

# Empty

## Juice WRLD

From the unknown  
I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home  
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam  
Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know  
I problem solve with Styrofoam  
My world revolves around a black hole  
The same black hole that's  
In place of my soul, uh  
Empty, I feel so goddamn empty  
I may go rogue  
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes  
Tote semi-autos  
Keepin' it real, keepin' it real, real uh  
Keepin' it real, uh yeah  
Life gets tough, shit is getting real  
I don't know how to feel  
Swallowing all these pills  
Know my real feels  
Devil standing here  
Tryna' make a deal, uh  
It ain't no deals  
Feel like I'm going crazy but  
Still took a lot to get me here  
Losing my sanity up in a  
House in the hills, hills, hills  
I ain't have anything then and I still  
Don't have anything still, still, still  
Bein' me, I rock PnB  
These hoes actin' like gossip, TMZ  
These drugs acting like  
Moshpits squishing me  
Oh my, oh me, how they kill me slowly  
Lonely, I been gettin' no peace  
OD, feel like overdosing  
Low key I'm looking for the signs  
But all I can find is a sign of the times  
From the unknown  
I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home  
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam  
Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know  
I problem solve with Styrofoam

My world revolves around a black hole  
The same black hole that's in place of my soul, oh  
Empty, I feel so goddamn empty I may go rogue  
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes  
Tote semi-autos  
I ain't suicidal  
Only thing suicide is suicide doors  
Fight for survival  
Gotta keep hope up, rolling good dope up  
Hold my hand, through hell we go  
Don't look back, it ain't the past no more  
Gon' get to the racks, all them niggas want war  
I was put here to lead the lost souls  
Exhale depression as the wind blows  
These are the laws of living in vogue  
We're perfectly imperfect children  
Rose from the dust, all of us are on a mission  
Never gave a fuck, really came from rags to riches  
Now we live it up, driving with the rooftop  
missin'  
I don't give a fuck, really came from rags to riches  
Now I live it up, driving with the rooftop missin'  
From the unknown  
I ran away, I don't think I'm coming back home  
Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Like a crawlspace, it's a dark place I roam  
Ain't no right way, just the wrong way I know  
I problem solve with Styrofoam  
My world revolves around a black hole  
The same black hole that's in place of my soul, uh  
Empty, I feel so goddamn empty  
I may go rogue  
Don't tempt me, big bullet holes  
Tote semi-autos

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>