

Finger On the Trigger

Futuristic

I got my finger on the trigger
What if niggas really want me gone for good
It wouldn't be that hard
Everyday I tell the world, every single place that we are
I've been trying to be a star, but the hate come with it
They don't get it, I'm a do it to myself before anybody else
Swear to God that I'm ready for this shit to be finished
But would anybody care? Would anybody care?
Would anybody cry? Anybody do the same?
Would anybody die, a little bit inside
I've been digging in my mind, everything is for a reason
That's what they say about Jesus, I don't believe it
Cause the people that I need the most, always end up leaving
And this uncertainty's been irking me
This love I had is gone, I hate the life that I'm living
I'm wishing I could move on, I'm everything that I hated
I'm everything that is wrong, I don't know if I'm a be here
By the time you hear this song and it all falls down
And it all falls down and I hate this town
I remember rejection and it made it's rounds
And I hate the sound of your fucking voice
Cause it haunts my dreams
And I just can't sleep and it's not by choice
And I just can't breathe, everytime you speak
And I lie to hurt and I say it's love
And one time it was, how things have changed
I'm all about me, whatever happened to us
Cause we don't seem close, I ain't close to my folks
Ain't close to my bros, but I'm close to these hoes
They come and go, I'm all alone

I got my finger on the trigger
The pain you caused me, you'll never know
I'm ready to die
Got my finger on the trigger
I loved to loathe you, I'm letting you go
Cause I got nothing inside
You don't really know what you do to me
We ain't everything that we used to be
I'm ready to leave you truthfully
You should see my finger on the trigger
I'm ready to die

Let me think this through, let me think this through
If I leave right now what will it do, I got things to prove
A couple things to lose, what about my fans
What about my fam, they need this too
What about my Grams, rest in peace
She wanted me to see this through
What about my bro
He needed a father figure and I pretty much raised him
I gotta make sure that his head's on straight
And I gotta have faith that we both gon' make it
What about her, what about her
We lost that passion but we can make it work
We can make it work, I never wanted this to happen
And I've been selfish in my ways

I guess I brought this on myself
I always push you away
When you tell me you're there to help
And I still don't know where to go from here
I think that scares me most
I really just wanna make sure
That my story gets retold
And it's a shame, I feel so sane
With this gun on my brain
Adrenaline veins, feeling no pain
This might be the day that I ease off
And I call my nigga and he don't answer
I grab my gun and I pull that trigger, I pull that trigger