

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