

# Can't Relate

Fivio Foreign

I ain't even praying for a win, 'cause praying without action is a sin  
Niggas talking shit, but I actually consent  
'Cause every time they post, I get paid, and I be happy every cent  
I got famous, and I ain't asked for this, they tell me make them famous too  
Like this shit is a magic trick  
Yeah, I made it first, but she don't gotta be mad at this  
She just gotta be loyal, she don't gotta be the baddest bitch  
I'm sitting with the mayor, you so dumb you probably laugh at it  
So if I go to court, I tell the judge that I'm an activist  
Yeah, and I ain't never been a fabricator  
It's Fivio Foreign and The Gladiator  
Bitch, I got richer for celebrating my pain  
No matter where the grass at, all the snakes the same  
On the internet, they tough for real, they fake and they lame  
Go live, talk shit, that's how niggas making their name

And this a different conversation, if she can't fuck with all the lit niggas  
she think she basic  
The Instagram shit contagious, if you don't fuck with the internet we relate  
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Yeah, I see the blogs and the comments, but I don't say shit  
'Cause when I'm outside with my shooter, I know I'm sanctioned

Bro got shot on the way home and he ain't make it hurt  
Niggas tried to rob for his jewels, but they ain't take it huh  
Heard a stripper bitch snaked him  
It's how it is, man  
Hey Favi, let me loose

Lost my lil' cous', I used to cry to sleep  
Plus I'm facing life, so I gotta weep  
If I can ask you one question, is you proud of me?  
Tell shorty keep it real, but then she lied to me, that shit hurt  
Try sleeping with a broken heart  
It's like everything we built, it seem like it broke apart  
I thought that we'd grow together, instead we grew apart  
All these fucking heartbreaks that turned me to a shark  
Shit, I done popped like five urks, I'm trying to numb the pain  
Shoes smell like mildew from stuck in the rain  
Told the judge that I would change, stuck in the game  
First week home, I'm back selling cane

I was vulnerable for love, believing in anything  
Remember I was dead broke, and give me anything  
Knowing if I was up, I'd give him anything  
I'd give him anything

Man, I was eating jail noodles wishing for a steak  
Baby moms homeless, wishing for a place  
I couldn't help, I was stuck, they sending me to state  
I should have kept it to myself 'cause you can't relate

'Cause you can't relate  
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