

I hope you understand
Catch it throwing underhands
Eastside lonely I just run away from all my fans
Try to figure out this life so really hope you understand
Try to figure out my life and everything just hit the fan
How to a become a better man what I ask myself
How you put down ya pride to go and ask for help
Cause you done came up on ya own dawg I fuckin' get it
Whenever I see the ball coming fast you know I hit it
Home run home run Aaron judge wit the home runs
No love no love I lost your love saying so what
I don't need nobody tryna press me needa be alone
I don't need nobody calling baby when you coming home
I just hit the pen and paper baby where my microphone
Used to go inhale some vapors hoping that they sing along
Really that don't make me happy deep down I feel so alone
Trapped up in a life where everything I do is fucking wrong
Said I'm used to the feeling but that gotta go
Knowing that the sun rise knowing I got no time
Knowing I got people that just want my shit to drop
Going on they twitter saying fuck you to the cops
Rap about my life cause yeah I know that shit'll pop
And I know they want the trap shit they tired of the rap shit
But lately in my mind this shit been feeling like the rapture
So welcome to the rapture cause that shit really happened