

## Black Van

Felly

Yeah

Young Fel 2

Yeah

Tears in my eyes in the back of a van  
Know this country like the motherfuckin' back of my hand  
Been on the road for six weeks when I heard we lost gramp  
Couldn't make the funeral, I just hope he'd understand  
Thirty days later, quiet house where I land  
Stu' to the venue, goddamn I need a tan  
Pop passed, brain cancer, was turnin' to a man  
Wore a condom, still caught the burn - damn  
The worst part was I wasn't thinking 'bout her  
Back in my crib, stayin' loyal to her word  
I apologize again T, I know that shit hurt  
Come and get served, least mine was well deserved (On God)  
Finish my breakfast, pen a new sentence (Yeah)  
Remember doin' shows, ten heads in attendance  
Some people want fame, others want digits  
Behind their insecurities, most just tryna fit in  
Give it before I lose it  
Just to show these kids that it's bigger than music  
If you don't get it, you ain't meant to, stupid (Stupid)  
Young Fel ruthless (Ayy)  
Pen game make you wish you stayed in school  
And I can do anything, it's a matter of what I choose  
Try to put a genre on me, you gon' end up confused  
I can serve Raps, I can sing Blues  
And for you pussies with the painted nails, I can Rock too (Ooh  
)  
Onto number two, I ain't got nothin' to lose  
Bank account cool, been some months since I viewed  
Independent roots, plus I did it with my crew  
And they can't take the soul, livin' in the same shoes (Come on  
)  
Seventeen, I was hungry for it  
Twenty-something, back for more, enough of this back and forth  
Round the world, just to come back home  
Was suicidal fore I ever got to know my soul, pssht  
Ayo

Ooh, ooh-ooh

Ooh, ooh-ooh

Ooh, ooh-ooh

Ooh, ooh-ooh