

Bitch niggas saying it's luck  
But I which I got some  
Spending all my money but that shit don't work  
Tell me what I've done wrong  
Trying to record all my thoughts but that shit so slow  
Damn..  
The fuck I did wrong?  
Everything was fine but, nope, again  
You're sending me another gigantic golden stick in the wheel  
You see the fight but you can't see the struggle behind the scene  
If only you knew how much pain is hidden behind your screen  
Ay man, I'm not rapping for you to be all worried 'bout me  
But Honesty and melodies are really all I can give  
You see my hope, down  
Slow, nah  
Kemosabes try to lift me up, you down  
You can tear me down everyday you fucking cunt  
Hello problems let me tell you something you don't really want  
I know that..

One day you'll go away  
One day you'll go away  
One day you'll go away  
Before I go away

I'm sorry if you hear some popping noise sometimes in the recording  
I just bought that new computer with all my savings and that shit's not work  
ing properly  
It keeps on crashing  
I lost like.. 40 dope-ass beat sessions  
Lot of recordings  
Mom's turning deaf too  
But at least I can make beats in the A.M

Friends on the phone told me "Trust the maktub"  
Can the maktub fuck up its rendez-vous?  
Shut up man, bad luck's already on you  
Walk on black cat under ladders while you're  
Breaking mirrors, 13 'brellas in stud  
Trust your feelings, flair the fakers' parfum  
Don't get fooled by clovers luck is not true  
Me, myself and I's always the best crew, ouhh  
God gave me sundays  
To fuck up the game  
You can't ignore the name  
R-I-L-È-S  
Forget the accent  
Zinedinening your face  
God gave me sundays  
To fuck up the game  
You can't avoid the flames  
My head's in a mess  
Still doing my best  
Just cuz I know that

One day you'll go away  
One day you'll go away

One day you'll go away  
Before I go away

Run  
You better run