

Cole, you stupid

Look, you told me never let this get ahold of me
You hate to see me hurt you want to hurt someone for me
Way too down to earth don't do no dirt for me please
I don't need nonbody else takin' a deal or a plea
God know what I'm doin' he gon' deal with me
Niggas ain't cut like that, but you'll kill for me
And I don't care if we don't speak for like a million weeks
You right there when I need you
But I know these ain't your kind of people
I finally bought a home to raise my family
I'm done with all the hoes and they anatomies
I tried to call yo phone again you said it wasn't on
And by the time you got my letter I was long gone
Back on the road, gone with the wind blows
Packin' the shows, hoes and the nymphos
Platinum and gold, you know how this shit go
When family's gone, and you don't know what you here for
Uh
Just remember, remember who I am
Mommies, daughters
Ballers, fathers
Mommies, daughters
Ballers, fathers

Look, you said I shouldn't worry bout the fame
You seem to be concerned of what you heard about the game
Cause soon as niggas get a lil change niggas change
And playin' with the Lords name sayin' it in vein
You head a song and said I did the same thang
You seein' something different in my eyes
And she emphasized it
And I ain't get it at the time
I couldn't listen had to call her back
Line packed sold out tickets
I'm on the wrong track
Road back fuck it I'm hittin' it on the road
Ima bulldoze the globe for the dough
She know she happy that we doin' better than before
As long as I'm sellin' shows, yeen sellin' for your soul
I felt like she yellin' like Azaela in a megaphone
Said Ima hit you in the mornin' keep your message on
I did my set then sat alone for a second by myself
Ask questions, choices, destination
Courses, highway routes, Royces
Rollin, voices, goin' on and on and on it's noisy
I'm not the only one affected by the poison
In the mind, in the lifestyle, the shine from the iced out diamonds
That combine with misogynistic mindsets
Dialect from slave die tribe they tryin dissect
The redigest I toss that mindset overboard like an object
I'm tryin' to find a letter to the Lord from the projects
Cause when I was a boy I didn't know that we was poor
And now I'm on tour got a moment to explore
And show my niggas soemthin' we ain't never seen before
Open doors so you know I'm goin'

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Why do I get so damn high that I can't feel my face
Try and try to free my mind but I can't find a way
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Look, I never gave that much a fuck about this shit
To let it challenge my integrity
But you questioning me got me you thinkin' less of me
The lesson in this shit is we should talk
Face to face fuck the messagin'
Meet me in the flesh and you can see I'm still lil Destin
Lil brubby, lil BB bald head as a babay in the Huggies
Stunt like my dad I'm a druggie
Money in my hands but it's bloody
Try to understand if you love me, aye
Make plans we can roll like the old days
FaceTime call came with a stone-cold face
We don't talk often when we do we send "Are you okay"
Somebody fuckin' with you I'm on the way, it's on the waist
I could tell the way you look that ain't the case
Figured you was mad at me
When you said you need a break from the family
You not participatin' in no Pagan holiday gathering
And ever since I started rappin' I ain't never in Atlanta too long
And I hate havin' to only see the family when somethin' bad happen
Like when granny passed I ain't wanna answer the phone
Writin' in my pad hope I don't rememeber this wrong
Last time I seen you we was sending her home
October, November, December was gone
But on the 25th we gotta be there for Mom
I'm talkin' to you now but can I see you tomorrow?
I can be on the way soon as I finish this song
So you can see I'm still true in everything that I been doing
And I don't fuck with the devil but I know he pursuin'
And I know that Jesus died 33 like Ewing
And he prolly did the same shit that we like doing
I now you gotta feel the animosity brewing
It's gettin' bad and I'm said that are relationship ruined over some trash
But it's past that
Send me all the money that I gave you over CashApp back
Since you actin' as if

We're sorry, you have reached a number that is- (Aw)

That's fucked (That's fucked, that's fucked, man, that's right)