

Talking To Myself

Felly

Aight, aight, let's go
Yeah

Something real, my heart's on sale, ain't hurt nobody
But I still can't get my fill, I wanna party
And my ex casting spells, still I'm not sorry
All my tats trace the years upon my body

Bumping heads, my heart goes out to everybody
See their stares and I know deep down, that they could probably
Use an ear, and not someone to judge 'em like they do
In the mirror, and show them how to stop living in fear

Cut my dreams short, too far fetched? Nah you next
The roadie, back and forth with the same bullshit
But you know I keep some hope with a flow like this
These days baby, I need more than sex

The beats is digital, bad bitches getting low
Rich homies getting woke, oh so now you spiritual?
Shouts to Black Kali, mama giving critical advice
That I needed, most of y'all too defensive to receive it

Talking to myself and it's got a lot to do
With me being me, and you being you
I got a lot of bread and I got a lot of hoes
So I ain't worried if my heart got some holes

She getting off work so I wait till they close
Just to pick her up and ask her how her day go
We can go anywhere, just don't take me home
In city so big, never felt so alone

With a Love like this, girl we'll never go broke
In a whip this clean, I ain't ever need soap
Know that this my path, I keep seeing 4-4's
Know that this my path, I keep seeing 4-4's

And by the way, I hope that we fuck tonight
I'm sick of waking up, feeling like nothing's right
I pray to God something like every night
That we make it happen and my people come to life

I'm supposed to be on tour, instead I be wearing a mask
Added to the mask I was wearing, I'm gone in a flash
The good news is good things don't come fast
So keep going forward 'cause you can't look back, you know that

Talking to myself, yeah
Thinking what do I know?
Nothing ever helps
Everything is going fine though
These days I do my best
Not to hurt nobody
These days I get so depressed
Trying to be somebody

Yeah, something real