

Without You

Skizzy Mars

I know just what I gotta do
I just write a song when I think of you
So here it goes, promises, I don't believe in those
Poetry and Prose
And a little champaign, it's how I get through my damn days
It's a little tougher without you

Said she found me on the hype machine
Not as on as I'd like be, yet
But she still wanted a bite of me
Girl, future so frightening
And it was when you mix love with funds and drugs, it's all blow up
Uh, it went down in the club, bad memories
Crazy ass bitch, search for remedies
You say it's always bitter sweet when I come round'
And one thing about the high is you come down
Shit might get crazy, but it's fun now
It's fun now, tell me is it fun now?
I just want to smoke and drink until the sun's out
And when it's night, that's when the real you comes out
I might have been too strung out to recall, but I feel like I remember it all

I only write this cause I got it bad
My emotions, man they not intact
It's a wrap, I'm fine with that
It's one thing to admit you're wrong and another to accept it
Another just to brush it off and hope to just neglect it
And if I said some fucked up shit, I probably never meant it
We gettin' faded, emotions are flying', how could you hold me to things that I'm saying'
You know that I'm anxious, I know I can't chase this
If I said I ain't trying, I'd be lying
But you can't win them all, it's whatever I'm just trying to do it better next time