

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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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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