

MTM, hit em with the heat!

Cut my neck, the blood fresh
Got a check, still depressed
Been a mess, fuck stress
What next? Take a guess
Cyanide on my breath, on my breath, on my breath
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Know your setup
I know you fed up
Release the led from the nine
Columbine
Don't get up
I got a vendetta
I got depressed
And I never got better
You get on my level
Don't be pushing me, pressing me
I got a Big Mac and is next to me
And I got a fat bitch on that ecstasy
I top on the bread like it's sesame
They want the recipe for success
And now they after me
'Cause I got the masterpiece
Used to, used to laugh at me
And now they gassin' me, dappin' me
Up in front of my family because they aren't no masterpiece

I think I'm next up in the 27 club
I been too fucked up
Serotonin 'bout done
Every night been ending with me biting on my gun
I know you say you love me but you make me wanna jump
Off of the ledge I'm eleven stories up and thinking about how my momma would
feel if I jumped
But now it's not enough for me to stop how I feel about ending it all I'ma j
ump, jump
Ready to die but Wavy saved me
I guess I'll live to see another day not splattering all over pavement

Cut my neck, the blood fresh
Got a check, still depressed
Been a mess, fuck stress
What next? Rake a guess
Cyanide on my breath, on my breath, on my breath
Cut my neck, the blood fresh
Got a check, still depressed
Been a mess, fuck stress
What next? Take a guess
Cyanide on my breath, on my breath