

Identity Cards

Grieves

Well I spend a lotta time lookin at the ground
With my hands out infront of me and my head in the clouds
It ain't typical, screw it, I ain't your typical man
I'm livin the way I wanna and doin the best I can
Plus a lotta people wanna break out the nooses,
Pull down the sun and charge everybody to use it
But I've decided I'm a keep to myself
And plus I never needed a reason to be anything else
I mean look at me, I ain't covered in gems
I don't know what hyphen means dude and neither do my friends
I don't go to the club, I don't fight for fun
Shit I'm almost 25 and I ain't never shot a gun
But I do like drinking and shopping on the internet
And tryin to get lucky jumpin into the livin legends
So you take can it the way you wanna see it
Say whatever you want I'm just never gonna believe it

Yo outta sight outta mind these days
Call me two sheets into the wind
They wanna tell me how to walk
Wanna tell me how to talk
Wanna tell me how to die
Wanna tell me how to live
(I like the way that I live)
Outta sight outta mind these days
Call me fucked up and fine with it all
They wanna tell me how to live
Wanna tell me how to die
Wanna tell me how to rise
Wanna tell me how to fall