

tough luck

nothing,nowhere.

I can still smell the smoke
In the halls of your home
Hidden in your dads cologne
I haven't talked to you in years
But I guess the truth is tough
You grow up and you lose touch

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What do I do when I can't even feel
Anything now when I try: no deal
Rolling round in that subaru
Like I'm ken block when I'm coming thru
Nah, how the fuck could I flex now
Got 8 bucks in my bank account
And it's been awhile since you been around
And it's been a minute see we used to kick it
I'm gone
Things change
I'm a fool for thinking they would be the same
Knowing that I'm growing and I'm losing friends
But it's ok
Man it's alright
I'm just happy that I made through another fucking night

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Well its been a while
It been a while
Since I saw your face
Or I said your name

Well its been a while

It been a while
Since I saw your face
Or I said your name

Yeah