

# Glorify

Nic D

Tell me why we glorifying sex  
Lotta' money trying to make me impressed  
Why we glorifying codeine and meds  
Lotta' kids are hitting 18 then dead  
It was a lie most of the they things they said  
All the broken empty promises  
All the demons inside of your head  
Tellin' you they wanna be your friends

They just ballin' never calling fouls  
Gathering em all, all around  
They just boppin', it's about the sound  
Subliminally hearing what your song's about  
What's your style, lost and found  
How do you feel proud when you walk around  
Knowing people do the things that you talk about  
You influence them to end up in a coffin now

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It's easy to do it when it's trendy  
You'll only be around long as the trend is  
You're wondering why your heart is empty  
Cause the demons inside ya want some friendship