

Heartbreak

Babyface Ray

(Ladies and gentlemen)
Yeah, hm, ayy

The street poet, you know it, they waitin' on me
The ones close plan that I fall, they hatin' on me
It's hard tryna keep shit trill with fake and phonies
If it's meant, it'll come to you, be patient, homie
And I'ma always be here for my niggas
I gotta move smart 'cause I live for my children (Yeah)
They know my faces in places you can't go
I do what you can't do, I smoked when they said no
They said I ain't gotta do it, I strap up and still go
If I listened to y'all niggas, then I'd be real broke
For real, you starin' at an outlaw
Drink the lean with my left hand, I'm a southpaw
Daily countin' digits, I do numbers like my grandma
Can't let 'em catch me slippin', heads down in the scratch-off
Run off like you Ricky, leave him slumped in the backyard
Scratch off Ricky Bobby, drive that 'Cat like a Nascar (Yeah)
When it rains, it pours, for sure made to fall
They want my life, niggas mad for sure
I'm know deep in my baggage and my bag [?]
You flew that girl out of town, I sent her to the store
I sleep with work, had nightmares they kickin' the door
I count my blessings then count my money up when I'm bored
I leveled up, niggas askin', "How you get to this board?"
This shit get deep, niggas thinkin' it's just rap but it's more
Ayy, a L can't break me, money don't make me
Niggas in my face tryna Don C. snake me
They'll never think that I'll win from an eighth seed
The game got me chained like a prisoner, I can't leave
I told my bitch I can't love her like I used to
Yeah
'Cause I don't do the things that I used to do
Nah
I told my money that I'm startin' to get used to you
And if you ever leave, I don't know what I'ma do, nah
Yeah, I've been through too much heartbreak
Now I use the drugs for the pain
You know a nigga done put on for the gang
You know a nigga put on for the gang

Yeah, I had a lot of heartache
So I use the drugs to medicate
You know a nigga put on for the game
We up forever, had to levitate
I told my bitch I love her more than I used to
Uh-huh
I told my money we gon' put her in a Beamer coupe
Yeah
It ain't trickin' if your bitch real
And she been down since you was down like the fifth wheel
A lil' smaller now, baller shit get weird
Bitches callin' and they stallin', tryna get [?]
Get it stallin', ballin', callin'
Fifth wheel, do it often
Bitch still fallin', no autumn

Bitch, I've been the shit, no porcelain
Still gettin' chips out the pack
Big dog shit, no Scat
I be in the jungle and they tell me you a rat
When I'm in the city, they be sayin' you ain't that
When I ain't around, I be hearin' this and that
When I'm back in town, it's all love, that's a fact
I thought it didn't run, saw [?]
'Cause these niggas way too highly would from cloudy chains
I thought you pussy niggas would've been paid
The way you niggas actin', 'cause you mad that you ain't gang gang
I would hate you but my big brother Jesus
You would wolf the all sheets, some Perkies and Quagen