

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 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, isn't 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
Ironic 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 these names
Tell me now how can I numb the pain