

Some Days

Upchurch

Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low I grew up on YouTube again
I looked up stuff that seemed pretend
The Illuminati and the pyramids
I've been twelve hours deep on a Google binge
I heard stories of strange men
Dressed in black clothes in a black mask
Comin' up to people's windows
I sleep with a 5.56 always loaded
[?]
My room looks like Ft. Knox
My mind running like an evil genius
Sometimes I scare my damn self
'Cause I'm Norman Bates with a sense of kindness
But the kind that's sick of being a sickness
Setting in the bottom of the shit river ditches
This ain't nice pics and hot chicks
This is nirvana I ain't tryin to go... [?]
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So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-low This is one of them dope tracks
That'll make people say I'm on drugs now
They're prolly sayin' I'm goin' crazy
Or got possessed by the Willis House
They'll probably claim that I'm a danger to myself
For all them nights at three o'clock
Precious time rolled in a Swisher
Listenin' for a whisper before [?] my name [?]
Settin' Indian style burnin' sage like I'm Cherokee
Deep eye sockets hair line gotta widow's peak
Knife in the sheath Pocahontas in the sheets
I'll be damned if I let America "John Smith" me
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So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-lowPeople say I changed, yeah
I am not the same, yeah
Wanna be a leader
But don't care 'bout bein' famous
You wanna know what fame is
It's stressful and it's dangerous
I'm am not complainin' I'm just writin' out a story
That's important for the up and comin'
Don't bow down to business money
Stay secluded know yourself and see 'em comin'
Don't let them choose what you're overcomin'
Be ready to die 'cause haters huntin' for headlines and shootin' forSome days I don't wanna
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>