

*Give me the beat and a mic, give me the freedom to write
Give me the vision to see my demons and beat 'em at night
Give me the pen and the pad, give me a couple of stans
Gave you a percentage but I'm taking home all of the bag
Give me definitive and unlimited amounts of people loving me
And call upon everybody who came before and tell them to come
And inject me with whatever they're smoking man, I'm sick!
But I think you know that already
You call me evil but how would you know it
Unless you live it already?
You think you're better right?
Because nobodies seen what you've done in the dark
But if I put your life in this light
You would crumble and fight to survive or die
But bitch I fucking knew that already
I ain't special
But I specialize in making you feel especially stupid
For judging a human, while you sit at home
And the whole world judge can't watch what you doing
Or follow and hate all your movements
I ain't complaining but I know the people who do it
Are sicker than me, and I'm sick enough I just might lose it
Yeah, you think you know me 'cause you double tap on a picture
I hate the fact that you judge me, it's driving me crazy
So when it's too deep I say, "Fuck it" and drown in some liquor
I write these verses in blood, I got chapters
For days 'cause my heart is my biblical scripture
And I ain't a prophet but I can predict
That you'll never catch happiness till you're the pitcher
So please continue to laugh
If I'm a clown, you a circus act
When I rap it's in a surgeons mask
'Cause I place every syllable in a deliverable fashion
From first to last
Then cut back with a message that's hidden in melody
Making them think and ask
If I was the one on the table pushing, giving birth to rap
Maybe it was me
Maybe you like all my music but don't really actually love me
Maybe you just want a picture
Maybe you just want to see me 'cause you need some money
Maybe you think that I'm happy*

*Maybe you think in reality liking my post is repairing a hole
When it's actually shaking and cutting the soul right out of me
I think I'm sick
I feel a rush of emotion whenever I post up a pic
I got a problem
I'm in the studio rapping while this girl is sucking my dick
She cut a hole in my heart now I fill it with women
Who love me 'cause they think I'm rich
And if I be honest I just told a bitch that I care
But I really do not give a shit
So what's your excuse, what helps you sleep?
You leave a negative comment
Not knowing that what you sow, you will reap
I bet you smile when you post, thinking you're hurting me
But you see the way the brain works
You become what you speak
I need peace, but y'all can't offer that
I held my ground, I didn't sell my soul
I said fuck the fame, y'all can't take that offer back
Fuck a shelf, you can't take me off the rack
All the fame is not worth a heart attack
You're insane, you're in pain, I can tell by what you're saying
But my bad, I forgot you were fragile
I forgot someone who doesn't even know me told you I'm an asshole
I forgot that I'm a villain
I forgot that I've always spread positivity, but you think I didn't
I forgot that hatred stems from people who hate their own existence
I forgot I'm better off alone
I forgot I care for everyone's happiness, but forget about my own
I forget I spend every waking second on my phone-
Come join my circus, I'm recruiting
I'm taking everyone who passes judgement
Bitch, that's including everyone who thinks it's so amusing
To put me down while I'm pursuing
The keyboard warriors that live online
Behind a screen that's just an illusion
Come, come, come, come join my circus
You fucking pricks
I'll fuck you till you love me, then pay you to do some tricks
I don't need a doctor, I need a bag of nails and bricks
To lay down on the floor
So if you fail to land a flip you can feel what I felt
When you tried to come sink my ship*

*Let me explain, you all help me financially gain
But I spend my money on mental health books
And read them just to control all my pain
I don't wear clothes, but bought this chain
And just like you this chain is fake
I wear it to distract you from the blatant sadness
Written on my fucking face
What'd you expect?
Did you think I was immune to what you were saying
And didn't see all of the disrespect?
Do you think I'm not human, have no feelings?
Or maybe you think I'm fucking weak and now I'm pleading
Maybe you think I'm just too good
And that I'm fucking cheating?
Or maybe, just maybe
You're blind and the hate inside your heart
Clouds your eyes and your mind and your ears when I rhyme
Even though we all know I'm one of the best of all time (all time)
Or maybe you're just a fucking bitch and I can't-
Stop comparing me to people who are not in my league
Stop saying I don't believe in God just because you can't read
Stop making fake profiles so you can spam my feed
I'm not alone, I know there's millions out there just like me*