

Against Me (feat. MAX)

Hoodie Allen

Take those words that you say
Don't use them against me, against me
When I'm walking away from something gray
I know you'll try to temp me, to temp me
When our hearts can't relate no more
I want you to forget me, forget me
Sometimes it feels like a war
But know I ain't ya enemy, ya enemy
Bullets fly, bullets, bullets fly in the sky tonight
Bombs may burst, bombs, bombs may burst
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Bombs may burst, bombs, bombs may burst
In love
Party at the Malibu, trying to adjust to the elevation
Brought no car to LA, so I walk cause I ain't tryna to pay for no validation, uh!
Double meaning, no, double entendre
Watching Assandra get undressed in the back of a Honda
Sometimes off on the road, it's crazy, I ponder
I see them, syke, but no relation to Wanda
I'm tryna to wonder off and dance and shit
Romance and shit, too many bops at it like them Hanson kids
But I'm so fancy cause even when you at your worst
Sometimes you'll Tokyo drift and then everything'll burst
This shit a gift and a curse the way that I analyze
I grew up wanting more, I'm never satisfied
My father told me always have my pride
Would've of worked at Burger King making fries
If it meant helping his fam survive
And now the nine-to-five, it's more like nine-to-nine
I only take a break just to talk when he on the other line
Tell him put on my mom, promise everything is fine
I've been working hard so you don't have to work all the time
That's real shit, fuck that mass appeal shit
Fuck that record deal shit, I would rather make it on my own
They say there's limitations when you're enter in that throne
But I don't think how they think, so competition is unknown
In a league of my own, no Rosie
Wolf on these beats, no Posey
Now everybody will know me
People keep on talking but there's no beef but Kobe
Fuck it, sometimes I wish that I could clone me
Cause I've been up wrestling with stuff like I'm Triple H
Only fuck with twins, I tryin' to get me a triple date

Triple A, gettin' lifted, never vacation but I'm trippin'
Off of like what everybody say
But I just gotta know what's in my heart
Because the world that type of place where people try to take your art and then they pull it all
way

Some friends addicted to that Oxycontin
I've been addicted to music, so I fuckin' forgot them
I should of been there when the ambulance respondin'
But I was probably on a plane, sellin' tickets out in Boston
Another show at the House of Blues, this place is hella packed
And kids been waiting since 6 A.M. just to see me rap
But how the fuck you gonna compete with an animal
I got the hunger, I'm overthrowing the capitol
These muhfuckers talk about me at they shows
But then they love me when we standing toe-to-toes
How's that rational?

Fake shit, I don't need that real blood
Homie bleed that I don't even mean to go and make it violent
But when you say something, stand behind it
All I got's my word in this life, so I write it
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Don't use them against me, against me
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When our hearts can't relate no more
I want you to forget me
Sometimes it feels like a war
But know I ain't an enemy, an enemy

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

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