'm taking it personal

Thoughts all deep  
Drinking knob creek  
Rhythm off beat, livin all bleek  
Drying from life and my symptoms on fleek  
Holy water jus drip on my cheek  
And it fall to my lips I could taste the salt  
From the weight and the way they talk  
All the doubt from what they had thought  
All the running back and fourth tryna pace my heart I won't let you  
Mirror convos, I don't get you  
Thinking of all the fun come from being simple  
That I just don't get to  
No rescue, I don't want it, I won't neck you  
See my head too bright won't dull my light  
Don't kiss ass I ain't even that great at eatin pussy so ya'll can go ahead  
and just push me  
Swallow this whiskey but never my pride  
I won't hide won't lie no no no  
Can't walk in my shoes but truth is I wouldn't want you to that jus might ta  
int my soul so  
All I know is I don't know  
All that shows is what don't show  
All my highs are my lows yo

I'm tryin, what if I never fight hard enough  
What if my skin, isnt golden  
In the shining eyes of the golden  
I hope to God I'm enough  
But at times I feel so alone and stuck

I need some answers right now  
I been drinking and drivin the seatbelts for pussys and clowns  
I put my faith in green faces but only cause none of them frown  
Tired of doubters and old toy vides always puttin me down putting me down  
Rapper by night like I'm caped to drusade  
But I'm still working 8 hours a day  
We make acquaintance and she tryna date  
Dranks fell asleep and forgot now I'm late  
Ironie I wonder why I be alone  
Always exposin myself in these poems  
Wonder if certain things I can atone  
Ain't wanna do this shit over the phone  
Know that my body your temple your home  
I laid it down like position is prone  
Invite to party don't care to go  
All my homies like fair enough, emotionally unavailable  
When will I feel like I've grown  
I'm 25 and still ask my momma to fold all of my clothes

I'm still a novice when I'm on the stove  
Bacon grilled cheese is bout all that I know  
Slippery slope obligated to soldier  
Napsack tied to a stick on my shoulder  
Everyday feels the same  
Everyday feels the same  
Can't keep these images out my brain  
I'm callin for guidance I'm short on replies and I'm scrollin through all th  
ese names  
Tell me now how can I numb the pain