

Back in the day, when we had nothing, and shit was fucked up without a buck, but who cared, gave a shit, childhood lost and I grew up quick. Hope for the best but expect the worst, get mine, survive, the truth hurts. Things don't happen the way we want to, can't understand why true friends are so few. Shit's at a standstill and it just doesn't fit right. I'm getting tired of everything, of try to impress, your fake, guess it shows. Fucked it up and now your slipping, looking back you'll be alone and then you'll wish you did things different. Keep your head up son and watch your step. Tables turn people learn. No remorse no regrets, tables turn people learn.