

Sewerperson - dropping acid in an active warzone

{intro}

98, okay

Way it all fell, feel like fate

Jaded

I know we were close before i made it

Faded

I sleep sound while carrying my own weight (jabarionthebeat)

{chorus}

I don't need no reason to get me started, uh, uh

Blueberry sent me back, so i feel like martyr, uh, uh

I pour jameson, i'on do bacardi, uh, uh

Bitch, i'm trying to get lit, i'on need a party, uh, uh

{verse 1}

Hold me to my word, i wouldn't say it if i meant it

My bad, i ain't answer, i was busy fighting demons but i lost

I'm a summer kid, i smoke my blunt in my lacoste

I put 4 my city, i feel like i'm chris bosh

Stick it and it bleeds, but it can't no more

Fuck what you have heard, i just can't no more

I stay inside they mouth like a cankĐur sore

They ain't evĐun geared, but so obsessed with the war

Hold me to your chest in this harsh wind

I know i'll be sad when this has came and went

Oh, i love the coast and the ocean

'cause everything at home stays frozen

Back inside the forest that you may know

This the shit from every single angle

I know that you'll ride, you're an angel

She take off her face and got the same glow

I was put here, and i remain here
I ain't choose shit, i'm in the car and i can't steer
Fate had made me since a baby
I ain't seen the traps, but they couldn't scathe me
{chorus}
I don't need no reason to get me started, uh, uh
Blueberry sent me back, so i feel like marty, uh, uh
I pour jameson, i'on do bacardi, uh, uh
Bitch, i'm trying to get lit, i'on need a party, uh, uh
Look at me in my face when you got problems, uh, uh
I'm not here to fight, i'm good at talking, uh, uh
Times i feel the love is not too often, uh, uh
It help me go to sleep when i am up and not well

{verse 2}

People want the worst 'cause it add to the flame
And we all need distractions from how we decay
If you give the fuel, you awarded with hate
They gon' use you as a tool, then you tossed in the fray
I don't wanna talk about it
I don't wanna talk about it
It just make me mad
We so numb to it, it's sad though
Fakes in the way, tryna play you like piano
I'on care what they say 'cause i'm lit and i'm humble
They would fumble if you passed the bag
I'm tryna help you out, but you just tryna get away
I'm on holiday, almost everyday
I drink way too much until i got a tummy ache
{chorus}
I don't need no reason to get me started, uh, uh
Blueberry sent me back, so i feel like marty, uh, uh
I pour jameson, i'on do bacardi, uh, uh

Bitch, i'm trying to get lit, i'on need a party, uh, uh
I don't need no reason to get me started, uh, uh
Blueberry sent me back, so i feel like marty, uh, uh
I pour jameson, i'on do bacardi, uh, uh
Bitch, i'm trying to get lit, i'on need a party, uh, uh