

Chino XL & Playalitical

"Posieden"

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[Chorus: Chino XL]

Sometimes I get so high (so high)
So high that I can't feel my face
Sometimes I wish I'd just die (just die)
So it could take away this pain
Sometimes I close my eyes
While I'm drivin 'bout a hundred-and-five
Open my ride, just flip off the side
This Jack Daniels, is he in my mind?

[Chino XL]

Sometimes I wish I woulda, chosen another path
Mighta made more math, mighta got mo' ass
Maybe I shouldn't, work so hard on every rap
I mighta got the write-off for right out Aftermath
I shatter grasp when it come to paragraphs
Real talent battle last, holdin heavy talons that'll blast
Scowl that I ask when it come to other cats
That of stolen flows, instead he gettin swole cash
I cross paths with a lot of dudes that know that
Line for line, Chino will put 'em inside a bloodbath
(f'real)
I been locked in the box with the riff-raff
What if then Posieden decidin my jam's not that
Sometimes I feel so numb
Realizin that the world will only see me as a hoodlum
Sometimes for weeks I don't even see the sun
Sometimes I baptize myself in holy water and rum; I'm
done

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

Yo... sometimes I go with my instincts
No matter how crazy they are, and if they mislead
(mislead)
And take me down the wrong road
All blow, tryin to find my way back home
But I'm livin in this black hole
Split my Black'n'Mild down the middle then I dump out
the tobacco

(Let's go) Eyes redder than tobasco
For my casket and funeral I'm waitin patient as a stone
(yeah yeah)
Sometimes when I'm alone viewin all the things I done
wrong
Talkin to Bun B or Young Noble on my global phone
Since the kindergarden room been lookin forward to
the tomb
Pain fatter than Fantasia carryin harpoons (yeah)
Ain't no love for me, it's all ruined
Lyrics and liquor is all I got, day to day, June to June
I'm so hot I leave fingerprints on lit coal
Thick flow navigatin waters feelin ice cold

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]

Yup, sometimes I'm feelin like I can't breathe
Sometimes I cut myself and I can't bleed
Imagine havin the lyrical blessin I receive
Combined with a momma that didn't want you to
succeed
Combined with angel dust and this purple weed (okay)
Combined with record companies that sabotage you
purposely
(Get it together) If I could just think clearer
But, I can't take time to reflect in the dirty mirror (yeah
yeah)
I tried to summon the spirits to get me through this
period
of darkness and hopelessness, you listen close I swear
you'll hear it
The most phenomenal marketable manic depression
Mad aggression, mad questions, whiskey stops all the
stressin (yeah)
My weakness is I have no fear
Slice my neck ear to ear, join Proof, FUCK bein here!
Yeah, sometimes I'm lost in Los Angeles
Hangin on for dear life, like I got analysts

[Chorus]

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