

Hurt, what it do?
That's Funke
Man oh man, you should see all the kinds of friends we got here at Foster's

Shit ain't really go down out exactly like I planned it
I ain't tryna' cause no panic
But the panic doing damage
I'm from [?]
That's probably why I'm feeling stranded
I know you won't understand it, but just listening help me manage
Cause
This shit killing my mood forreal
Nigga I'm too forreal
Nothing to prove forreal
I'm making moves forreal
I'm so high I still ain't landed that's probably why I'm feeling stranded
And I don't know how I manage
All this pain doing damage
Bitch I'm iced out

This that groove forreal
Look what I did for fun
Nigga you know the deal
I don't really go for nun
Is you gonna' hold the gun
Or is you gonna' shoot forreal
You got a two [?]
But what you gonna do forreal
Nigga I told my struggle
Use this shit to my advantage
And since I was just a kid I knew fake love was doing damage
All this Shit a nigga been through
Now is nothing I can't manage
This shit might sound outlandish, but I got youngins [?]

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