Book a first-class flight Fly me anywhere Making sure it's somewhere far away Awake me when we land I never thought that I would be a millionairie Never in my life On the verge of suicide I told the world it's you or I I have two sides: One that wants to see you all thrive And one that wants to see you die Fancy cars and fancy homes Wrecked and abandoned Now you're regretting that loan Money on my mind I lost track of time Tried to spend it all in one night Now I'm broke until I've died

Came home late night, yeah Huggin' on my parents tight Told me that they missed me Followed by another fight Facebook Gram likes "How you doin' on the mic? How you doin' on the road?" I ain't tryna tour no more Fucking all these hooes only left me with a bigger hole Popping pills every night Rotten on the inside Pain covered red eyes Don't know how to get by All they see is dollar signs Scott done got itemized Manifested suicide