

Deceived

Lil Xan

Yeah, oh, yeah
You know, you know, you know
I'm full it
Aye I'm in the booth
Aye, aye
Shot out Bobby Johnson, aye Found myself in the dark place
Last girl made my heart ache
Now I'm tryna get my soul, yeah
Why all yall fake flex
Mama told me not to take shit
So I never really take shit
I don't care what you rep bro
Ex Bitch doing bank bro
Wow I really shoulda kept her
Really shoulda kept your mouth closed
I've been runnin out of amo
Different station, little trap woah
Every city with a bad hoe
Satan's got a grip on me
Heaven's looking very bliss
Steal my faith and everything
Eating off that apple tree
Sunlight shining every beam
Gloomy days keep scaring me
All my friends are enemies All my friends are enemies
All my friends are enemies
All my friends are ene- yeah
All my friends are ene- yeah
Windows tinted, you can't see us in it
Prescription pills made me a villain
Never busy, man I'm always chillin
Fake friends up in the grass
Gotta keep it low, let the snakes pass
My main girl gotta side door
Like Mike bitch, got more hoes
Insane though she a crazy hoe
Friends gon turn to enemies
Satan's got a grip on me
Heaven's looking very bliss
Steal my faith and everything
Eating off that apple tree
Sunlight shining every beam

Gloomy days keep scaring me
All my friends are enemies All my friends are enemies
All my friends are enemies
All my friends are ene- yeah
Out the booth bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>