## **Sueco The Child**

You're a piece of shit, no one cares if you go missin'
You could jump right off a bridge
And the world would not be different
'Cause, you're just a waste of space, no one likes you anyway
Fuck your therapy, you'll never be okay
Shut the fuck up!

Voice in my head, it's my own worse critic
Maybe it's a product of my bad decisions
Woke up, face down in the damn kitchen
Two shots, too many, passed my limit
Happiness seems so far away
But it get closer off the chardonnay
Tryna make sense, can't concentrate
With a voice in my brain screaming every day

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Maybe it's a product of the girls I'm pickin'
Always been good at makin' bad decisions
Shouldn't get involved with these stank-ass bitches
That's just the type that pique my interest
Couple screws loose, she a basket case
Tryna cut her off, but the ass is great
Probably better off if I masturbate
When she up in my face screamin' every day

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