

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