

07 Ill Be Fine

A-Wax

[Hook]

I'm having arguments alone
So I must be out my mind
She said I'm so worried bout you
I say trust me I'll be fine
Trust me I'll be fine
Having arguments alone
Deep discussions with my mind
I must be losing it x4
It must be gone

[Verse 1]

Where the hell did it go?
What the fuck did we do with it
Tell me who the fuck did we show?
What the fuck did we prove?
Looking at what we gained partner
Not the stuff that we lose
Fucking up in this game
Really fucks me up in my brain
Trying hard to make sense of it
Everytime a ni- dies now
People thinking I sent someone
Gripping up cos I said something
Putting all of my dogs on ya
I recall when that meant something
I just wanted my dogs on
Not running off cos I left something
Standing out cos I made shit
Not blaming it cos I spent something
Shopping sprees both winds come
Still I predict an intense summer
Every year I face every fear
Known to man still press-a-beer
Presevere I meant persevere
Hope you're hearing my verses clear
Used to think I was worthless here
Now I look around at the shit like
I don't know if it's work this year

I don't like all these serpents here
I don't know who put percs in here
But fill my cup back up again so I don't do much work in here
I got work in here
All alone who's lurking here?
On my own since birth damn near
Yelling at myself in the mirror like i'm my own damn perrson here
What we doing need church near here
I don't know if my work is clear
But if you're talking behind my back
Better hope that it don't surface here

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Thank you for your concern
Appreciate the kind words
Gangster guy that just learned
Look, I don't know where my mind went
It was probably some nonsense
Maybe it was that hot one
Had me pleading no contest
Fuck around with this bitch hard
Run it like some contest
Things are gettin a bit bizarre to me
The fuck is wrong with my concepts?
Something talk to my armrest
Move it into my waistband
Suckers want to talk shit huh?
Do that shit to my face man
What the fuck is wrong with this white boy?
Might belong in some psych ward
The fuck is wrong your homeboy
What type of shit is he on bud, because I need some
Couple tats on my sleeves done
Coming back for my weed ma
She don't want to take the blame for it
All the damn mistakes that she's done

Lyrics Submitted by JEvans

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