

# Trapdoor

Salem

Nah, I ain't tryin to look back,

My expectation has my mouth run dry  
I see a bitch run but I doubt she know why  
I doubt she know fire  
But I could introduce  
All it takes is matches and just a little juice  
All your flow patches your brains fucked up  
Ya looked like you been baked too much  
You could bake too much  
I think too much  
It's why I take it off and be the dog when we fuck

bitch watch me take a shower, put powder on your butt  
That lines for me do not touch  
you could wear them heels but just don't touch the clothes  
another fifteen minutes put more powder up your nose

It's all blurred out aye bitch I can't see ya  
Turnin shit around, maybe I should leave ya  
It's all blurred out aye bitch I can't see ya  
Turnin things around, baby I should leave ya.

Ok, maybe I should go  
But where's there to go  
I walk for half an hour  
Bitch I don't know  
I go anywhere, I'm not going home  
And the headlights in the night look bright  
I'm done I'm bored I'm sick of this night  
Heather get the knife  
I can't feel it, no  
I can't feel shit

And when the sun rises we be watching  
Top of the mountain, John boy smokin  
Long way from the ground sure ain't bad  
Gimme a hit of that, lemme hit the crack

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Turnin things around, baby I should leave ya.

Really nice son, fuck you talkin about  
I'm tryin'a numb the pain til my brain falls out  
I'm a city nigga I was born in the streets  
And i grew up and i knew i could perform in the streets  
Now in the wood, still can't sleep  
Me and my dog lay and wait for weeks  
My eyes don't close, he don't bark, I don't speak  
Try to disappear so the nigga don't ease

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Aye, yeah hey John boy, I know you feel what I'm sayin out there  
I know you see motherfuckers and be like  
What you suicidal about? I bring it  
It's like people say we all gonna die  
But me is different Im not tryin to be alive  
I's try to get high  
Baby thats just my desire  
Now I'm pullin a sheet over my face before I die

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