

That little kid in the window's looking out at the winter like:
"This whole world is mine if I can get this bitch to shine"
There's no kind of friction to find
'Cause ain't nobody runnin' towards the same finish line
Looking at the dirty snow in the street make you believe
Everybody must've just adjusted to the grief
Choose what you use to motivate yourself
You can either hate me or you can hate yourself

Can't trust your fears
You spent a whole bunch of years being judged by peers
All you wanted was to touch my ears
And get inside of my head like: "What the fuck's in here?"
Had to take space from the hazardous waste
Save the rags for acid rain flashbacks
If it can wash off that awful toxic aftertaste
Maybe that can replace all your trash bags

Baby, I don't know, but you're obviously feeling yourself
And that's a beautiful thing, I hope you're real with yourself
'Cause all we got is ourselves and these mouths to feed
And those keys on your belt that held you down on your knees
Whatever dawg, I'm not the underdog
I'm just a side effect of following my thumbs through the fog
I'm outta here, all apologies to your kids
Your whole forest on fire, hollerin' 'bout the bridge

And everybody tryna do their best
But everybody's best didn't take the same piss test
I guess I should expect resentment affects perspective and context
And you've perfected your bomb threats
Yeah, we get high and we gon' die
But either way, those leaves don't lie
And as the seasons go by, more friends say bye
Less luggage makes it easier to fly

And when the trees turn to skeletons, listen
You can hear the bones rattle in the wind
It's a delicate condition
Everything's gotta go if you wanna know what's underneath the skin
We all have the capacity to take it there
But if I'm gonna use gravity to take it there
That's a delicate condition, I'm not in the position
To tell how you livin'

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