

Waist Deep

Skizzy Mars

It never rains out here
The weather don't change out here
People doin' work on they face out here
And people don't talk about they pain out here
And it's the same back home
New watch, new car, new nose
That's why a nigga always stay on the road
And that's why a nigga don't date these hoes
I been tippin' these dancers
I been searchin' for answers
I been siftin' through actors
Just tell me somethin' that matters
We forgot all of our manners
All of our daddies was absent
All of my niggas is tragic
We risk it all, fuck what happens
All that potential untapped 'cause I'm

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And you know that things fall apart
It's like we been doomed from the start
That's why I write rhymes
'Cause even if I die tomorrow, you still have my art
Shorty, you frequent the bar
She go loco off a bar
Pulled up in daddy's new car
Never make good decisions
She talkin', I'm too high to listen
Land of snakes, mad fake, mad drugs
Tell every girl I meet that I'm bad luck
I run over your heart with a Mack truck
I want love, but it's "Back up, back up"
And I'ma kill this pain with a red cup
I said I love you, but I was mad drunk
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I need help, yeah, my hands up 'cause I'm

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