

Some Days

Upchurch

[Chorus]

Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake
I don't wanna wait, tell my?mate,?"Roll me up?a J"
Fill my room up with?the smoke (Hahaha)
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-low

[Verse 1]

I grew up on YouTube again
I looked up stuff that seemed pretend
The Illuminati and the pyramids
I've been twelve hours deep on a Google binge
I heard stories of strange men dressed in black clothes
In a black mask comin' up to people's windows
I sleep with a 5.56 always loaded
Optic rockin' the night scope
My room look like Fort Knox
My mind runnin' like a evil genius
Sometimes I scare my damn self
'Cause I'm Norman Bates with a sense of kindness
But the kind that's sick of being a sickness
Sittin' in the bottom of the shit river ditches
This ain't ice picks and hot chicks
It's Nirvana, I ain't drownin' for a dollar or cent

[Chorus]

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Fill my room up with the smoke
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[Verse 2]

This is one of them dope tracks
That'll make people say I'm on drugs now
They'll prolly say that I'm goin' crazy
Or I got possessed by the Willis House
They'll probably claim that I'm a danger to myself

For all them nights at three o'clock
Precious time rolled in a Swisher
Listenin' for a whisper for my name, it's Ryan
Sittin' Indian style, burnin' sage like I'm Cherokee
Deep eye sockets, hairline got a widow's peak
Knife in the sheath, Pocahontas in the sheets
I'll be damned if I let America "John Smith" me

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[Verse 3]

People say I changed, yeah
I am not the same, yeah
Wanna be a leader
But don't care 'bout bein' famous
You wanna know what fame is
It's stressful and it's dangerous
I am not complainin', I'm just writin' out a story
That's important for the up and comin'
Don't bow down to business money
Stay secluded, know yourself and see 'em comin'
Don't let 'em choose what you're becomin'
Be ready to die 'cause haters huntin' for headlines and shootin' for 'em

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