

Tough Luck

nothing,nowhere.

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

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

I've been feeling low, put it all on paper
All black on, call me Zack Taylor
I'm lacking cash, writing raps
Trying to make it work
Faking smiles, been while since I haven't hurt
What do I do when I can't even feel
Anything that I wanna 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
It's been awhile since you been around
And it's been a minute since 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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