Why Do We Get High?

Pouya

We can get along but I'll still keep the piece to keep the beast away from m
e
I know he's waiting patiently for me to arrive
I survived so many nights and my torturous ways
So really it's myself the one that should be afraid
I walk a tight rope between God and the reaper and I'm ready
For either, but they leave it up to me to choose my path
I got this wrath inside my chest, and it's burning, don't get rest
Sometimes I feel like it's a test but rest assure I know there's more
To life than this, you blink, you miss
Next thing you know you're deep in shit
Thinking about the things you could've done different
I know we wish upon the stars but know they way too far
When do we give up? When that liquor don't give you hiccups
And those pills don't get your dick hard

Why do we get high? To balance out the lows
Why do we sit by and watch the world implode?
Not getting younger and that's getting really old
Sit down, watch it unfold, 'cause that's what I was told
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Get your diploma, go to college, you might be somebody
You hang with bums, you might become one, boy, just think about it
Can't go too far with shackles on your feet, connected to the weakest link
In your crew (Don't hold me back, don't hold me down)
Don't hold me back, don't hold me down, just let me swim or make me drown
You surround yourself with clowns, well, what that make you?
Got a lot to go around but when that bank account drown
No one is to be found so what's that tell you?

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I lock myself in my room every night with my pistol grip tight
Fightin' demons left and right, with all my might
I might convince myself that I'm the chosen one for everyone to leech off
But fuck that, I can't be the one to feed all
No, you won't be takin' advantage, need a Xanax for the damage
To the canvas of my life, I gotta manage
Step to the side if you ain't ridin' with me, bitch, I need someone
I could confide in with no judgment or passive-aggressiveness

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Liberate your mind and soon the soul will follow
Gotta keep my tips hollow and my dick swallowed
Drowning in my sorrows, praying for tomorrow
Flying down the I9 like OJ in the Branco
For the love of money, yeah, I need it pronto
The fame is overrated and, quite frankly, hard to handle
Way too many situations tend to turn to scandals
You can't bury me with lies, bitch, so put away them candles, yuh

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Race against the clock, we die for drop tops
Long walks in flip flops, out the dark, into the light
In spite of everything I did wrong, I hope they singing my song when I'm lon g gone
I hope I make it through the long haul that we call life
When it come to this rap shit, I got the Midas Touch
I'm like Kobe clutch with the .40 tucked
'Cause I can never trust nobody, even second-guess myself
Keep my eyes wide open, yuh, I keep my eyes wide open

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