

# Full of Grace (I Refuse to Tend My Own Grave)

\$uicideboy\$

(You did good, Slick)  
(It's a Smash)  
You'll end up breakin' my heart

Lately I been empty as my grave  
Heart heavy as stone right above it with my name  
Just too many things that don't make sense  
You tryna be happy or you tryna be right, huh?  
I'm tryna be high, and I just might

I used to get so fucked up, I was tryna make my whole heart numb  
I was a gone pecan, my girl look at me like I'm fucking nuts  
Can't believe I wasted so many of my days  
Wishin' my life was something that could be remade  
Lyin' in the middle of a fine line between life and death  
Lyin' to my people, promisin' that I'll always try my best  
To break the thermometer, I got first planet problems  
Pluto boy, the forgotten one, the prodigal son, I'ma walk on the sun  
Like maybe one day I'll be perfect in every way and then I'll feel ok  
ay  
But every day passes by, I keep on waitin' and waitin' and wastin' aw  
ay  
Gave up my whole life to \$uicide, now I'm just biding my time till th  
e grave  
I'm grateful that people say me and Scrim saved the day, or at least  
that's what they claim  
I can break a hundred for ya, but nothing else has changed  
Chained to my own name, the key was never fame  
What is my purpose? Was all this on purpose?  
Ruby can't be saved, but Oddy Nuff, he deserves it

Lately I been empty as my grave  
Heart heavy as stone right above it with my name  
Just too many things that don't make sense  
You tryna be happy or you tryna be right? Fuck  
I'm tryna be high, you can tell by the Sprite

Yeah, smokin' up on the job, I'm twistin' 'za until my fingers hurt  
Thought I was prayin' in church, but nah, I'm nodding off a couple Pe  
rc's  
TRX all black like it can't wait to be a fuckin' hearse  
I been lookin' my best, but inside, fuck, I never felt more worse  
Stealin' my granny pills, she's going through withdrawals and don't e  
ven know it  
Tell everybody I'm good, but they like, "Huh, you don't speak or show  
it"  
Lookin' my face in the mirror to see where I can tat, I don't give a  
fuck  
Couple psych meds goin' through my guts, kick a bitch out, fuckin' wi  
th my buzz  
Yeah, sprayin' that Gucci on me help to cover my rottenness  
Went from flexin' money to stackin' my chips anonymous

Been duckin' death and taxes, I ain't really got time to bitch  
Tryna stop my shine, but no, they never could find the switch  
I pull up and shoot this bitch from anywhere like Stojakovic  
Pourin' up lean, reading 3:16 in the book of John  
Paranoid, buyin' up ammo, stackin' it in the garage  
Throw the threes up, miss the four, just to go 5/9