

FAKE FRIENDS

WSTR

Here we go again with the fake friends
Loose lips at the end of the parliament
I know you talk your shit just to fit in
But nothing here is yours not even your opinion

The really fucked up part is I miss you
Even after everything that we been through
I love you for you that's my issue
Now it's dead to me

Now I have to say goodbye to you
It's like your allergic to what is truth
When you're away I finally breathe
You're so damn fake
It's all the same

It's all the same
It's all the same

All I see to the left is the snakeheads
Best of luck tryna use my name to make bread
Catch a buzz just because it's that time again
For the past and all the memories that stay dead
You're disingenuous and you know that
I gave you all my trust
Which you took out your pocket
You threw it stomped on it
I knew what you wanted I got it so say less

And it's about damn time that I take what's mine again
You go chase that clout fuck around find out again

And it's about damn time that I take what's mine again
I won't back down I'ma hold my ground
You go chase that clout fuck around find out again
Blood drips down like I went ten rounds

When I think about better days
Growing from our youth to waste
The dream was all sight all smell no taste
I don't really sleep I pace
How did we rip our page

How did you get so fake
How did you get so fake