

# Just Say No

Rittz

Dear Lord  
Please forgive me  
I'm so ashamed of everything that I've done  
I'm trying to be a better person, God  
I need your help

Who the fuck gon' pick me up when I fall?  
Waiting on my Xanax to dissolve  
Eat a bar just to go on stage  
Just a bottle was a problem that I just can't solve  
On the "Slumerican Made Tour" last Fall  
Everything snowballed, lookin' back and I'm appalled  
Hit an all time low, had a two month binge  
On that Blow, and I know you heard that song  
But this real life  
Ever wake up from a drunk night like you pissed people off?  
That was me the whole tour  
When I got home, I was so embarrassed  
Had me feelin' like I need to call - Wolf  
And say "Sorry" for bein' so obnoxious  
And constantly actin' like a junky, a Jay  
On his bus doin' bumps, in my bunk  
In the dark, from my heart, and the A

God bless my soul  
Demons following me everywhere I go  
That temptation in my face I can't control  
Trying to chase them down this straight and narrow road  
Here I go  
Just say no!

But I can't, goin' up to fans  
About to damn near beg for drugs  
Tellin' them I can get 'em into backstage  
If they get me some, my self-respect was gone  
I stayed up all night with Ounce and Big Henry  
Then go and get a room about 2 P.M  
Eating Xanax in the afternoon  
Cause I'm panicking from the Coke  
My heart, don't know what mood it's in  
I FaceTime with my girl in my room  
And when I finally fall asleep I make her watch  
It's a daily routine, I tell her I can't breathe  
And to keep an eye on me, just in case I stop  
Look at my face in shock  
My nose was so inflamed and swollen  
So much abuse to it that it got infected  
It's five times it's normal size  
Plus, I blew my knee out  
Drunk, tryin' to slap box a wrestler  
Up at Whistler center, about to hit the E.R  
It's hard to explain yourself  
Why your nose is the size of Gonzo's  
The doc knows you're a cocaine addict  
You can only blame yourself  
Here I am in the hospital bed  
But instead of regret, I'm thinking about the cocaine I left

On the bus, I officially flushed  
I told my girl I'm okay, I'll be home in two days to rest  
I got home, but really all the damage was done  
Couldn't go out into public without being nervous  
And my dick didn't work for like a month  
Couldn't bend my knee up in physical therapy  
But as far as Coke and the urge, I was done  
Didn't learn shit, cause I did the same thing on the next tour run

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No!  
No!  
NO!  
Yeah..  
Fuck it, give me some  
I'll do a little bit  
Yeah..  
Fuck...