

## 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 remem  
ber 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 fatho  
m  
A bunch of kids dancing hard with all of their cousins  
When all of a sudden, his momma would come through and start bu  
ggin'  
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