

[Verse]

Theres a war in my brain that I can't tame,
The left side fights the right with a dark flame
In the back has my fucking head on fire
Passed hour I've drunk or gotten higher
I'm underwater spitting with the spliff that I just lit and
Call it praying call it wishing,
Call it change and call it different
Call it what you want but my reflection in the mirror
Tells me I know who I am in fact it couldn't get no clearer
That Ecstasy feel, this is definitely real
For six years, swear to god my aim was getting a deal
Then I realised I don't need one I'mma do it by myself
And so I did and now I'm paid and yes they stock it on the shelf
You can call me self made from the gutter its a miracle
Don't copy what I do cause they see through and they ain't hearing you
Then theres fuckers from the place that I grew up in
Who were jealous tripping, like fuck it man hes nothing
You don't fucking know, what I've done to get to where I'm at
You in the same place, I'm on a plane and I'm getting smashed
Plus I'm getting cash, still I live in C-Town
Don't say that word sellout, think I need to get my feed ground
Deadset I'm going hard, going in, never quit
Branded on my face, cause I know I'm forever sick
My point of view, collides with many others
I don't listen, we ain't brothers, I'm admitting that I'm gutter
You brag about this shit
And thats what makes me stop and think,
Cause if you really living gutter you ain't wanna live that shit
Trust me we would know, I know you feeling this is real
Trees lit up so much we kind of give a Christmas feel
Begging for forgiveness, nah I'm begging that I win this wait
I won already, get me ready, steady who the sickest
Close them eyes, and travel into my world
The bridge you cross is smokey, getting heated when the pipe twirl
You don't fucking know me, therefore don't you fucking judge me
Try and diss it doesn't budge me, you live shit I'm living lovely
Saying what your saying and your sitting just be patient
Cause I almost died to get here yeah you tell me why I made it
I consider pen to paper pain that I have gone and pushed away
Bleed the colour of the pen, this my life you look away
Kinda crook today, them the pills I took today,
I always rap about the drugs cause they have fucking took my brain over
But no it is over, not until I'm sober and I'm on top with composure
Nebs compose the beat, whereas I compose my speech
If you mix these up together then they taking over streets
God help 'em, cause they stuck and they hating
I'm moving at a steady pace, enjoying that I made it
Celebrate, yeah you can mourne
Slap your fucking face cause I'm gone and moving on

[Bridge x2]

Talk your shit, I don't listen
Saying what it is, then what is it then
Falling off the phone, but they carry me
Calling for a home, I do this naturally

[Outro]

Yeah, I'm floatin, with each step