

I don't want it to end yet, but I didn't begin yet  
I said you're just a fan, you're just not really a friend yet  
Something that I've been said, practice makes perfect  
But I'll probably die tomorrow, tell me is it really worth it  
I can read the latest books, learn everything I need to  
But it seems they'll still look at me like a crook  
I'm like, yeah I'm pretty nice, yeah I'm pretty much an asshole  
And they don't understand so it sounds hypocritical but fuck yo  
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And I'm still the one the young niggas look up to  
Imagine what I'd do if I was passionate dudes  
Who only look around because they're searching for the truth  
And I'm still searching for a coupe, but only lurking in this b  
ooth  
And still more hazardous than you, still a casket fits my suit  
I wonder when my last breath is, life sucks but fuck  
I'm really tired of imagining how death is  
And Earth is lame, waiting for the moment that I'm blasting off  
I only go hard, I found out that you fags is soft  
Your sight is too limited to see my vision  
And you never listen so don't tell me OK just to pass me off