

# Some Days

## Upchurch

Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low I grew up on YouTube again  
I looked up stuff that seemed pretend  
The Illuminati and the pyramids  
I've been twelve hours deep on a Google binge  
I heard stories of strange men  
Dressed in black clothes in a black mask  
Comin' up to people's windows  
I sleep with a 5.56 always loaded  
[?]  
My room looks like Ft. Knox  
My mind running like an evil genius  
Sometimes I scare my damn self  
'Cause I'm Norman Bates with a sense of kindness  
But the kind that's sick of being a sickness  
Setting in the bottom of the shit river ditches  
This ain't nice pics and hot chicks  
This is nirvana I ain't tryin to go... [?]  
Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna  
bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-low This is one of them dope tracks  
That'll make people say I'm on drugs now  
They're prolly sayin' I'm goin' crazy  
Or got possessed by the Willis House  
They'll probably claim that I'm a danger to myself  
For all them nights at three o'clock  
Precious time rolled in a Swisher  
Listenin' for a whisper before [?] my name [?]  
Settin' Indian style burnin' sage like I'm Cherokee  
Deep eye sockets hair line gotta widow's peak  
Knife in the sheath Pocahontas in the sheets  
I'll be damned if I let America "John Smith" me  
Some days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke

So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-lowSome days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna  
bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-lowPeople say I changed, yeah  
I am not the same, yeah  
Wanna be a leader  
But don't care 'bout bein' famous  
You wanna know what fame is  
It's stressful and it's dangerous  
I'm am not complainin' I'm just writin' out a story  
That's important for the up and comin'  
Don't bow down to business money  
Stay secluded know yourself and see 'em comin'  
Don't let them choose what you're overcomin'  
Be ready to die 'cause haters huntin' for headlines and shootin' forSome days I don't wanna  
wake, I just wanna bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-lowSome days I don't wanna wake, I just wanna  
bake  
Some days I don't wanna wake, tell my mate  
Roll me up a J fill my room up with the smoke  
So you can't see me when I'm at my low-low-low-low

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>