

Sounds Bad

T-Pain

Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm

I wanna dedicate this to my struggling bro
Keep pushing on, keep pushing on
Yeah

First of the month
Check late, again
Got nothin' to do (Got nothin' to do)
I'm a roll me a blunt
Got drank
Call me a ho or two
Now I know that it sound like I'm living on the edge
Only you ain't hear the worst
I got the whole house running on the generator
No good food in my "frigidator"
Damn, and I'm late for work

Don't that sound bad, horrible?
No inspiration, no goals
I know it sound like I wanna die
And I know I'm so miserable
But this just so happens to be the best day of my life

Now, I don't wanna confuse you
Hurtin' on the inside
But I won't let you see (But I won't let you see)
That's why every little dollar and every little penny
Goes to puttin' an outfit on me
'Cause I'm a stay fresh to death, dressed to impress the rest
You know how I do it when I do it
I'm a show you how to do it so you can do it for somebody else, mmm
But I still got the house on the generator
No good food in my "fridigator"
Damn, and I'm late for work

My life
Bottle of patron, pick of ice
Drink, drink, drink
Drink, drink, drink
Ain't no talkin' 'bout that bullshit
I'm talkin' like a newspaper
I'm talkin' 'bout the newspaper full of weed
Like the whole thing
And I'm a roll it up and smoke it
Hey, hit this weed, nigga
And really let you think about you
And in the end, you gotta let me do what I do

Horrible
No inspiration, no goals
I know it sound like I wanna die
And I know I'm so miserable
But this just so happens to be the best day of my life

Horrible
No inspiration, no goals
I know it sound like I wanna die

And I know I'm so miserable
But this just so happens to be the best day of my life
Yeah