

# MACKLEMORE, FAITHFUL (FT. NLE CHOPPA)

Can't call it, don't know where my head is  
Reflecting on Malcolm, and the shit I thought but never said it  
To Peter, Robin, to Kevin... all my other friendships  
That could have, would have, should have and then they ended  
I isolate between happiness and hopeless  
Know what makes it worse? Still wanna get loaded  
Sometimes I feel like I can't control my choices  
And something takes over and I can't turn off the voices  
Sitting with these thoughts can't escape 'em, can't run  
Got some bullets in the dresser as I polish my... gun  
They say that a day clean is a day won  
But I'm holding on, praying to a God abandoned  
Zoning on the couch, staring at my daughters  
Know there's a pill in this house that I'm obsessing about popping  
Reservations talking, the push and pull of the conscience  
Should probably pick up the phone and call my sponsor but don't wanna  
When the percs don't work, zannys won't calm you down  
Not enough liquor in the bar weed grown in the ground  
Trapped by these walls where my brain can't get out  
Wondering if my mama have to put her son in the ground

We still going when the day break  
Me and the homies on the same page  
Find me in the whip, that's my safe place  
Feel like I'm getting weak, I need some AA  
Need someone to pray for my soul right now  
Everything's looking gray, and there's no white clouds  
I don't what to say, I got nothing to write down  
On my knees questioning God, like why now?  
I'm lost, but I'm found again

I'm up all night, I toss and turn  
I love my life, I got concerns  
I've been through hell, on some FML  
It's just as well, I might lose it  
I need some light, I need some air  
I might be broken, I need repair  
Don't got the answers, think I'm confused  
I ask myself: who are you?

I need you right now Mack to wake up more than ever  
Ain't no more weed, alcohol, and popping pills, et cetera  
I know these days gettin rough but they get better  
It's a cold world, let's go to the Gucci store for a sweater  
Feel it deeply in my heart you need this letter  
So I pour my feelings out to you before I go and mail it  
I don't know what I'm sensing, but I can smell it  
When you write me back just tell it  
Ima soak it up, inhale it  
Heard you got a daughter, well I got one too  
And she too beautiful, barely see her too  
Do you hug her and tie her shoes?  
Is she reflecting of you?  
And got a smile that bloom?  
Before you load that gun and shoot  
Just know that she be needing you  
The best version of you too  
I would write more but my day about to break  
We can meet up face to face  
Just let me know if that's ok

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