

# 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