

BANKS, Beggin For Thread

So I got itches that scratch,
And sometimes I don't got to feel to
But I'm so tired of eating
All of my misspoken words

I know my disposition gets confusing
My disproportionate reactions fuse when my ego stakes
It's why you want to come out and play with me

Why still down and out,
You got me beggin for thread
To sow this hole up that you worked in my head
Stupidly think you had it under control
Strapped down to something that you don't understand
Don't know what you were getting yourself into
You should have known, secretly I think you knew

I got some dirt on my shoes,
My words can come out as a pistol,
And I'm not good at aiming
But I can aim it at you!
I know my actions, they may get confusing
But not unstable as is my solutions
To give in mistakes
That's why you want to come out and play with me

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You should have known, secretly I think you knew
Secretly I think you knew!

Hold it out, whoa
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are better
/5x

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Secretly I think you knew!