

My footsteps in ashes  
Why do I kill everything I touch?  
Why do blood run so deep?  
After so long why it mean so much  
Shadows of a song, man it could've been a rap  
Coulda wrapped up, should've said I'm never looking back  
Took a backpack, packed everything I owned  
Into it hopped onto a train, threw it on the track  
I guess that's what I do  
At least what I do best  
I beg my pardon  
Apart from you girl, you the one that I do bless  
With this holy water (holy water)  
Gold rollie on them  
Took a bubble bath with the preacher's daughter that's holy water  
Could you imagine magic in the air  
The passion when I'm passing Ls  
Inhale smoke and laughing  
Last lap the lux  
Deluxe truck and wackers  
Y'all pass the dutch  
And I puff the drag  
Niggas be draggin ass it don't make shit  
And they wonder why it don't make sense  
Said it's been awhile, they wonder where you been  
I've been locked up in that basement  
I was 16 with a mixtape,  
Now I'm 19 with a mixtape  
Tryna be 21 with a million dollars  
Like praise the Lord, hallelujah, holla

Would you dance with me in the rain?  
Would you share your empathy, kill my pain?  
Paint this picture for me  
I'll be by you mañana  
When you need me I'm gone call you  
Come on baby, that's how ya  
You the reason, wonder why my feet don't touch the ground  
Wonder why my feet don't touch the ground  
I'll be by you mañana  
When you need me I'm gone call you  
Call me crazy, ooh mama  
Baby wanna, wonder why my feet don't touch the ground  
Wonder why my feet don't touch the ground  
Hollywood, Los Angeles  
Hollywood, Los Angeles  
Streets of gold and good canibus  
But ooh on you so scandalous

Scared to leave but so scared to stay  
Stand contenders disappearing away  
Whether you with the fade out  
Filled with regret  
Or put a gun to your head  
Take it out with a bang  
Suicide letter, signed Kurt Cobain  
Suicide letter, signed Kirko Bangz

Drank in my cup, but I'm cutting my wrists  
Because all these rap niggas all sound so same  
I'm going to stay this thing one last time  
This one last thing  
People are sheep to the radio  
Heard it on tape too much to make a dumb ass saint  
Sing along with me  
Sing along this your jam  
Ladies this your favorite song  
In the mirror, put this on  
Hit your zan, get in your zone  
I can tell her I see she know  
But she know she don't need no more  
She been drinking way too much  
Must admit you way too cold  
Caught you looking across that room  
You wrong you think that I don't know  
Your girlfriend probably played that roll  
Looking 'oh you seen this type before'  
That's neither here nor there  
But I will say this  
Cause I do know that  
You're the only one I need that's fact  
And the fact of the matter is I got your back

[Hook]