

# 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 enemiesAll my friends are enemies  
All my friends are enemies  
All my friends are ene- yeah  
Out the booth bitch

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