

Spill My Blood

Allday

I still got that photograph on my dresser
I know it's been a laughably long time for me to still love you
I still got the photographs that you sent me
I know you're someone else's now, but I still want you
I still want you

Swear I fucked you right, that's what you told me then
We were supposed to die before we folded in
That's my bad, I'm apolog'in
Bringing old shit up, fuckin' historian
I had a space in your heart, I'm orbitin'
You know that I'll be back like the Austrian
I know there is gaps in what you told to him
Does he know you got it tatted on your body there?

You would do anything in the backseat
This my city and I know all the backstreets
You, cars, M.D., shows, raps, beats, crew, mum, dad, xannies, hopes, plans,
dreams

Having visions of why
This feeling ain't right
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?

Gotta feeling you might
Come over tonight
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?

You love to show me that you've got your life together
I'm happy for you, baby, but you don't got to be so mean
Just because I do drugs and my friends are reckless
It doesn't mean I'm evil all of a sudden, I'm just lonely
And summer sucks this year
[?] I didn't touch this year
Pretty much doing drugs trying to fuck this year
Not proud of the man I've become this year
I got sent to the States just to clean my blood
Still driving 'round town in a beat-up car
You say hey sometimes, I guess he's not up
I'm thinking of all these old times and tryna bring them up, like

When you would do anything in the backseat
It was my city and I knew all the backstreets
You, cars, M.D., shows, raps, beats, crew, mum, dad, xannies, hopes, plans,
dreams

Having visions of why
This feeling ain't right
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?

Gotta feeling you might

Come over tonight
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?

Be straight with me now, if you ain't coming over
Then I ain't staying sober no more
Might find me in the kitchen of his big apartment
Spilling my blood all over his floor
Can't believe that the doctor delivered this monster
The moment I was born, should've choked me with the cord
One voice in my head said I shouldn't listen to no voices
But the other one's saying I'm supposed to be gone
And it's all your fault (All your fault)
Are you sorry?

Having visions of why
This feeling ain't right
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?

Gotta feeling you might
Come over tonight
If I spill my blood for you
If I spill my blood
Would you love me then?