

Ballad of Harvest

Writing new lines daily to please an audience,
Seems every attempt of secrecy turns to obvious
As I run from a trap I created...
Who knew the strain for fame could be so marvelous.

I crave privacy, yet give my body as if it was to win the
lottery,
Hoping to find love by chance, completely ignoring the watery
viscosity of sexual camaraderie
Hoping something will stick...
However, not surprisingly, my heart gets stiff over time...
Part of me always wondered why I had such a connection with
pottery.

Tryna do better now, collecting all my sweaters now from some of
the women
Niggas would love to brag about if they got a chance to swim in,
But I'm not with all the talking shit
That's a big reason why I'm allowed to hit
Over and over and over and over and... OVER AGAIN,
Feelin' like 2016 Marshawn Lynch

Never thought I would've been the type of nigga begged to 'go
lighter',
Only because she's running outta gas like most of my lighters...
And she didn't wanna admit to her friends about the tap out,
Didn't want to admit to her friends she likes to borderline pass
out when gettin' her back blown out,
Also didn't want to admit she let me hit for clout, because the
reputation of my mouth reaches doors before I do,
Fuck this ballad format shit, this is MY page, MY pen and MY
view,

Pointing fingers at you degenerates with every intention of being rude...

Fixin' on which one of you nigga's misses I'll be lickin when you start trippin,

Oh, and I'm makin' her giggle when I'm buying her food...

So best believe she's attached to my sleeve protecting my heart from insecurities,

Best believe I let her run the streets because it makes her miss what she received from me,

Best believe I lack the respect for myself to intervene in the pool of sadness each time I become part of a person's past tense.