

terms

slowthai

I woke up and came to terms with it
No matter what, they get my words twisted
Whatever works, it could be worse
Shit could be worse
(Make a stain, bitch, can't run no game on the playa)

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(Catch me, catch me at the Shake Junt, run no game on the)

The more the merry, celebrate confetti
Kill an adversary over something petty
Mind the debris, couldn't get a degree
Never went to uni, street educated
Never lose sleep, slaughter the sheep
I am the Shepard, minimum effort required
But people relying on me
National treasure, tried burying me
Tryna pick a rose but it's got thorns
They been judging me like I got horns
When we die we don't respawn
Can't conform, gotta absorb
Pitbull and it's got lockjaw
Let it off the leash, better run for the trees
Blood on the leaves, teeth through your jeans
Being a bitch just ain't in my genes

(Make a stain, bitch, can't run no game on the playa mac
Catch me at the Shake Junt, smoked out off the pack
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Everyday a bad hair day
Wrong side of the bed with a migraine
Need Ibuprofen
Instead I smoke zoots, tryna reboot
Tryna get loot but a snake in my boot
Never push a man who's got nothing to lose
I'm supposed to be grateful for nothing
Grateful, make do, turn nothing to something
Smoking my troubles away, my early grave
Don't resuscitate
Early bird wakes
Catches the worm then reverts to its base

Regurgitate
Ain't nothing I'll change
Do it again then I'll do it the same
Again and again
If I numb the pain outing the flame
Add fuel to the blaze
What's joy without pain?

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