## T-Pain, Sounds Bad

Mmm mmm mmm mmm I wanna dedicate this to my struggling bro Keep pushing on, keep pushing on Yea

First of the month Check late Got nothin to do Imma roll me a blunt Got drank Call me a hoe or two Now I know that it sound like I'm living on the edge Only you ain't hear the worst Got the whole house running on the generator No good food in my frigidator Damn, and I'm late for work

Don't that sound bad Horrible No inspiration No goals I know it sound like I wanna die And I know I'm so miserable But this just so happens to be The best day of my life

Now I don't wanna confuse you Hurtin on the inside But I won't let you see That's why every little dollar And every little penny Goes to puttin an outfit on me Cause Imma stay fresh to death Dressed to impress The rest You know how I do it when I do it Imma show you how to do it So you can do it for somebody else Mmm But I still that house on the generator No good food in my fridigator Damn, and I'm late for work

Don't that sound bad Horrible No inspiration No goals I know it sound like I wanna die And I know I'm so miserable But this just so happens to be The best day of my life

My life My patron Pick of ice Drink, drink, drink Drink, drink, drink Ain't no talkin bout the bullshit Talkin like a newspaper I'm talkin' bout the newspaper full of weed Like the whole thing And I'mma roll it up and smoke it Hey, hit this And really let you think about you And in the end You gotta let me do it

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Yea