

gobs

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/>