

Late nights, stay on it  
Bright lights, they want it  
And it's funny how you so charismatic  
A sex addict, but stay lonely  
Throw a beat on, I kill it  
Not a gun though, my feelings  
Here comes slow, pop pilling  
And I die young, God willing  
God willing, shit  
Got me over here tripping  
And liquor don't help for the feelings I felt  
I'm just over here chilling  
Yeah, always seem to blame a bitch  
The only thing I got is my pain and shit  
And these hoes want art  
Love over your canvases  
Should I talk about my dad or something?  
Always feel like I'm mad for nothing  
Rap fast cause a crash is coming  
And it hurts for the words but it lasts for something  
Po Pimpin' so Do or Die  
Slit wrists, so suicidal  
Stay cool in a pool of fire  
Worship in a verse, nigga who's your idol?  
Ain't never felt like this before  
Would you ride for freedom? Would you die for freedom?  
Got a ski mask on and a pistol loaded  
Hear money talking, I die to meet 'em  
Looking forward to the bright lights  
Late nights and the bullshit  
Yeah, they was talking that good shit  
That's far as they could get, yeah