

30!

Colder than them grits they fed slaves  
Me to rap is like water to raves  
AK's with bayonets on deck  
Rep my set  
Sorta like Squidward and his clarinet  
I'm in ya bitch mouth  
But she just fantasizing  
Staring at my skinnys siad it's so tantalizing  
Dog I'm strategizing plotting on throne  
The masta of the ace sitting on chrome  
Dark nights tryna sleep stomach on fire  
Delusional from hunger so I couldn't get tired  
Imaging the equalizer goin from green to red  
Words that rhyme together just appear all in my head  
Sorta like Neo with them Matrix codes  
I try to escape it hoping drugs a numb a soul  
Say I'm getting old and times running out  
Repeating instrumentals tryna figure patterns out  
I never leave the house ain't slept in three days  
Popping pills, writing, drinking and smoking haze  
Weaving the kicks and snares dodging hooks  
Tryna keep it original something that's overlooked  
Way a nigga goin might go out like Sam Cooke  
Or locked up calling home for money on my books  
Cause if this shit don't work nigga I failed at life  
Turning to these drugs now these drugs turned my life  
It's the downward spiral, Got me suicidal  
But too scared to do it so these pills a be the rival  
Surpassing all my idols  
Took the wrong turn  
But can't go back now so now let that blunt burn  
Cause now it's my turn if I fuck it all up  
Took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs  
I took a while to get here now I depend on these drugs  
Triple X