

Millipede

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

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