

# Not A Runner

Momma

I forgot that I'm just not  
A skin-soft sucker  
Loves you if you fuck her

'Cause I can't assume projections of doom  
I'd put you in a gutter  
But I'm just not a runner

He laughs like it's cool  
I'm belly full of gadgets and things  
Got tricks up my sleeve

I'm bare-knuckle blue and thinking of you  
I'll be a balloon  
While you sit in your room

But you forgot that I'm just not  
A big break cutter  
Sharp like the others  
But I'm no fool  
I'm haunted by you  
Did I fucking stutter?  
I told you I'm not a runner

Get the bait and mutilate  
We buried each other  
In like six different colors

I paid the cost of his slow thoughts  
I don't hide away hunger  
I get that shit covered

And I hate to stay I can't escape  
A straight up sick sender  
He pulls and he bends her

But I'm not fazed  
And either way  
I like acrobatics  
For you I'm an addict

You forgot that I'm just not  
A big break cutter  
Sharp like the others

But I'm no fool  
I'm haunted by you  
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