

Trust Issues

Angel Haze

No I don't drink but let's all get faded
Call up the team...
Hands in the air give a fuck about a nigga, give a fuck
about a bitch too
The top is a lonely spot, Friends in a phony slot all
that shit true
I ain't even got the energy stop pretending like you're
into me
You don't even had a dose yet, shit don't matter, We
ain't got the chemistry
I... need a little time just to breathe, Just to kinda
get my life on the right track
I can give you my heart for the night but when it's
over you gotta give it right back
Hell yes It's like that, Sick and tired of falling in
the right traps
It a cold world out here bitch, I'm a keep my heart
frozen til the ice crack

Feels like something's missing I feel fucking distant,
I don't trust no one,
Especially not these niggas, I don't-I don't trust
these niggas,
They might-They might catch me slipping, I don't trust
these niggas or none of these bitches,
Call up em' I'm drinking I wanna get wasted,
Call up em' Call up em, I know I don't smoke but I
wanna get fade, Call up em'

Damn, Seems like my head is in the wrong spot,
Cells on overdrive filled by the wrong thought
Any battle worth winning is the one fought
So my logic beat emotion by a long shot
These nigga recycling the same line
Bitches getting played hard like overtime
Guard up gotta hurdle to get over mine
Eyes closed cause I see you better with an open mind
Damn that's all right,
That's all right, I ain't know, I fell for it, I caught
on, I got that, You came close
And I got some hidden feelings that I can't show
So I can either bury the hatchet
Or just keep digging the same hole

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Swag me out, Swag me out,
Fuck the words while they are coming out your mouth
Let them words have a fuck you baby

Watch my middle finger push it out
Whispers to the side
Fiction and some lies
But I really ain't surprised
Cause everybody know there ain't shit I gotta hide
Well you tell me that you love me when you see me,
affff
Feels like a billion motherfuckers don't like me no
more
Ooh yeah they hate me now
Feels like they really wanna break me down
These bitches ain't on my level
In result they hate themselves
You being everybody but tell me why the fuck you still
ain't yourself
Sometimes I feel a need to just thank myself
Cause I'm real as fuck ho even when I ain't myself
I wish I could say the same for you
But we all know that shit ain't true
That phony shit just make me laugh
Damn y'all bitches must hate me bad
All y'all niggas so fake it's sad
And my ex boy gone make me spazz
Let go, Let go, Let go til you don't feel that shit
Hanging from your fingertips
Tingles down your spleen and shit
Friends are gone be separated
Feelings gone be freedom stripped
That's the fucking life we live... full of
inconveniences

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