

## Some Days

Upchurch

Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake  
I don't wanna wait, tell my mate, "Roll me up a J"  
Fill my room up with the smoke (Hahaha)  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-low

I grew up on YouTube again  
I looked up stuff that seemed pretend  
The Illuminati and the pyramids  
I've been twelve hours deep on a Google binge  
I heard stories of strange men dressed in black clothes  
In a black mask comin' up to people's windows  
I sleep with a 5.56 always loaded  
Optic rockin' the night scope  
My room look like Fort Knox  
My mind runnin' like a evil genius  
Sometimes I scare my damn self  
'Cause I'm Norman Bates with a sense of kindness  
But the kind that's sick of being a sickness  
Sittin' in the bottom of the shit river ditches  
This ain't ice picks and hot chicks  
It's Nirvana, I ain't drownin' for a dollar or cent

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This is one of them dope tracks  
That'll make people say I'm on drugs now  
They'll prolly say that I'm goin' crazy  
Or I got possessed by the Willis House  
They'll probably claim that I'm a danger to myself  
For all them nights at three o'clock  
Precious time rolled in a Swisher  
Listenin' for a whisper for my name, it's Ryan  
Sittin' Indian style, burnin' sage like I'm Cherokee  
Deep eye sockets, hairline got a widow's peak  
Knife in the sheath, Pocahontas in the sheets  
I'll be damned if I let America "John Smith" me

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People say I changed, yeah  
I am not the same, yeah  
Wanna be a leader  
But don't care 'bout bein' famous

You wanna know what fame is  
It's stressful and it's dangerous  
I am not complainin', I'm just writin' out a story  
That's important for the up and comin'  
Don't bow down to business money  
Stay secluded, know yourself and see 'em comin'  
Don't let 'em choose what you're becomin'  
Be ready to die 'cause haters huntin' for headlines and shootin' for 'em

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