Bad Idea

Cordae

Ooh
Ooh
Yeah, uh
(Bongo ByTheWay)

I know myself all too well to be a stranger of pain
Despite it all, we remainin' the same, I'm just changin' the game
Heart pure, never tainted with fame
Straight ahead, I'ma stay in my lane
Never switchin' courses, life's amazin', shit is gorgeous
Lookin' at the bigger picture, portrait, and I smile wide
Performed the song and the crowd cried
How can I lie? I'm tearin' up as I'm startin' to stare in y'all eyes
I know the shit you goin' through the last month
You stressin' as you hittin' on that glass blunt
A nigga prayin' to get lucky like Daft Punk
You can't even stomach the pain, now that's a bad lunch
Uh, ramen noodles on the regular
Add some seasoning and some hot sauce for a better touch
Peanut butter, jelly and syrup sandwich, etcetera
And we just flyin' in the nebula

And it might not be such a bad idea if I never went home again
See, it might not be such a bad idea if I never went home again
So don't you cry, little baby, little baby
(Don't you cry, don't you cry, don't you cry)
It'll be alright
So don't you cry, little baby, little baby
(Don't you cry, don't you cry, don't you cry)
It's gon', it'll be alright

I done been around the world four times lookin' for parkin'
Finally found a condo, that shit still feel like apartment
Out South my foul mouth started soundin' like Cartman
Roundabout like cartwheels, hopped inside of a U-Haul
Confused where all my art went, monsters in a quiet place
Some of these decisions is like Sharpie on a dry-erase
I know they thought I wouldn't, but I'm fireplace
I had my cake and ate it too, that shit is an acquired taste
I promised I would buy a place, I got my favorite roommates
They used to never see me like when you zip up a new Bape
Do that shit 'fore it's too late, don't ever drink the Kool-Aid
Don't ever think it's sweet, that's that crème de la brûlée
Who they? They Robert Goulet, they Nazi, cuckoo, goofy
My wifey yellin', "Who they?" My daughter yellin', "Hooray"
I see it clear like Blu-Ray, I park it in the sky
I keep 'em on my block, 'round the corner of my eye
Like a stye (Uh)

So don't you shed a tear
Cause there'll be better years
I live life by faith nigga, instead of fear
God cryin', thunderstorms is Heaven tears
The feelin' of lost hope, shit is never here
'Cause we gon' make it happen by any means
A young nigga, dawg, but I done witnessed many things
Age 13, wearin' hand-me-down skinny jeans

You know they a little extra faded around the knees
With the grass stains in 'em
I really wish a little extra cash came in 'em 'cause a nigga really needed i
t
Pain, I defeated it, and brought back
Soul survivor, nigga, what you call that?

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