

Yeah, uh

I keep my head on a swivel for the 'digm shift  
These niggas hungry, so is we  
Ink next to the X, I know that nothing really free  
Get it how I live, and nigga, that's just how it be, yeah  
Said, nigga, that's just how it go, yeah  
I need my fix to feed my soul  
Yeah, that's just how it go, oh  
I thought I knew, but I ain't know, yeah, uh, yeah (I thought I knew, but I ain't know)

Your flag red, you not shooting or blood  
That shoulda stopped me in my tracks, but it ain't  
End of the day, all what we craving is love  
Traded my sanity for validation, needed a hug  
I'm slipping, falling, pick me up, I'm coming back, you the plug  
No wonder Mari saying love is a drug, I ain't believe him, now I'm trapped i  
n a cell  
Tryna figure how to maneuver this hell  
I love it and I fucking hate it, but I'm tryna prevail  
You see, I only wake for money to chase, they call me 'veil  
It bring a smile to my face, I know my efforts really working well  
But every time you come around, you got some shit to say  
Reached the point I need my space, asking God to cut me loose (Loose)  
Yeah, let me fly, let me breathe  
On this Pigeonman shit, I'm with the doves, they're what I need, yeah  
I'm gone, I'm out the way, that's what they pleaded  
Read that 5500 on the dash, bitch, I'm speedin'  
Out the motherfucking mix, that's to where I've always been  
You attracting all that negativity, I let you in  
Past my better judgment, and I can't even begin to forget  
I hate the fact that you still live in my head  
I still remember that that version is dead and I try to cope  
I'll just leave you on read, I brag and boast that I'm still getting this br  
ead  
'Cause anything to replace the feeling you never gave  
Percussion sticks on wide metal rims is helping me ease the pain  
If I ain't never had this outlet, niggas would just see my brain  
And my blood on the walls 'cause it's all the same (Yeah, ah-ah)  
I missed your call, I heard them calling my name  
'Cause one got praise and one need someone to blame (Yeah, ah-ah)  
You get the picture, nigga, fuck the frame  
It's about success, my nigga, fuck the fame  
'Cause I could go to the grave hustling long as niggas knew my pain  
'Cause we all hungry, bro, it's all the same  
This life a gamble, we gon' play the game, you dig? Yeah

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I thought I knew, but I ain't know (I thought I knew, but I ain't know)