

Weak Stomach

Caskey

Coming on 4 years since my father died
Sometimes I wish it was a homicide
Make the pain a little easier to understand
Self inflicted wounds be the symptom
... in my pockets on a regular night
I ain't smoking regular now
Faintest numbers I let my sailor now
Funny how the more respected I get
The more I'm in doubt with the self loathing
Designer brand frequent on my clothe
Flashing and I'm like word
I see that it lies... try to make me happy
Well it seem like everything that I could go
Only may attack me
I mean my heart got scars
I'm at my last dollar man
I've been in the pocket line
Balled out, sipping the high life
Contemplating taking my life
My vice's has always been try to mimic my father
And his decisions but
Like I just got in the same collisions I know
These loud crowds I get petrified
So excuse me if I step aside

I always had a weak stomach
I puked that night
I was staring at the stars on the roof that night
Hey, and I always had a weak stomach
I've been out here try to chill
But drama keep coming
Keep coming
But drama keep coming
Man I always had a weak stomach

Signing to a major label
Was always favor we didn't bank on
The table at my house got a drink on it
Alcoholic ambition to try and ease the pain
I ain't had no father figure to try and teach me man
16 years old on the road to VOP
Reminiscing that he was under my seat
I guess I had something to prove prolly
The child ain't got nothing to lose
Vodka and dues
And I'm balling to my... to the bad minimal
On the borderline of being a criminal
Becoming a byproduct all my homies were product for sale
In and out of jail and order intel
Mary inside the speaker while we but it out on Georgia
Sitting in the back what it get look
For the four... in last week, and we ain't sober
Then I saw pimping the pullover

I always had a weak stomach
I puked that night
I was hanging out the window trying to shoot that night

Hey, and I always had a weak stomach
I've been out here try to chill
But drama keep coming
Keep coming
The drama keep coming
And I always had a weak stomach

But fuck that!

Ain't no time for a sickness when you're trying to get it
And all the time in this prison is spent finding a prison
A way to time one way to fly in a colorful vision
Carry on tradition to everyone who came from the digits
Rose from the dunk with that stain on
Some... hang themselves with the wrong halo
That's why I lay low
Now understand me
I stare at a screen
And watch that all it takes
Sit by myself and smoke so much weed that it looks
It's like... was a lot
But one thing it is not is rewind
So I pretend C4
And my standards never lower
Cause I became what they said I wouldn't and I wanted more
Dear lord save me from this stakes
Cause... like boredom
Old friends from my doors
In the streets till ignores
Landlord in the... told me I can't afford it
I'm three months late
Feel like a pregnant woman this chorus
Cause of my weak stomach

I always had a weak stomach
I puked that night
I was contemplating telling you the truth that night
Hey, and I always had a weak stomach
I've been out here try to chill
But drama keep coming
Keep coming
The drama keep coming
Man I always had a weak stomach