

Brandon

He just left again? This way

Come here, come here

I'm the best rapper ever, listen to this

Yeah

I claim I'm quitting, it's been too many tomorrows

Too many withdrawals, my jewelry worth a car note

I still ain't got a car though, a conscious nigga's sorrow

Too smart to have to borrow, the parchment paper ball thrown

Get rid of it and start over, what's written in the stars

Become the emptiness to draw home, my scribble in a bar code

My innocence get all sold, my inner wisdom also

Pretendin' that my gall grown, I still feel pretty small though

My siblings in my heart home, I'm living, missing calls though

I split it so her heart cold, she lift me by a long rope

And pick it like guitar notes, I'm sickened but it's all ode

I'm stickin' to the motto, I'm switchin' through some models

They lead me through a blindfold, the mirror show aside

Don't leave my sister and my mom though, a fifteen split with S  
ideshow

A swigger at Pasado, I'm chipper than a lawnmower

I'm chippin', tiltin' off focus, this ship in launch mode

I'm sittin' at the console, I drift and liftin' off

Woke up, I figured it was all over, I swear I felt you in my ar  
ms

It isn't in the cards though, I'm finna let that thought go

A pill to fantasize on, a risk worth pressing pause on

I'm spinnin' with the wash load, a pinnacle then I'm not cold

A glimpse of granny grinnin' in my kitchen, then it's all gone

Liftin', tryna enter in her digits, this the wrong phone

Pinned to this pit, it's without anyone to call on

I wish I hit the lotto, pretend I'm friends with God

Threw all my wins to equalize on, swimmin' in the odds

Nobody's fittin' my assigned soul, just look into these eyes

Yellow by liquor and my cries choked

Switching through the time zones and livin' on the grindstone

Bitch-ass nigga, yeah

I wish I hit the lotto, pretend I'm friends with God

Threw all my wins to equalize on, livin' on the grindstone

Yeah, alright, let me hear that