

# Clean Up

## Recoil

The thoughts all cloudy  
In the marijuana sky, but it started raining molly  
It got me feeling sorry while I'm feeling on myself  
Cause I don't know this bitch name but I'm feeling on her breast  
I know it ain't right, but in this state I don't care  
A whole week done went past, I don't go nowhere  
Hotel rooms crushing pills and menus  
Daughter sending me messages saying "Daddy, I miss you"  
But in this condition I don't think she need to see me  
Ain't slept in four days, and I'm smelling like seaweed  
Problems in my past haunt my future and the present  
Escaping from reality got me missing my blessings  
Sent a couple G's but that make it no better  
And now I got habits that ain't getting no better  
And it ain't that easy trying to get all together  
Been stressing so long think depression done settled It's time for me to clean it up  
I came too far to fuck it up like  
It's time for me to clean it up  
I came too far to fuck it up like Pops left mom when I was only 18  
So rightfully that meant I had to be the man of things  
And by 28, mom was damn near homeless  
And now I'm 31 she 'bout to fucking cop her own shit  
Triple beam dreams brought me nothing but nightmares  
Thought that I was helping but the system don't fight fair  
Cases had me locked up, mama always wrote me  
Pops my only visit, they the only ones that loved me  
That's why I feel bad, popping Givenchy tags  
Knowing that this tee could feed my nephew for a week  
For material I'm weak, acting like I don't care  
I spend it all on clothes, then something is wrong there  
I sent my mom some G's, but that makes it no better  
Cause now I got habits that ain't getting no better  
And it ain't that easy trying to get all together  
Been stressing so long think depression done settled It's time for me to clean it up  
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