

I got my mind on the money and you know it  
I Got a pistol full of pain and it's showing  
Hit the gas and I whip it like it's stolen  
And before you see me I'm gone

I say I'm just trying to find myself  
Holding on to nothing with no one else  
I don't want to fake it  
Holy when I taste it  
Feel myself slipping I'm gone

Baby girl yea you're standing there so mean  
Let's lie to each other like we were seventeen  
I'm just trynna feel a little pleasure in the pain  
When I feel myself slipping I'm gone

I say I'm just trying to find myself  
Holding on to nothing with no one else  
I don't want to fake it  
Holy when I taste it  
Feel myself slipping I'm gone  
Yea I'm just trying to find myself  
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