

Multi-Platinum

Cordae

Yeah, uh

Yeah, uh, alright

There was once this multi-platinum artist, nah, nah, nah

Yeah, uh, alright

There was once this multi-platinum artist, who had the father's heart from his heart's desire

Despite being the one you admire, million dollars worth attire, what else could he acquire?

Empty heart 'cause of events that had occurred much prior to his rise of fame

Lack of self-esteem, lack of identity, was his name

Unlimited potential that was wasted, it's such a shame

Another statistic, it's so horrific, this fucking game

Left this music shit with only crumbs, there was nothing gained

Seems to be a regular occurrence, there's something strange, I'll explain

He's from a small city in West Virginia, Morgantown, if I remember correctly

Childhood trauma, resentment was heavy, towards his momma

His lifestyle a true mellow drama, a real tragedy

Piss poor, clothes was raggedy, let's take it back when he Was down low to music off Rhapsody

When Soulja Boy had first went platinum, you could easily fathom

A bunch of kids dancing hard with all of their cousins

When all of a sudden, his momma would come through and start buggin'

But she was bitchpolar, recognized that once he got older

She never sober, feeling like the world on his shoulders

Or takes it a day at a time, such a dangerous mind

His first thoughts of suicide occurred by the age of nine

Fragile thoughts of a child, parents caught in denial

Fillin' a river of pain, but shit, they far from the Nile

Circumstance, hard as a smile, sees a anger harvester, now

The memories, they all start to compile

Remember his father, he'd tell you more, but why even bother

He was a monster, touched on his sister, beat on his momma

Still dealin' with this childhood trauma while on his tour

Signed for five albums, one million dollars, but wanted more

Dishonest lawyers and terrible managers made him sure

That everything was okay, but we heard this story before

So I bring it way back to beginning, which is the endin'

Of this parable I gave you, I feel like it needed attention

Mansion was rented, accountant underhanded his business

Said "Fuck it all", he might as well end it