

SUICIDEBOYS, Suicideboys Were Better In 2015

Still here boasting my emotions
Now coping while fucking dopeless
Let the dope hit
Breathing slowly
Look baby, I'll show you hopeless
Load the ammo
Scarecrow no shadow
Bloody pianos
Sold out gallows
My mind so harrowed
From tragic backroads traveled
Waking up with dread
Pop off on my meds
Nose deep in narcotics
Window shopping for my fathers problems
Do you have some options?
My hand numb from gripping the pistol
Trigger finger callous
My heart out to my girl
I know that loving me is a challenge

Hee-hee-hee, ha, ha

Garbage what I'm spewing
Sluggish how I'm moving
Dope is what I'm choosing if you ask me how I'm doing
I be cruising, coasing, using, dosing
Just don't overdue it
Hoping I don't fucking lose it
Rope in hand
I tied the noose
It's open
Another night blacked out
Lying on the bathroom floor
I ain't gonna black out
I ain't gonna last out
I guarantee I'll have some more
Ima dive into the void head first
Ain't tryna avoid said thirst
I'm tryna enjoy death
Worst things about me
Constantly doubting the fact that I'm blessed by a curse

I feel like I hit rock-bottom, and another trap door opened and I plunged further into despair

God only gives us as much suffering as we can endure

And he piles on the shit to see if we'll break? Why?

To test our faith, and to make us appreciate the good that we have

Well, forgive me for sayin' so, reverend, but God is a sick fuck