

In Love With a Lie

Fashawn

[?] and tryina say this is what artist
Tryina find time to kiss my daughter
I missed the whole first year of her life
And most of the second promoting these records
Guess me and my father just like
When I needed him he was off in the night
And my mother he never called his wife
When he was in prison I never bothered to write
I don't know where my personal life ends
And the public one begins
Fuck money got need to make [?]
With the brothers I used to call friends
Baby mothers I would run a pair
Got me gussing in chain, rolling my reefer
Reminiscing stuff on rocks and the solo my sneakers
It was hustle or die, guess I'm living my dreams
Hating the fact I'm in love with the lie

I'm too proud to beg, too angry to cry
Got me wondering why? Somebody tell me why
I'm in love with a lie
I'm too proud to beg, and too angry to cry
Got me wondering why? Somebody tell me why
I'm in love with a lie

Somedays I wake up and I don't wanna ride it
Go to the lab, everyone's invited
Yeah, I swear nothing's exciting
Today's never sunny it's just thunder and lightning
Fighting like I'm rumbling with tyson
For the love of the public got me stuck in this climate
Yeah, wondering why I'm even fucking with rhyiming
Since a younging all the struggle with timing
All I need some good weed, some red wine
Yeah, instead of all of these dead lines
Anticipation, fancy and waiting
Knowing nothing of your man's situation
I travel light but the load's heavy enough
Done enough, already give up
What I say to myself, but this is what I do
At the end of the day, I do it for you, you
Got you nigga, use
Got me sitting confused
Hit the spliff and take a sip with the brew
Nothing coming from my lips but the truth

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