

One hunnid
Bamsy made it big

Assess some goals, a lesson learned
A testimony is a better word
I left it all on the field
When I traded death for a better deal
I'll be sittin' in the grave when it fades
With a blank little stare on my face and a stain on my cape
And a mouth full of words that I wish I would've said
You were supposed to be my hero

And I'll be here
Go ahead and fire away

And I went and made a million dollars tryna fill the void
Drank some holy water tryna heal my inner boy
And I wish I would've known, I wish I would've let it go
Instead I let it steal my joy, instead I let it steal my joy

I think I'm holdin' on to it
Even though I think I let it go
I think I had to go through it
Just to make sense of it on my own
And I think it hurts less when you pretend it's not there
Just to hurt more down the road
The more you hold in, the more it builds up
The better chance you explode

And I'll be here
Go ahead and fire away

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