

## 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 Donald 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!