

# Grieves "Vice Grip"

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[Verse 1:]

Look at what the cat dragged in, still breathing last  
night's air  
Hand shaking cause the vice never fights fair  
And you're relating cause you struggle with the same  
shit  
And wrote the threat of addiction off with the same sip  
Drowning, holding on to anything and everything  
around me,  
Staring down the barrel of a browning  
Scowring, looking for any chance that allows me  
To sip another bad taste down and devour it whole  
Young bright and bold with a bottle for a friend and a  
heart full of holes  
No diamond in a stocking full of coal  
Never listen to the world when it told me I should slow  
my roll  
It's abusive, but never hands on a women,  
Choked a couple bottle necks and pounced when I  
shouldn't  
If the proof is in the pudding I done ate it all up,  
Instead of savoring the taste I love

[Hook:]

I'm on that shit again and I don't wanna come back  
down  
I hold my broken crown in pieces  
Pour my last shot to the ground  
You're on that shit again, trying to overload my mound  
You always chase me round in circles till I'm forced to  
hit the clouds  
I won't come down

[Verse 2:]

What's your meaning of high, huh?  
Getting lifted on a smoke cloud,  
Moderately poisoning yourself until you zone out?  
Stick the dragon in your veins, sniffing Adderall and  
Cain,  
Tilt another Styrofoam cup to your mouth  
Me? I got my own way to get up,  
Starts with a rocks glass and ends with a hiccup  
And all the while I've been camouflaging my symptoms  
Like I don't do the harder drugs cause I slip up

Slip up - yeah that kid slipped up,  
Rehabilitated twice and skipped straight to the pub  
I got my pops freaking out about his son  
And I'm juggling the stress of an artist by getting drunk  
No difference  
I escape like the rest of them, no thought, no faith like  
the rest of them  
I've been focusing and fighting so hard  
That I deserve a little bit of R&R, right?  
[Hook:]  
I'm on that shit again and I don't wanna come back  
down  
I hold my broken crown in pieces  
Pour my last shot to the ground  
You're on that shit again, trying to overload my mound  
You always chase me round in circles till I'm forced to  
hit the clouds  
I won't come down  
[Verse 3:]  
I never claimed to be a saint, shit  
I built a life off of mishaps  
And cheers proudly to my flaws with a chipped glass  
The sick fact is I'm happy when I'm shit-canned  
At least a little bit, I smile like a lit candle  
But I'm aware that I'm just blinded by the blanket of it  
And stress doesn't get relinquished just by drinking  
something  
And I don't know if I'm addicted to the feeling or the  
fact  
That I can make a little exit without thinking of it  
Hell, I guess I'm showing all the signs huh?  
And redirecting to where alcohol defines fun  
And I'll admit that I've been known to have a good time,  
But promised that I'd never cross the line  
But never learned to draw it, call it, write it with a goal,  
Make it so the night train never gets to go  
I'm as vulnerable as any of you other Joe Shmoe's  
And got a couple little vices of my own.  
[Hook:]  
I'm on that shit again and I don't wanna come back  
down  
I hold my broken crown in pieces  
Pour my last shot to the ground  
You're on that shit again, trying to overload my mound  
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