

Slippin

Twisted Insane

Sometimes, I feel like I'm fallin'

I ain't trippin' that you left, maybe it'll work out for the best
They already give it to me just because the rap thing
Maybe they just acting, but I ain't really trippin'
Baby get some more where that came
Take her to the room and she don't even know my name
But I don't even know her name, so then what does that make me?
So ignorant when they in the club pourin' liquor
Actin' like a nigga mama didn't raise me
I ain't got nobody waitin' for me in the past
So I get up in the car and get lost in the bar scene
Feel like I'mma pass out, I always seem to black out
And always I'm forgetting where I'm parking
Bathe in the Henney, I'm a maniac
You take me to ya term and I can tell you just they react
Look me in the eyes, shake my hand until you take me back
Back into the dirt 'cause I'm a bum and I'mma make a rap
Drunk when I enter, always I be faded
People tell me I could be the greatest if I didn't do it
Fiendin' for the flu-id
Put the bottle down onto the ground and try to focus on my music
Maybe they gon' look at me and see me as a person
Instead of a precedent, coulda been worse
Put one up in my shirt, now homie away in a hearse
Never to be seen again as they bury me in the dirt
I'm always actin' like everything is okay
But really deep inside, my brain so scrambled
I am only human, I'm feelin' what I am feelin'
And I really don't even know how much more I can handle
Back at the bar when I take another shot
Because I really ain't got nobody - in my life but my kids
Fuck a wife while I'm starin' down the barrel of a shotty
I'm slippin'

Slippin' cause it's easier than dippin'
When I'm flippin'
I can barely concentrate on flippin' 'cause I'm slippin'
Closely pimpin' my mind though
It ain't fair, but it's endin' soon
I'm like some ice frozen rubber bendin'
And I resign so I quit pretendin'
'Cause at the bottom you should be ascending
Who's got some hope, are they down for landing?
Some hope, down for the landing, slippin'
Some hope down for the landing, slippin'
Sl-slippin', down for the landing, slippin'
Slippin'

Feelin' like I'm slippin' all day, drink fool
And you know for sure that shippin' on blaze, he cool
So don't worry 'bout a nigga and his pain, evil
Thoughts whenever they mention on my name, people
Try to get into my bubble while I'm posted
Wonder when I'm done. Will try to see who I associ-ate with
Like they gun up in they fit
Better try to pay no mind and you can blow me

Fake bitch
You can absorb that, shoot it like I had my gun
On a war pact, you can have ya whore back
I don't really care about her nigga, I done had my fun
And I'm on to the next
And I make another drink, and I pop another pill
Man, I think I need a shrink 'cause I never see it clear
But a nigga 'bout to when they crack another beer
And this is all day-day
Homie I don't play, woulda fit that, hit a cosign
No way that I'm gon stop losin' my mind
Insane and I'm gon drop into my prime
Bitch, mark my words, I be super humble but you niggas finna fumble in a dar
kside hearse
Drop a [?] 'bout to rocket to a shuttle thinkin' you the shit, it must have
been a fart I heard
And I really wish that I could operate sober without havin' to take the vodk
a to the face
And I really wish that I could be a great, but I'm lookin' for the shots and
they droppin' 'em into place
Then I run through another fuckin' fifth 'cause I ain't really got nobody
But the bottom of a bottle and my foot up on a throttle when a nigga try to
leave this party
I'm slippin'...