

Someone tell me what the fuck these people want from me
I gotta eat, I gotta eat, bitch every night I feast
I press this ink into my skin just to feel some release
Or some relief, I can't tell which I really want to think

If I'ma die then I will find my own demise and dip
I ride my bike to live my life, I drop the clutch and rip
Fill it up with 91 I'm pushin' 96
Fuck a lane switch, bitch, you know I lane split

I hear a voice, I make my choices and I take my risks
I do my drugs, I drink my liquor, just get my fix
Cause I get mad as fuck just dealing with the ignorance
Of empty heads, of empty life, of empty fucking bliss

I know some stupid bitches really wanna hate on me
But when I see 'em they don't have a thing to say to me
You see that lane you in is really fuckin' lame to me
I'm tryna teach, I steady practice what the fuck I preach, bitch

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Tell me, tell me what the fuck these people want from me-me
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