

Goodbye

JayDaYoungan

My life, this shit like a story
My life is like a story or somethin', I got so many chapters, this shit'll n
ever end
(HeartBeatz on the track)
I can tell you 'bout a whole lotta shit, but I rather not
I'm afraid of what you might do to me
Shit, that's why I just keep my mouth closed

So many problems, ain't got many options, it be hard to get by
On probation, I'm sober, I can't even get high
I need you that's the truth, it's so hard to deny
I just can't see, how you leave without saying "Goodbye"
Let me tell you my life, this shit like a story
I gave them my heart and they tore it
I rode 'til the wheels fell off, no Forgies
These niggas gon' change regardless, so I just stay in my lane like Tory
Right now, I've been dying for love, ain't safe to rush, so I ain't gon' for
ce it

I'm a savage, won't hold my hand out
You rattin', I heard your mans hot
These niggas be beefing and speaking on me for some clout, they really be fa
nned out
Remember when I wanted Percs, but it was a drought, had to bring them Xans o
ut
That bitch wanna fuck, I'm the man now
Bend her over, tell her pull her pants down
Up for some days, I was tryna get paid, used to hug on the block like a newb
orn baby
Was clutching the Glock and it came with no safety, 'cause I know the opps t
ryna plot and come take me
All these chains on my neck, you would think it was slavery
Real dope boy shit, like I came from the 80's
I won't let them ruin this shit I created
Bitch, I'm the greatest, I feel like McGrady

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Without saying "Goodbye"
I'm on probation, can't even get high
I can't even get high
What type of shit you on? Talkin' 'bout "I'ma die", everybody gon' die, you
think you ain't gone die?
What type of shit you on? You think you ain't gon' die, bitch, we all gon' d
ie
And for everybody against me, man, get off my dick
You hating on me, you been hating on me, you heard me?
If you say I lost--, ah, man, you been hating on me, you ain't never fuckin'

with me, you wasn't never fuckin' with me, you heard me?
I don't show no feelings, I don't show no-, yeah, I just hold all that shit
in, you hear me?
I wake up thinkin' 'bout "How I'ma get the next bag?"
You wake up thinking about what I'm 'bout to do and what I'm doing next
You broke as a bitch, you hating
You heard me? Your job is to watch what I'm doing
And my job is to keep entertaining your pussy ass