

Alright, that's good

September tears was the common place
Remember I got the car from my momma race
Home doing 70 I'm trying, that's some stupid shit
Driving like the fact my love is dying, it's worth losing it
Aye, already broke and if I lose I might be through with this
My summer's been losing, loosen, delusion, confuse reclusion
And bruised ribs, I think the reaper recruiting me
Now my demons just cruise with me
Chasing sleep that's alluding to me
Can't delete all that stupid shit
I owe Miles an apology
Went foul from across the street
She endowed with the thought of me
She ain't ask me for none of this shit
I ask my dad if there's a point to this shit
I ask my past if I was born for this shit
My daddy laugh and started pointing at shit
Fuck meditation, need some noise in this bitch
My mind get quiet then my vice will crawl inside and take my voice and my fists
What rhymes with tire, pacifying, all the poison is listless
I'm a broken man toting broken zen in my poem
Other half, for my niggas serve to a company misery
Certain something's just missing, her surface soft
But she my rock, she tell me she miss me
I current cross so much away
I value loss 'cause nothing perfect stays