quicksand

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Don't pray for me, just press play for me
Don't cry for me, just put one in the sky for me
Honestly, if you lie, you die to me
Don't pray for me, just press play for me
Don't cry for me, just put one in the sky for me
Honestly, if you lie, you die to me

My problems is real, mama, my problems is real
I tried to run from my problems until I bloodied my heels
My problems is real, mama, my problems is real
I tried to run from my problems until I bloodied my heels
I swallowed my courage and then I swallowed my fears
And then I swallow every ounce left in a bottle that's near
I'm deep in my feels, my right hand on the wheel
I know they say drugs kill, but so do cops who cares?
This shit's straight ill, nobody know how it feel
I said this shit's straight ill, nobody know how it feel

Sometimes I want to run, run a million miles away
But there's nowhere to go, feels like I'm stuck in quicksand
See I don't need your judgment, shit is fucking with my brain
I'm in way over my head, feel like I'm in quicksand

I'm feeling the connection with my family driftin'
How will it be when I become a father of my own
Lately my brothers been distant
But maybe it's me, you know your boy gets paranoid
They talk about us from a distance
But hate's a disease, I'm sure they'll never find a cure
Wish I could run away from my problems
Until my heels is bleeding, lord knows

Sinkin', I'm drownin', I'm submergin', boy you better get to le
arnin'
Before that quicksand murk ya (Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah)
Sinkin', I'm drownin', I'm submergin', boy you better get to le
arnin'
Before that quicksand murk ya (Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah)