

MACKLEMORE, FAITHFUL (FT. NLE CHOPPA)

Can't call it, don't know where my head is
Reflecting on Malcolm, and the shit I thought but never said it
To Peter, Robin, to Kevin... all my other friendships
That could have, would have, should have and then they ended
I isolate between happiness and hopeless
Know what makes it worse? Still wanna get loaded
Sometimes I feel like I can't control my choices
And something takes over and I can't turn off the voices
Sitting with these thoughts can't escape 'em, can't run
Got some bullets in the dresser as I polish my... gun
They say that a day clean is a day won
But I'm holding on, praying to a God abandoned
Zoning on the couch, staring at my daughters
Know there's a pill in this house that I'm obsessing about popping
Reservations talking, the push and pull of the conscience
Should probably pick up the phone and call my sponsor but don't wanna
When the percs don't work, zannys won't calm you down
Not enough liquor in the bar weed grown in the ground
Trapped by these walls where my brain can't get out
Wondering if my mama have to put her son in the ground

We still going when the day break
Me and the homies on the same page
Find me in the whip, that's my safe place
Feel like I'm getting weak, I need some AA
Need someone to pray for my soul right now
Everything's looking gray, and there's no white clouds
I don't what to say, I got nothing to write down
On my knees questioning God, like why now?
I'm lost, but I'm found again

I'm up all night, I toss and turn
I love my life, I got concerns
I've been through hell, on some FML
It's just as well, I might lose it
I need some light, I need some air
I might be broken, I need repair
Don't got the answers, think I'm confused
I ask myself: who are you?

I need you right now Mack to wake up more than ever
Ain't no more weed, alcohol, and popping pills, et cetera
I know these days gettin rough but they get better
It's a cold world, let's go to the Gucci store for a sweater
Feel it deeply in my heart you need this letter
So I pour my feelings out to you before I go and mail it
I don't know what I'm sensing, but I can smell it
When you write me back just tell it
Ima soak it up, inhale it
Heard you got a daughter, well I got one too
And she too beautiful, barely see her too
Do you hug her and tie her shoes?
Is she reflecting of you?
And got a smile that bloom?
Before you load that gun and shoot
Just know that she be needing you
The best version of you too
I would write more but my day about to break
We can meet up face to face
Just let me know if that's ok

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