

Empty

Juice WRLD

From the unknown
I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam
Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know
I problem solve with Styrofoam
My world revolves around a black hole
The same black hole that's
In place of my soul, uh
Empty, I feel so goddamn empty
I may go rogue
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes
Tote semi-autos
Keepin' it real, keepin' it real, real uh
Keepin' it real, uh yeah
Life gets tough, shit is getting real
I don't know how to feel
Swallowing all these pills
Know my real feels
Devil standing here
Tryna' make a deal, uh
It ain't no deals
Feel like I'm going crazy but
Still took a lot to get me here
Losing my sanity up in a
House in the hills, hills, hills
I ain't have anything then and I still
Don't have anything still, still, still
Bein' me, I rock PnB
These hoes actin' like gossip, TMZ
These drugs acting like
Moshpits squishing me
Oh my, oh me, how they kill me slowly
Lonely, I been gettin' no peace
OD, feel like overdosing
Low key I'm looking for the signs
But all I can find is a sign of the times
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I ain't suicidal
Only thing suicide is suicide doors
Fight for survival
Gotta keep hope up, rolling good dope up
Hold my hand, through hell we go
Don't look back, it ain't the past no more
Gon' get to the racks, all them niggas want war
I was put here to lead the lost souls
Exhale depression as the wind blows
These are the laws of living in vogue
We're perfectly imperfect children
Rose from the dust, all of us are on a mission
Never gave a fuck, really came from rags to riches Now we live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'
I don't give a fuck, really came from rags to riches
Now I live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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