

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
u
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