Depression

NLE Choppa

Ayy, mmm

My eyes closed, I don't wanna see
My mind gone, I can't sleep
I ain't got no appetite, I can't even eat
It's kinda hard being me
My eyes closed, I can't see
My mind gone, I can't sleep
I ain't got no appetite, I can't even eat
It's kinda hard being me

D-E-P-R-E-S-S-I-O-N
A real street nigga, but I got depression
A lot of things really left my feelings hurtin'
Just wanna please everybody, I'm not perfect
I tried to do right and be your stepping stone
But you ain't do right, you even did me wrong
And I don't know which world that I'm standing on
I just wanna be left in the room with microphones
My dad held me on the couch when Mike was on
Your feelings get hurt and then you get your typing on
I miss my nigga you just know he got indicted, oh
I just wanna see all my dawgs comin' home
I'ma kill 'em, I'ma kill 'em, I'ma kill 'em
And I'ma get three motherfuckin' rid of
They say Lil Choppa, he be jiggin' in his riddim
They say Lil Choppa, he be shootin' at his victims
A lot of niggas tried to play and they got bodied
And if I ever did you wrong, bitch, I'm sorry
I pop the Percocets, I don't fuck with the molly
I killed him, but I keep on shooting at his body

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They gon' hate me 'til I die, I gotta live with that
I gave that bitch my fuckin' heart, I want my feelings back
I always keep this shit one hundred, bae, how real is that?
I know this shit get tangled up because our strings attached, mmm-mmm
And I been just thinkin'
About the best times of my life
The best times of my life
Best times of my life
Think about the, think about it
The best times of my life
The best times of my life
I just wanna go and see the light
I could just look inside your eyes
And tell that you tryna kill my vibe
I don't fuck with you, you're a lie
Knew it was a hit and deny

All my niggas shoot, not the sky
We be aimin' at you, we don't cry
We ain't stoppin' violence 'til you die
Lord knows, on Jesus Christ

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