

Mixed Emotions

Lil Tjay

Know you want me for my bread, you ain't fucking wit' my head
Try to push me to the edge, I reverse that shit instead
You want me 'cause I'm on, you want me 'cause I'm on
You want me 'cause I drip with the sauce that I got on
I pop out with some Gucci, Cartier and Saint Laurent
Got all these mixed emotions, got to put it in a song
You want me 'cause I'm on, you want me 'cause I'm on
You gold digging thinking I don't know what's going on

I love my niggas but y'all ain't treating me the same
I never thought that ya would switch up on me for the fame
Chatting on my name
So call my phone, I'm a let it ring
Call my phone, I'm a let it ring now
Tell me what you would do
If your day one nigga started changing on you
We done been through a lot, ya act like ya forgot
And I know a lot of niggas didn't want me to pop
Got no love for a thot, I'm just chasing the guap
Hollow shells for a nigga 'cause we play with them Glock
So I stay with a chopp', I ain't saying a lot
'Til Sandy come home, he gon' stay in the box
They ain't feeling my pain, they must think it's a game
I can't wait to take a picture next to Nicki and Wayne
Do SB on the chain and I know I'm a stain
If you run up on me I'm a have some shells for your brain

Henny, Patron got me feeling good
The gang with me, wish a nigga would
Stop playing with a opp when I'm in the hood
I'm a keep making noise 'til it's understood

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And I could spit some shit that ya just wouldn't comprehend
It's fully Smelly drive and I'm riding to the end
Hollow grip the clip extend, it's full for all your friends
They claiming I'm a fail when my career just began
Told the guys it's our year, right now it's our time
I'm a always do my best to make sure everyone shine
Long long time, we all gon' be fine
I ain't never said contradicted none of my lines
But I'm going through stuff, I think that I'm stressed
Everyday I'm in the studio, ain't getting no rest
That's the reason why the haters won't acknowledge that I'm next
They hate me 'cause I'm coming strong, stepping on they neck

Why you hating on me? I ain't hating on you
And niggas clout chasing like it's something to do
I still don't understand, I swear everything new

And I'm hearing a lot of rumors, I don't know if they true
I know you niggas too fake, they two-faced
Always throwing shade, swear that shit amuse me
You're not allowed to use me and use me
I ain't got no feelings shorty, you a groupie