

Rich Hil

"Daydream"

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They call me a killa,

A bitch is leanin like ginger in casino
They see close to the toast that I lean for
Hand fulla of pills so full keep me throw
Og smokers what I chief yo
Take a toke in the back wood and you'll breathe slow
All these bitches get us caught us what they cheat for
CT hippies hell yea that's what I speak for
They don't need drugs what they need me for
On morphine lost like before
Now they killed herself at the house by the seashore
Cut her neck and her wrist so she bleed more
And she knew she be the whore that we weep for
But we don't cry for her
No more
Found myself dreamin and my hope is on the floor
But fuck it I gotta make it back home
I couldnt count all the downers that I'm on

Daydreams
You see
I thought it was but it can't be
They thought they knew but it aint me
It aint me
It aint
Aint me

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