

## My Old Self

Mr. Probz

Said you want to be friend but I don't want that  
Told you to leave see Ima go back to my old, self  
Find yourself someone else  
Told you I don't want you to come back  
'cause Ima do me bitch fall back  
My old self, old self

Yeah now this must be the realest shit  
my pen wrote down and got spoke loud  
Some crumps on the table  
Cheap beers and smoke clouds  
My head down, put the phone on deaf man  
My body so tired, can't squeeze both of my hands  
I'm doing bad, got stress with no motors  
Going back to the days  
Where the pain was simple to cope with  
You wanted everything so I just put it on the plate for ye  
Take that, erase that, now  
Cuz why you do your best trying  
So hard to prove something  
Every time this shit happens it feels,  
Like I lose something  
And I ain't never been the talkative type  
But two wrongs can't make it a right  
And I ain't calling it a night  
I need a moment to cool off  
But every time I close my eyes  
I picture you sucking some dude off  
But that's me  
I gotta learn to cut off whats unhealthy instead  
of waiting and let it grow  
It's what my heart knows but while my heart froze  
Every chance of you letting go already died  
Slow so I'ma die slow  
Everytime I cross ya mind  
I figure this is more than a rhyme  
Something like a bullet hole that won't close,  
A 'chute that wont grow [?]  
Ima put it somewhere it wont show  
Lay my pen down and pour a couple Jim Beams  
And say welcome to the new old me

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