

Empty Stomach

Fridayy

I was chasing my dreams on a empty stomach
I was standing in VIP while my rent was due
I was sneaking backstage with the stars while my shit was growling
I ain't eat nothin all day just some bread and jelly
Mmhmm

I got hundred beats hundred songs in my pocket
They ain't even hear my shit they say youngin keep grinding
I ain't tryna hear this grinding shit I'm starvin
Somebody show me where the money at imma walk in

I just know my momma and them they countin on me, ya know?
Everybody back home keep sayin that they proud of me, how?
Only if they knew that I ain't have a dime on me
Have you ever been so fucked up you just get down on ya knees

Ohh ooh oooh

I had to get it
I had to scrap up these pennys
I was sellin my beats for like 50
I was just tryna eat do you feel me
Swear to God it was hurtin my soul
Put my heart in this shit like I'm Kobe
I was cookin all night on that stove
Just so I wouldn't sleep on that floor

No no no I couldn't give up
I know my god was just testin me
Momma she call me she say I'm the one
I know she just said a few prayers for me

I know this shit it was meant for me
I'm on the come up I'm tryna get to it
They bringing my name in this industry
Niggas is startin to notice me

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