

Really Scared

Lil Dicky

Yeah,
I feel like people are really weird about admitting, when they're scared
If you're not scared ever, you're just lying or something
You're being weird

Ten days in the bay left
And I don't mean to overthink that
Got a one way straight to L.A.X
And I ain't blink yet
I know you'd think that
I'd of figured out this whole thing
Like where his chink at?
Segue to Lil Dicky getting bigger than a Yao Ming
But can I shrink that?
Where my shrink at?
I don't know what to feel
Everything has gotten totally real
Everything I always wanted right in front of me with nobody near
So it's weird that I'm overly scared
But I'm so unprepared
Holding the beer, I'm withholding the fear
Not in the clear but I'm kind of revered
And yeah I might appear like the chill type
The veneer is not real in the real life
What it feel like?
Thanks giving I was missing I ain't even miss 'em
Girlfriend hellra distant I ain't even listen
Only shit I really care about is spittin' writtens
This is the beginning
I'm just getting into the game
My world's not spinning the same
The shit looking like it's bigger than Dave
It's so crazy
But when all this sitting at stake
I can't break, even if I'm afraid it might change me

Look if you let me
You know I could get deep
Baby hope you ready
I'm coming through
Running you
That's what I do
Just know that it's all for you
So what you gonna choose?

Afraid to say okay
And I know I'm not gonna get in the way
But I'm afraid
Who I wanna be is what I became
But I'm ashamed
Ain't no coming back
Facing what I wanted but it's all fucking weird
At night I'm really scared

I ain't made from the projects
But you know I treat the game like a project
So you know it's not the same kind of progress

Different process, but I digress
Other rappers didn't blow overnight
They ain't had a nine to five that was totally right
They was all up on the grind from the moment they write
At twenty five, hadn't even done a show in my life
It's like, damn, I'm a rapper, how did that happen?
I was making ads then, back when
Only used to rapping to my Mac then
Packed venues came through like shoot let's practice
Tryin' tell you I ain't bred for this shit
Despite that, feeling like I'm meant for this shit
But like that, everything depends on this shit
And I ain't betting against it
But I ain't had a moment to reflect what I'm betting against it
I'm next even though it's pretentious I sense it
Relentless, but it leave me defenseless
I guess I should learn to accept it, but it's hectic
Oh you want a condensed list?
I'm worried that I'm about to give my all to it, hundred percent
You ain't gotta know it all to discover what's left
Pretty fucking intense
And I worry that I got a lotta gall when it come to success
Telling y'all this a hundred percent
But what happens if I fall short of what I call the surest of bets?
Cause what's a hundred percent?
What's a hundred percent?
Is that it take a lot to make me content
And I'm 'bout to chase around a legend that I fucking invented
While I'm neglecting everybody that I love and respected
Because I hate the thought of coming in second
And I don't want to do no second guessing when it come to progressing
Because I really couldn't stomach regretting my effort
When I'm at the end and I'm assessing if I could of done better
I better be able to be it or never
Or be the best ever
But if somehow I'm really that special
Then I'm about to deal with mad pressure
I fear that when I finish my assessment I'mma be in depression
Because I'll see a lot of me as regressing
It's obvious to me to be the best a lot of me is repressing itself
I wonder what I'll see in reflections?
I wonder if I'll run into a woman cool with coming in second?
Or if I'm bound to be the fool at the weddings?
Alone and regretting the whole thing
Now you're seeing why it's so big
What would y'all do, if y'all were the old me?
Get involved and you gotta give the whole thing
This is no fling, this devoting
Every mother fucking part of yourself
No matter what ever the cards you was dealt
You going all in
I don't know about y'all but I'm gone
And I don't know if I'm ballin' or bawling

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