

Profound Outro

Bryson Tiller

ETA

Uh

World on my shoulders, can't lie, it weigh a ton
Tell it how it is, never been the one to front
I'm a wild boy, black 'Ghini in the front
I pop out after not seein' me for months
I'm tryna change my life again, already did it once
Times I gave it all, others I ain't do enough
The usual suspect, it's yours in the cut
No more loose ends, I'm just tryna make the cut
Real ass nigga, ask 'em, how them lies holdin' up?
I need a bad bitch and liquor that'll help me open up
I'm in the Diamond cuffin' up and niggas think I'm bossin' up
AP and my heart froze, tell me who ain't cold enough?
Still doin' me when it's all said and done
This game pull me back every time I say, "I'm done"
The good with the bad, learn to take it how it come
She like, "Stomach or my mouth?", I said, "Take it how it—"
It's tough movin' on when you know you have it here
Real bad bitches at my parties in the Hills
She walkin' barefoot to the Uber, ho in heels
Your name ain't in the contract so you don't know the deal
Outside in the field while my ex is in her feels
Hard gettin' pressure without tellin' biz', hard gettin' pressure without te
llin' biz'
Was what it was now it is what it is
Tryna take it easy but I'm way too hard to please
I brought jetskis to the yacht, feel the breeze
Need a vacay somewhere, a retreat
My bitch a snack, I eat that like a treat
At war with my thoughts but I still won't retreat
Fam put me in a coffin and the shit ain't that deep
You can help me count these hundreds if you bring a nigga peace
My favorite song is money bein' counted on repeat
Circle tight, I can't let a fuck nigga breach
Almost lost who I was, I been gettin' back to me
I should turn up back to me, I said my piece, I'm blocked now, ain't no gett
in' back to me
And I'm back, bet these niggas feel a way
World on my shoulders, I can really feel the weight
All eyes on me like they tryna build a case up, need to get away, all gas no
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No more goin' ghost 'less a nigga in a Rolls
Out the concrete, Louisville, [?] roads
Got 'em all sick when they seein' what I gross
Stackin' dead folks now this shit ain't got a pulse
Doin' good in real life, nah, I ain't gotta post
I'm burnin' bread with my niggas, make a toast
I be doin' me and niggas think I do the most
If I ain't in Miami then I'm somewhere off the coast
Blend in well but I still get approached
Laughin' to the bank, niggas thought it was a joke
Joke's on you, swallow that and don't choke (Listen, swallow that and don't
choke)
I fight better with my back against the ropes
The love real? Then I gotta keep it close ('Ser, 'ser, 'ser)

I gotta keep it close, and you ain't takin' nothin' from me but some notes