

Alright, I Need Help

Social Repose

I can write a hook that's ok
I lost all my friends I'll just buy some new ones

Yeah I need help
But not the kind of help that comes from a doctor
Or a misguided youth saying they love me
But the kind of help that gives me hope for the future
Hope to put a smile on when I truly want to die
And this isn't a pity case where I blame the world for all my problems
I blame myself
I blame my actions
I blame my resistance to improve

But how can I move forward if I can't take myself seriously?
Yeah the views have gone down and the easy way out would be to point at my wrong doings and public perception
But the reality is that I'm uninspired
I don't give a shit about what I'm doing anymore and suddenly a desk job seems so appealing because
Maybe I wouldn't want to fucking die all the time
A little stability goes a long way you know?

But that's just my brand, right?
Selling you my depression
"Why don't you just fucking do it already you, pussy"
Well buy another t-shirt it might be worth more when I'm gone
And the scrutiny doesn't ever really get to me
But sometimes I forget that others aren't built like me
That they get agitated so easily
I'm just trying to speak freely and honestly

And they say I'm irrelevant
But if I'm a nobody and my opinions don't matter then why make a reaction video when I get under your skin? is it really that thin?
It's coming up on a year and yeah you got your revenge but to assume everything leads back to you
I'm sorry...
It just doesn't
It's not that deep

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And to say I'm just mad that all my friends
Left me, well yeah... that hurt
But it's not the fact that they left more that they were never really there there to start
Just a bunch of hollow husks that are only there for the numbers
And they can keep telling themselves I'm a shitty person but real friends don't give up that easily
Always using the path of least resistance always
Bending whichever way the wind blows
I didn't know clout had so much value but lesson learned
And now I'm here alone
But how can I rebuild an empire
If I can't even rebuild myself
And before I forget here's a couple bars for Jessie

You're 19, toughen up
This is all a game
I hate that I made you cry
But what's the price of fame
You might think I took aim at your
Name for my ex's pain
But the truth is I just thought your videos were fucking lame
Cause everyone's a brand
Everyone's a message
Can't we just be human
Unafraid of emotion?
Antithesis

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