

Donnie Darko

Cal Scruby

Wake up

Wake up

(Hey)

It's midnight

You know what that means

Yeah

Can I talk my shit now (Talk my shit now)

I was playin' two hand touch, fuck it up, it's a hit now (Fuck it up it's a hit now)

When I hit the road, do a show, hit a lick, then I skip town (Then I skip town)

Run up in the spot, no dancin', I make 'em all get down (Make 'em all get down)

Boy you better sit down

Yeah, ain't nothin' fancy I'm still broke (Broke)

Cross town like Yancy, I will though (Ooh)

They say I'm in a spot they would kill for

I could put them in a wheel and they still won't (Nope)

I could prolly get a deal with Coke

If I wasn't rappin' 'bout the past, back dealin' dope

Got the offer and it's real low

Over one mil' and it's still low

They all corporate, they all cute in suits

They on bullshit, with all that poop to scoop

My shit goin' up, I go roof to roof

They don't like that, they want mute the truth

They gon' switch sides, they go group to group

They want shoot the shit, ain't got shit to shoot

'Til I go crazy, go and get the Baby Shark

Then hit 'em with the du du du-du du-du-damn

Big boy, you gotta shoot it with two hands

Couple John Doe come through like who's mans?

Blue ball now she blew it like two grams

Everyone I lose abused a few Xans

I'm right there on the edge of insanity

Overlookin' Vegas, overthinkin' my vanity

You been throwin' shade, I'm enjoying the canopy

Everybody dies so I live out a fantasy, yeah

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Run up in the spot, no dancin', I make 'em all get down (Make 'em all get down)

Boy you need to sit the fuck down

I don't even even talk my shit now unless I got a reason (Now I got a reason)

Everybody watchin' like Netflix got a new season (Watch, watch)

I'ma get rich, hit the dealership, get the new Benzo

Bottom line, 3:16 like Stone Cold said so
They bury me alive I was dead broke (Dead broke)
I've been livin' in a no flex zone (Flex zone)
'Bout to make a move it's in escrow (Escrow)
Cookin' in the kitchen, my sauce like magic
My pesto like presto (Like presto)
Off a little bean, that espresso (That espresso)
Little bit of lean like I'm gettin' over chest cold
Got no chain, know I can't chill
8 Ball got me feelin' like eight mil'
Can't stay still, can't feel off a pain kill'
Got the lil orange pill, not the DayQuil
They fake with it, they ain't real
They talk about bricks but they can't build
I'm Frank with it, I'm Jake Gyl'
I only sold gas, I'm Hank Hill
Tank filled with the propane
It's like a 10K grill, it's a throwaway (Throwaway)
They never ask if I'm okay, I'm never okay (Okay)
Everybody want a cut, it's a dry vocal (Dry)
I'm anti-love, antisocial
I'm bipolar, I'm bi-coastal
I might buy one and go postal (Bye bye)
Can I talk my shit now (Talk my shit now)

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Why are you wearing that stupid meth suit?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>