Late nights and early mornings Paid flight and stage frights, I'm still exhausted The pays nice, the fames type but it not important All I want is to go rest my head somewhere exotic Careful what you wish for, I wished and then I got it And then I gotta get more, it's addictive, this is huntin' But yo, it's funny 'cause they thinkin' that I'm famous They askin' me for pictures, they just want it for the sakes It's kinda crazy, they don't even wanna know my fuckin' name And it's just heinous, they wanna be around me 'cause I made it But I ain't shit, I ain't rich, man, I still starin' at a blank check I still pull out my last 10 bucks to tip the waitress Ha, it's kinda strange how it works, hey You celebrate like everyday is our birthday We smokin' to relax and we drinkin' to forget And we wake up in the morning and we deeper in our desp It's crazy

Neva said, I didn't like this life
I never said didn't wanted all this
I pour drink and then it might feel right
I keep forgetin' why we got like this
Pour another 20 in the tank, rollin' through the city
Some muddy in my drink, yo

Some muddy in my drink
No money in my bank
Give a fuck what y'all think, ha

I quited drinkin', took a break and then I relapsed

So now I take a shot and I can feel it in my knee caps

It's like I need when I'm workin' under pressure

'Cause that hangover was crazy, they like Merk you gotta get up

But I can't, I'm contented inside this hotel room

Late check out, [?] we gotta go by noon

I'm in the lobby and I'm waiting on deposits for no damage

But there's roaches on the carpet, spill vodka on the mattress

Honestly, thought that we did the show and went to sleep

At that point I was so drunk, I blanked out [?]

So I get angry 'till eventually they gave me cash

And them I'm takin' that and droppin' it all on the tank of gas, yeah

The next city is a six hour drive, I wake up, we arrive and see these kids o utside

Promoter trynna form them in a big guest line And we pop another bottle 'cause it's almost show time Like fuck it

Neva said, I didn't like this life
I never said I didn't wanted all this
I pour drink and then it might feel right
I keep forgettin' why we got like this
Pour another 20 in the tank, rollin' through the city
Some muddy in my drink, yo

Some muddy in my drink

No money in my bank

Give a picky-akordy czy all think, ha