30

cHMa

Sent ya bitch a dick pic and now she need glasses
Turn a bitch slick rick now if I flashed it
Ate a couple pills took the bud out the plastic
Flicking cigarette ashes bitch I stay blasted
Microphone Cassius
Magic with the sick shit
Said I post to been dead
But bitch I'm still up in this bitch
Verbal herbal poison
Words I cortisone
Fucked pregnant bitch
Save money on her abortion
I feel like Billy Corgan
In a church playing the organ
Covering too short
Smoking a Newport
Hurt hoping drugs a help the pain a go away
And all these thoughts in my head made the sane go astray
Step inside a mind
That revolves around the rhyme
And he close his eyes see visions of white lines
Dying in the arms of a blond blue eyed 20 something
Don't know her name now the paramedics chest pu
30 something black male OD'ed off pills that he wasn't prescribed
But they took his life
Let behind a daughter that doesn't really even know him
Because her momma thought he wouldn't make a living off them poems
But it was a long journey on a rocky road
Had a hoody and a jacket on the bus in snow
Walking in the cold on the way to the studio
Smoking on a loosey that was just a couple yrs ago
Dropped a couple free mixtapes on the net
And niggas tried to front like it wasn't all that
But guess what bitch I'm coming back
Guess what bitch I'm coming back
Signed to fools gold and everything's all gnarly
Bitches want my number just to get up in party
Came along way from extension cords in the window
Borrowing neighbors power just to plug up the Nintendo

Where the ovens never closed and stoves never off
Every winter so cold niggas sleeping scarves
But I would always tell myself that this shit of get better
You know who you is you the greatest rapper ever
So now the pressures on em to prove that voice right
Some people never know they goals he know his whole life
So now his turn up fixing up to bat
Pitching singles to the label when I use to pitch crack
Never learned to rap I just always knew how
So ever since 8 I knew what I would now
When I turned 28 they like what u gone do now
And now a nigga 30 I don't u heard me
So the last ten years I been so fucking stressed
Tears in my eyes let me get this off my chest
The thought of no success it got me chasing death
Doing all these drugs in hopes of OD'ing next
Triple X

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/