

# 30

## Acasual

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

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