## 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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