

Tsu Surf

"Loaded Gun"

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Loaded gun
Bang bang bang
Bang bang bang

Feels like a loaded gun, bang
Loaded gun, loaded gun
Aiming right, bang
Aiming right at my head
Loaded gun, bang
Loaded gun, loaded gun
Firing up, bang, at my head
Walking through life
Not really knowing what's gonna happen
Living in fear, in fear of me relapsing
The streets keep calling, bang
There's no time for talking

So what you want to know first?
These streets or these drugs, which one is worse?
Well, damn, shit this is a cold world
Could only prop a nigga right for a warm hearse
I know, so many niggas tryna cap soon
'Cause this buzz big and this hat blue
So many answers in this cat suit
At the point where I'm feeling like I have to
Well, ever felt you wanna get away?
Man, I hate when that happens and shit
'Cause you feel the same way when you back from the trip
But fucking with the same vice
Or getting back with the bitch
Dark room, force weed
Demons spread from nothing but sweat
Thinking, thinking like French kissing the fifth, right?
Right or maybe Russian roulette
Four thorns break to a part
Couple blunts, but I swear I bought more to spark
It'll be a long night
Think I shoulda took a left, made the wrong right
And still tryna right wrongs
Should these troubles seem life long

Survive or try to paint pictures daily as Picasso
Grandma pray and I don't
But I'm here so it's working, shit, it gotta be
How can something I give so much to
Still wanna take a lot of me?
Shit, we don't dare to ask
Or shit, we don't care to ask
If I close my eyes and let it go
I probably won't hear the blast

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Thinking what am I here for
Sometimes a nigga feel dead
Thinking what do I care for
Just a fucked up pill head
Nothing left, can't share more
Just know a nigga tried, lord
But an old addicts old habits
Give another meaning to the term vice lord
And I still ain't spoke to my pops
We should have handled this much sooner
Don't agree with me, just be with me
After all I'm still your junior
Look, got two tryna make me choose
They don't get this shit cut close
If I could ever tell him the truth
I might say I'm in love with both
And that can't be the answer
No, gotta go see grandpa
I'm up here fighting with broads
He down South fighting with cancer
And I can't make that same mistake
That I made years ago with grandma
Gotta put my career on hold and go see him
While I still got the chance to
Stained by what I can't do
This pain substantial
And a millionaire couldn't come and solve it
No, this debt ain't financial

More like a loaded gun
And these thoughts keep stalking
Iâ€™m caught in between a war of words
Whatâ€™s worse is Iâ€™m the only one talking

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