

Dead Americana (Fixed)

Supa Bwe

When I die fuck it I wanna go to hell
Cause I'm a peice of shit It ain't hard to fuckin tell
It don't make sense going to heaven with the goody goodies
Dressed in silk, I like ripped TRU's and plaid hoodies

I been losing it lately, I
Let hate take me, I
Seen no sober nights
Walked that shaky line

Dead Americana baby
Tell me what you living for
My papa from the projects baby
My mama outa Liverpool

Chicago Ave & lockwood, I don't miss it
I grew up where niggas go missing
Rags to riches, that's the fuckin mission
Quit selling dope, I'm selling fucking tickets to my shows

Dead Americana baby, out the jam I fuckin roll
Flint town dissipated baby, barley beat the fuckin dope
Blunt to the face when I feel the wakes call
I left all of my famo back home
I been on the road, I been on my own
Saw my mama go 18 years ago