

# 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