

## Born Cursed

Twisted Insane

They said I ain't eat, missing a calling inside of me  
No room in the front seat, blood, who finna bump me?  
Nigga, hell finna freeze over before you finna pump me  
Put me in the trunk and take me out to the sticks and dump me  
My brain, it must be sick, no medication worked  
I still ain't where I'm supposed to, to levitate this Earth  
I get up in this booth so I can meditate this hurt  
My brain is really insane and that's been ever since that birth  
Blood, no one understand, everybody wanna spam me with  
"You will never win the Grammy" and "industry they wanna ban me  
" shit  
If I had a million dimes for every time I've been handed shit  
I wouldn't be dead broke and out here smokin' up these cancer s  
ticks  
I've come to terms that I will never drive no Phantom whip  
No kinda real money, I'm on the corner with the Santa fit (Spar  
e change?)  
I got a 40 ounce in the back seat of an abandoned whip  
And starin' my life face to face in the mirror like "I've had i  
t, bitch!"  
Ain't nobody finna catch me when I'm passin' out  
They lookin' at me and they sippin' they tea all while I'm blac  
kin' out  
No punk in my blood, you wanna fuck 'em up, no backin' out  
I'm makin' sure we got extra clips before we smashin' out  
I'm 14 with a Mini-14 and actin' out  
I really go buck, don't give a fuck 'bout what you yappin' 'bou  
t  
Since I was 13 they looked at me like I'm a wretched child  
That's why the mind broke and I will smoke you like a Black & M  
ild  
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