

## Find Me

Allday

Man I wanted if I said it all  
It's time when the records are done  
Was it memorable? You know what the fuck it was  
They gonna talk their shit  
I'm gonna shrug it off  
Coming up, gave a fuck how I came across  
Two years ago, when I couldn't take another loss  
Somebody better put a end to my winning streak  
I'm not hearing 'em  
I guess it'll take a lot to offend me man  
Fuck all the bullshit and mystique  
And telling everything when it's not pretty  
I don't mind  
All for the trippy for strictly  
Tatted on my side boy if you need a kitty  
Pink and light  
There's no weight where my ex girls are  
Watching my clips, feeling regret feels huh!?  
In the studio so the rent bills high  
They tell me say real  
I tell 'em get real high

Find me  
You've been sad for too long [x3]  
[x2]

Find me sitting up  
For a little buzz  
And everybody's here  
Yeah we did a bunch  
Find me

'Money over bitches' is what I'm hearing  
Money without love it not appealing  
I got too much on my plate  
Gotta spill it in my house  
Crackin' and blind for you to peer in  
And my peers, they all just appearing now  
And the older generations, kinda fizzled out  
Swear to get up in my space when I'm sitting down  
Tryna get a real account, what I'm really 'bout  
But I'm really human, staring at my cup  
Friends scare, who dared told me that's enough?  
I'd probably get 'em kicked outta here, in a flash  
In the mood strikes, that's how I'm feeling tonight  
When I was 17 I forgot the train  
Walked in to the show hoping everyone ignored me  
Had to win a battle to force to record  
Didn't know the card but I know it was a sure thing  
When I wasn't confident, I was confident  
Even when I was competent, I was on some shit  
Like I got it, I promise, I'm positive  
I was rapping back when Britney was hot and shit  
You know the deal, played shows to no-one  
I recall the first 4 kids that showed up  
And I brought drinks 'cos it meant so much to me  
So my recently is all grown up

Sorta like my friends, and my brothers and the styles so shitty  
People telling me about my own home city  
Now put me on the lights man, fuckin' no dimming  
Look at what I made of all killer, no filler; like Sum 41  
Already I've won, already have fun  
Already would've liked  
So you know I would die for this  
So this is our cult man  
And mix in cool-aid just right for you

Find me  
You've been sad for too long [x3]  
[x2]

Find me sitting up  
For a little buzz  
And everybody's here  
Yeah we did a bunch  
Find me