

Kid Wcked - M y

{intro}

Look

Before we move on, i gotta tell y'all a story

Now, it's a bit deep, some blood and guts, but i don't mean gore

See, this is the fairest of warnings, we're gon' be taking a look

At the life of this guy that i see before me

{verse}

Kid was 13, cutting cards to

Cut the shards, of flesh on his arms

They told him self-harm was never the answer

But it for damn sure made it less hard

Now he lives with scars from feelings and moments of weakness

Thinking his skin was too charred, or his dick was too small

Now he just gets moments where he don't feel nothing at all

It's a posture, a stance

A bit of disconnection when he'd dance

Now it's like he don't give no one a chance

To show him that love, thinking hate in their plans

Ain't no trust, put fate in his own hands

Ain't no fucks to give when you don't care

Ain't no luck, never wept at the cuts

Through his skin or his clothes, give a fuck bout some tears

He was just scared

Feel like every time he'd try to talk, it'd make it all worse

Felt like love, he lost it, them relationships feeling so toxic

Thinking he cursed, and while we're on the topic

Felt like his girlfriend ain't even want him to be a person

More like a servant

But if he walked away, he knew that she would make it hurt him

Searching, through his brain, thought he could make a change

Called it gains, when he'd feel that pain

Called it game, when he would get played
Kept losing the same level, went insane
Said "fuck it, instead of following rules, i'll go dummy"
Told them "yo, y'all can not take nothing from me"
That's when he really saw clear
That's who i see when i look in the mirror
It's weird, was stuck in a cycle of
Falling in love that was fake
Then we'd fight or fuck around or fall out
Felt like it was fate
Felt like ain't a thing we could do about it
Truly clouded with hate
Still don't know if i was the root of how it came about
Or what it became
And i've been thinking lately, "cause i never saw myself a smoker
But i know that shit just gon get harder from here
I don't know if i can do it sober, i done
Lost too many people to themselves, and i almost lost it
Felt alone in the most crowded of rooms, it's ironic
Thinking like "shit, it is what it is" i'll get through it all if
I can just say "kill the hate, fuck the haters"
But i'm one of them, who am i fighting off then
In a constant battle with myself, kid is wcked's biggest opp
And i probably need to take a breath, before i blow
If i lose my flame, then i'm gone
I don't even say the word no more
But i bet y'all know what i'm thinking
I used to think suicide is for bitches
Well, here i am, bitching
And the fact of the matter is
I'd actually rather be stuck in procrastinating
But it's agitating fading farther from a musician
And getting closer to quitting

