

Yes I'm Sad

Fredo Bang

Grew up banging broad day
Nothing was easy
I learned the hard way
My heart up in the dark place
Mama taught me right I went the wrong way
Did so much dirt
Sometimes I can't look at my own face

I get in my feelings when I think about my past
My best friend son never got to see his dad
I'm 'a be there for his mama even though sometimes we clash
Got two parents missing one and one day he gone know the math

Hollow tips bussin out the mag
I'm scarred for life I done seen plenty body bags (oh Lord)
I done slowed but still running from my past (oh Lord)
Said I'm alright but I just really need a laugh

I might block you out even thought I'm really feeling you
I know how it feel when the person you love ain't really into y
ou
I woke up depressed forgive me if I have offended you
The blogs be hurting my feeling I don't wanna to do no interview
s

I don't wanna do no interviews

Keep a poker face so they can't see I'm really mad
I know it's hard to tell but baby yes I'm sad
Tryna hold my anger like a lid
When I get mad I wanna split a nigga wig

Playing with my name they just don't know how I real it get
Say what you want but you bet not bring up my kid
My dawg in jail he was clutching on the metal
I send him money tryna make him feel better
Sipping on lean tryna keep my mind mellow
Antisocial might night even tell you hello

Keep a poker face so they can't see I'm really mad
I know it's hard to tell but baby yes I'm sad