

Fragile

bbno\$

One bag, two bag, need more hands
So I'm breaking up with diamonds yeah this baby needs some bands
Sipping coffee, don't do xans
I don't really need to try it
Hit the thrift, spend a rack
30 bucks for my whole outfit
I signed that shit, I sold that fit
I'll make these pennies till I'm rich
I'll write a hit like really quick
I see that bag I'll grab and dip
That yellow drum with sticky tips
I ain't a poser, want my clip
I skip the script, my chain go drip
This baby get some money, I'm just a kid

I'm feelin' fragile, all up in my moods
Do it cause I'm bossy never do it for the views
Tryna live frosty now it's all I wanna do
Actin like I love myself, know a boy do
I got a voice and I'm feelin it yeah
Rolls Royce more like IKEA bed yeah
I got vintage jeans oh yeah
I never ever bought supreme oh yeah

When I get famous
Tell me what my name is
Spell it on the pavement
When I get famous
Tell me what my name is
Spell it on the pavement

B-A-B-Y
B-O-Y
Baby boy comin' with the fire
Knew I'd always rise and go higher
But never thought I'd turn into messiah

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I'm just a kid, I'm just a kid
I'm just a kid, I'm just a kid
Running after money yeah I skrrrt skrrrt skrrrt

Cause I'm fragile

Too much on my card, now I'm locked out
I got nothing at all, nothing at all, nothing at all
I might be an asshole, I might be an asshole, I might be an asshole

Yeah my Momma always told me
Yeah I gotta get my bags up
Push back, push my legs up
Whatever happened to my pay stubs
I need them raised up
Cause I be fragile, I hope I hold up
And I do not know what I think about all these other rappers
Cant you be yourself and leave the drugs behind, we already got them actors
Might just fuck around, write a book so go read on my chapter
Do this shit for fun and all that cash and that the shit that matters

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