

Reality, Pt. 4

CupcakKe

Times changed was dealing with so much pain
But at the same time it's alot that I overcame
Went from hungry last year now dressing in cashmeres
It's just a bag I won't brag cause I struggled the past years
I had a empty fridge would eat me a stale bagel
Thanksgiving Day with only me at the table
No friends or family demons surrounding me
Sometimes I had thoughts of jumping off the balcony
But um, I kept chewing on Doublemint bubblegum
Leftovers in my stomach more like pieces of crumbs
Around the wrong crowd they telling me "hit the blunt"
My father don't want me like we don't want Donanld Trump
I was tryna keep it cool for my mammy
Them long lines standing in that food pantry
Wasn't a joke, losing my hope
Got bags under my eyes looking like a wrinkled tote
It was no sleep at all pissed in the bushes, no stalls
Found a home then we was gone then more leaves than fall
On my mama this shit was trauma
Ain't have a solid number so how could we see a comma?
While I was sleep it was rats running over my mom feet
Just so she could work to get us something to eat
Let's get deep, I'm hurting as I speak
When life paid you dust just get a broom and sweep
At 11 who you telling everything was hand me downs
Jumped and stomped by 20 people while others stand around
Nobody helped, everyday I felt invisible
School so grimy the principal don't even got principles
Once I turned 12 it was all hell
Roaming the streets looking for D when I couldn't even spell
Fighting demons with a poker face like everything swell
Let's fast forward let me show you how my life has failed
Remember them nights with no lights or gas?
Washing up at the sink tryna clean my ass with cold water
My entire body was freezing best believe it
Jesus put me here for a reason
15, fucking on a man that's 35 good in the beginning
Then ate my soul alive fooled myself thinking its love
The way he layed with me
But all we ever did was fuck and went to KFC
It's sad, I degraded myself hated myself
All this because I wasn't raised with a belt
I know mama I hurt you staying out pass curfew
You deserve to sit back but I overworked you
Remember when my music got 11 plays?
Mama we here now these the better days
So I'll be damned if I let a nigga take it away
They body dropping in a instant like they break & escape
Never going back to them old days of seeing them low plays
So I entertain these niggas like I'm giving them roleplay
The greatest things comes to the ones that waited gotta be patient
It's about organization all my albums got my wallet on Fat Albert
I donate to the shelters money, toys, and flowers
We was in it more than hours the feeling was sour
300 people in one household using the same shower
People got some fucking nerve to be mad that they rent due
When people out here on the curb with covers and ripped shoes

The homeless be the ones with good hearts I feel bad
Cause they put everyone first by giving away they last
Think about it!