

30!

Colder than them grits they fed slaves
Me to rap is like water to raves
AK's with bayonets on deck
Rep my set
Sorta like Squidward and his clarinet
I'm in ya bitch mouth
But she just fantasizing
Staring at my skinnys siad it's so tantalizing
Dog I'm strategizing plotting on throne
The masta of the ace sitting on chrome
Dark nights tryna sleep stomach on fire
Delusional from hunger so I couldn't get tired
Imaging the equalizer goin from green to red
Words that rhyme together just appear all in my head
Sorta like Neo with them Matrix codes
I try to escape it hoping drugs a numb a soul
Say I'm getting old and times running out
Repeating instrumentals tryna figure patterns out
I never leave the house ain't slept in three days
Popping pills, writing, drinking and smoking haze
Weaving the kicks and snares dodging hooks
Tryna keep it original something that's overlooked
Way a nigga goin might go out like Sam Cooke
Or locked up calling home for money on my books
Cause if this shit don't work nigga I failed at life
Turning to these drugs now these drugs turned my life
It's the downward spiral, Got me suicidal
But too scared to do it so these pills a be the rival
Surpassing all my idols
Took the wrong turn
But can't go back now so now let that blunt burn
Cause now it's my turn if I fuck it all up
Took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs
I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs
Triple X