

SO COLD IT BURNS

Fuck it go we out
Fuck it go we out
We heading for the south
Everythin' in my head feels loud (x4)

Never met a version of best me
Guest free, my patience
Streets really test me
Suppress me, all things i do feel scandalous
Pay visit in the ambulance, curiosity killed by arrogance
I flip a coin that choose my fate, that opens gate
That lets me join with other people that be in a similar state
From nine to eight, cant even think straight, all this hate
Gonna fuel me till i arrive home, mommy gon' kill me, cant be late
Shit is prolly gonna be an end of me
Some people do my job for profit but i do this shit for free
Self therapy, healing my own thought
When there's no one around i heal wounds that i brought
Countless battles ive fought, not physical
So many dots connected, too lyrical
Freezing outside on cold air, feels liminal
My stomach pierced by an icicle, feels critical
What value do those tears of yours have
When i know that they're facade for you to laugh
At my mistakes, my decisions, and the fact that im alive
At least i try to change my fate, while you be working nine five
And the fact i dived, in the waves of my mind, and the fact i tried
While you all lied
And now im laying on ground while freezing to death
Questioning my moments, while im taking my last breath

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