

I got a drip, catch me duckin'
All of these bitches ain't fuckin' me, no
Can't hold a conversation with no one but my cousin
He tell me: "Don't worry, the money is comin'
These bitches is comin"
Yeah
The only question I got now
Will I see it before I end up dead in the ground
Lay low at the bottom of a tulip bed
They know Ruby got a lot of useless thread
Cut me open, and let me rest
There ain't nothin' in my chest
A hollow cage that cause my death
I'm hauled away, just pause my breath

Woke up dope sick with a cut wrist
Lil' bad bitch sayin' here's a plot twist
"When you cut it you weren't even a lil piss
Just a grin on your face, sayin' watch this"
Now I'm sittin' back thinkin' how sick am I?
But that went away the moment I got high
I'm sayin: "now what it do, who are you?
Get the fuck out my living room
Get the fuck out my mental too"
What, bitch? You can't hear when I talk to you?
Now I'm back to square one with my hand on the gun
Mama screaming: "son, don't do it
I love you, don't do it, don't do it, don't do..."
I can't help this feeling
Don't you see that I need all these prescriptions
This ain't no livin'
It's only a vision of the vicious cycle that is my addiction