

Thought begins when you start to feel it
I got a lot to deal with, it's not easy
I be scared with my girl behind the wheel
'Cause she can't drive, but I love her though
Got brown hair like my mother though
I got dark curtains like my brother though
The only time that I would've gone to clubs
Was the same time I was too young to go, like
Huh, huh, huh

'Cause my priorities done shifted
I don't get how all y'all live there
I don't like it when I visit, I just go, go, go
Is there something that I'm missing?
Y'all got too big for y'all britches
I got too big for the crib, so I just go, go, go

That crib that y'all just bought, it ain't a home, home, home
They might tell you that they love you, but they don't, don't, don't
And I know, know, know
I make money with the bros, but I still spend it all on my own, it ju
st
It gets hard to hear when nobody listens
It gets hard to fit in a room full of bitches
How the fuck did y'all even afford assistance?
I got Diptyque candles in the fucking kitchen
Y'all don't know the first thing 'bout the way I'm living
I put it so simple, a monkey would get it
It's the thing, click, it makes me fucking sick, and I just go, go, g
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Go, go, go, go
Go, go, go, go
Go, go, go, go

I got people cut off straight for not callin' me by my name
I really tried to keep the peace, but bro wan' punch him in his face
It feels better when you wait, it feels better when you safe
When you bought the car in cash, you can afford to punch the brakes

And then I go, go, go
Then I go, go, go
Then I go, go, go
Then I go