

Once this advance hit, take a 30 grand hit
Bank account damaged, I'mma get some jewels
Ain't no sense in savin', rent to be paid in
But ain't no way to sense it once you end up gettin' screwed
Thinkin' you the one, you gon' end up done
When that Grim Reaper come, could be chillin' by the pool
Ain't nowhere to run, man, the sun comin' up, and
You ain't gonna be around to see it when it's full

Death don't got no mercy, got you talkin' murky
When you poppin' Perkies, she pop her pussy
She drop her tushy, she almost hurt me
Let me get this nut off before the opps could murk me
Could be cops or surgery
Could be disease, could be bitchin', itchin'
Could be fuckin' fleas, my decision, Spanish cheese
Spread it, get it back, snap, cheddar Jack, pat
I'ma get 'em right back, bitch
Meet me on the other side
My only regret is that my mother cried
And my chick too, I shit you
Not, there will be another kid to take my spot
Is it too early for me? Will there be a jury for me?
Have you heard me Lordy? Worried you ain't heard my story
Will it be late at night or in the early morning?
Either way, slurpin' forties out in purgatory

Ashamed of myself, the pain that I felt
My paper, my wealth, not concerned with or pertained to my health
Not concerned with if I hang from a belt
All these people talkin', I just stay to myself, so what's real?
Watch me float around my city, gettin' wild
With a stomach full of bile, as I suffer with a smile
Think about it when I wake up, money all got ate up at the bar
Prolly get some new tomorrow, I be paid up, straight up
Floatin' down the River Styx, countin' daffodils
Ignorin' all these e-mails from Complex and Mass Appeal
Thinkin', "If I wasn't such a pussy, I'd have had a deal"
When I die, play my failure on the blooper reel

Once this advance hit, take a 30 grand hit
Bank account damaged, I'mma get some jewels
Ain't no sense in savin', rent to be paid in
But ain't no way to sense it once you end up gettin' screwed
Thinkin' you the one, you gon' end up done
When that Grim Reaper come, could be chillin' by the pool
Ain't nowhere to run, man, the sun comin' up, and
You ain't gonna be around to see it when it's full

Jackin' people for their beanstalks, stackin' my green up
As I keep my head to the sky, as if I seen up
See the blood, mix it with the Sprite inside of my lean cup
It's a dual reality of sobriety, as I fiend up
Voices, scrolling' through every option, their choices
Pointless, nine millimeter might leave me voiceless
Appointed to a therapist when I'm very pissed, I'm arrogant
Tellin' myself that I be fine, it's the point where it's scary, yes

Carried this burden, for certain, I just need a surgeon
To take away all my emotions, my system is nervous
You only think deep when a fuckin' shrink speaks
Only time I count sheep is when a nigga six feet
Six deep, ten toes, nah, that's sixty-fours
Nigga, I don't play games, N64
I done been to places you ain't even been before
Heaven and hell, angels and demons is my friends and foes

Once this advance hit, take a 30 grand hit
Bank account damaged, I'mma get some jewels
Ain't no sense in savin', rent to be paid in
But ain't no way to sense it once you end up gettin' screwed
Thinkin' you the one, you gon' end up done
When that Grim Reaper come, could be chillin' by the pool
Ain't nowhere to run, man, the sun comin' up, and
You ain't gonna be around to see it when it's full