

I'm Not Sad

Seth Sentry

I'm not sad, you must be sad
Why? who told you I was

I'm depressed
I mean really I'm as sad as you can get
But I will try to do my best and I will flex
Check my fit, it's called 'A Lack of Self-Respect'
Now listen to me rap so you can tell me you're impressed
I don't care
Well, actually I do, I'm very sensitive to criticism
But you don't need to be concerned, I don't need a wake-up call
Because my phone is always off, do not disturb
Ayy, sometimes I feel like I just don't know what to say
Yeah, sometimes I feel like I just need to walk away
Then sometimes I feel like I'm the greatest in the world
Maybe some column B and maybe some from column A
Look, I lost some weight but then I found it all again
Ooh, I got that sauce, that bolognese and hollandaise
Sneaking back to the fridge at night, I feel like Solid Snake
Eating over the sink, 'cause I don't wanna wash a plate
Nah, I'm doing well
And I am still alive as far as you can tell
And I been eating healthy now, I made a change
And I put that on everything like mayonnaise (I do)
I used to wake and bake and hit the Gatorade
But now I wake and bake and make a tray of lovely angel cakes (Delicious)
I go to bed early but I lay awake
Anxiety be hittin' like some 808s
I should'a gone to uni, why are my teeth so crooked?
I can't finish an album, I wonder what I'm good at?
I wish I had a jet ski, where the fuck would I put it?
My cat does not respect me, really why the fuck would it?
If life had come with the booklet I wouldn't have understood it
I think my brain was baked for too long and I overcooked it
Whoa, I think I hit the nail on the thumb
I am dumb and my cat was right about me all along (Yeah)

I'm not sad, you must be sad
Why? who told you I was ([?])
Well, tell them I'm doing fine
Now please leave before I cry (Yeah)

Just a second
Let me take some time, that shit's depressing
I thank you all for being so receptive
Yeah, usually I try to just deflect it
Ooh, it's getting heavy round here, huh?
Ayy, let's get some bevies round here, huh?
(Ayy) Ayy, let's do some hard drugs round here, huh?
(Ayy) Yeah, let's give each other hugs round here, huh?
Fuck it, let's recommend each other therapists
Woo, come on, that shit would be hilarious
Let's break some barriers, now could I keep my jet ski in your storage shed?
Asking for a friend, let's play some Portishead (Woo)
Yeah, it's all about the bags, bags, bags
That shit's new to me, everybody got Gucci this and Prada that
Or Louis V, spending thousands of dollars on a bag is pure lunacy

But I will spend a-hundred dollars on the bag from Uber Eats
No wonder I've been sad, sad, sad, what did I do this week?
I sat around my house all day and beat my dick like UFC
I been writing this album for so long that it's a eulogy
I feel like I should prolly go and change my name to 'Who Was He?'
Oh
Please leave a message at the beep 'cause you ain't gettin' through to me
Hmm

Five years on an album is way too long, huh?
All right, fuck it, the name of the next album is Same Old
Future
I feel better now, ayy, thanks for listening, man