

XXXTENTACION, vice city

Hey there you, looking for a brighter season (Yeah)
Need to lay your burden down (Haha)
Hey there you, drowning in a helpless feeling (Dutty, young blood sucka')
Buried under deeper ground (Uh)
Yeah, okay, uh, uh, yeah

I seem depressed, always being bothered, never less
Keeping me out of prison and putting me to the test
They ask me what is happiness, you write it on a check
Or you feel it on the sweat, when your dick is in the breast, huh

Uh, give me a sec, look
Okay, okay

If death is what it seems
Why is it so vividly portrayed within my dreams?
The fear of understanding the Devil's running his course
Hatred's not received, it's coming straight from the source
Remorse, as this time becomes a factor
Mind's full of greed, exposing your benefactors
Backwards, pace backwards, everyone is superficial
Only breaching the surface, surface upon the Earth
And flames engulf the Earth, and prized possessions, they incinerate
This is far beyond any director tried to demonstrate
See the record, here's the record, take the record, set it straight
Perplexed, only receive slumber when at Heaven's gates
And this is fairly simple for your breath, try and contemplate
Your conversates, hesitate and navigate your inner traits
Back to a time where minds were just matter
If you stated opinions, then bones would begin to shatter
It didn't matter back then cause there was no reacting, acting up
Chevy in black, Acuras
Accurate facts put the black, in fact, if you thought that
You are free, you should disregard that, all facts

Young X'ster, call me a young Dexter
My hypothesis is-is, death ain't shit
I'd rather die than be alive in this life
Honestly full of trife and strife
Jah

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Try to stand up on your own two feet, and, stumblin'
Through the sky
Through-through the sky

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