

# Break Down

Vin Jay

Hey  
Living like a mess tryna numb my pain  
Battling the demons in my mind all day  
Either I'm fucked up or I'm insane

Pop a pill  
Have a drink  
Don't break down

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Let's flashback to a moment in time  
When I was just a troubled youth tryna cope with his mind  
With psychedelics, cocaine and some smoke on the side  
When I was broken overdosed and was hoping to die (yeah)  
I guess the damage of feeling fucking abandoned  
Left me torn so I was slamming like every drug I was handed  
I'd manage till I ran out  
Then ravage through my dad's house  
Gather all my shit so I could sell it for a bag now  
I couldn't tell that I was losing myself  
And that the drugs only added to confusion I felt  
And when the homies hit me up I was refusing the help  
Cause I was busy tryna make a fucking noose with a belt

But I was lonely and sick of feeling depressed  
I was running out of options and ways to cope with the stress  
I thought I'd feel bliss when the reaper came to collect  
Cause I'm done with the pain I'd rather hang to my death and say...

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I never thought that my life would end when I'm 17  
Now I'm writing notes to my family I thought I'd never leave

But all this pain I've been feeling it's time to set it free  
Time to turn this torturous life of mine to a severed dream  
I waited till it was late and family was sleeping  
Was thinking bout death I wasn't thinking bout 'em grieving  
I thought that when they read the note they'd understand my reasons  
So I crept downstairs time to finally conquer my demons  
I grabbed the booze plus a bottle of pills  
Ran 'em back up to my room feeling hollow with chills  
Wasn't nervous I was ready I was confident still  
Poured a dozen in my palm and started popping to kill (yeah)

I'm finally doing it  
Time to call in the eulogist  
I got what I deserved I took my life and I ruined it  
30 minutes later my feelings started to fade  
Went from falling out of love to falling into my grave  
I'm getting woozy and passing out in my bed  
I was fading in and out a few moments away from death  
But something in my stomach was traveling up my chest  
I just fell to the floor and started puking up red  
And now the medicine is covering my hands  
They were drenched in it this is not the way that it was planned  
I crawled to my bed I was barely able to stand  
This is not what I intended I got myself in a jam

I fucked up I was broken and weak  
I never wanted to die I wanted a moment of peace  
Felt my heart skip a beat when I woke from my sleep  
The next day and saw the suicide note at my feed and thought

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