

Dear Suicide

Wrekonize

Check it out

Dear Suicide, Once again I've called your name
Sitting on dixy Highway waiting for passing trains
Career's in freeze frame, I ain't seen shit change
I'm feeling even more pain cause I'm the one to blame
Two years signed, buried my grind feet first
All I could drop was one mix tape and T-shirt
I feel like I'm walking in reverse
I'm trying to get a claim for pictures I frame
Guess I need rebirth
Still no sign of a train
It's a shame
I was hoping amtrak could split me from my brain
It's a bitch when the people start learning your name
Without large ad campaigns the memory fades
And the industry ain't nothin' but strange
People seem to know the dope from the whack
Still their fond of the lame
Dear suicide
I've been thinking about us chillin'
The train never came so I'm climbing the south B-building
It's only three stories, the fall should kill me though
They ask me when my shit gon' drop
And now their gona' fuckin know
Thinkin' I can't write songs
But that ain't fuckin' so
Rooftop barbeque, It must be Jim's brother Joe
So Scratch that plan and onto the next one
I'm tired of usin debt funds to save up for bread crumbs
Last item on my list reads "get gun"
It seems these days the only good MCs are dead ones
Am I losing my mind?
Letting my world tumble
Just because I almost fumbled the rhyme
I've had females treat me just fine
And all I did in return was go and burn two bad eyes blind
A magi's crime
And now I'm falling off the gift horse
The pistol's like my tour guide
It's time for me to shift course
My mom loves to drink
My step paps don't treat her right
Selfishness can often blind a man to all the keys of life
Mom your aura is grand
And on the real
Fuck a man who can't appreciate you right where you stand
God damn
I raise this pistol up and demand
If there's somebody watching over me this bullet can't land
The gun will just jam
And I can reassess all plans
Move out of Sam's scam start buildin a fam
I wonder if I'm just a strand in the hour glass sand
I better find out quick
Click
Am I still on the land?

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