

Me,MyBong and I.

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ok, so my bong is my child to hell with it!!



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Me,MyBong and I.

Everyone i trusted is now gone
back to me and my friend mind
coping with just me and my bong
with lots of bud' to grind'
everyone i love has left me
fuck each and every separate one
never have never will agree
hurting others just for fun
every fucker has let me down again
its no wonder i don't cry
what they are doing to me i should feel pain
not with me,my bong and i.
Not all you are cut out to be
then again i always knew
if you are all too busy judging me
less time you look at you
more of a insult being dropped by yourself
i have problems i wont deny
only real problem i have is fucking up my health
with me,my bong and i.
I wont complain stay where you all are
as long as we are all in separate rooms
and at least ten miles far
dont want you inhaling my fumes'
im a little hurt by your disease
never was one to lie
go away i dont want infected please
its just me,my bong and i.
It was all just bullshh anyway
you were all just one big joke
i dont really give a shh to this day
all i want to do is toke'
you betray me with spite
each and every one of you
giving without a fight
you all done what you wanted to do
I hear the bubbles rise
i feel the hit on my chest
there is no debate im high
so yeah they crushed me but fuck the rest
its just me,my bong and i.

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