

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 dads 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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