

# The Fade

Lizzo

Full of fried food and fatigue, uh  
Full of fried food and fatigue  
I-I-I ain't gettin' no sleep so I guess when I'mma wake  
Mama-se, mama-sa, I'mma dream  
Wearing my heart on my sleeve  
Hol' up, hol' up, wait, no, hol' up  
Gotta pack with my girls, no feelings all green  
But you know no "I" in the team  
By golly, Miss Molly, we in this thang  
Big Bag Wolf, he make them piggies scream  
All three houses-straw, sticks, bricks  
And we blew 'em all down, dang, blousers  
I don't play games but I know enough about 'em, how to win 'em bruh  
Realize that it's not a game and jealousy is unhealthy, competition yo  
Welcome to the field, nigga, home of the field nigga  
Hard-working mother ugly duckling, black swan  
Try to keep it in the real some time  
But I gotta deal with a whole lotta nothing  
And my whole life in front it so I guess I gotta run it  
Seeing futures when I close my eyes  
But I gotta deal with a whole lotta nothing  
And my whole life in front it so I guess I gotta run it

I felt the fade but the fade's never over  
You playing games but you don't got a scoreboard  
I can't relate, I ain't made for this sport boy

It's for the worst

How can I make you feel? How can I  
How can I make you feel when I don't even feel myself?  
Not saying I'm not cocky but I know when it come to the flow  
I will outdo myself, boom boom bang  
They ain't the best cause they ain't in they lane  
How can you try to be something you're not?  
That is not art, girl please explain  
Cut out the middle man, be instrumental  
I'm not the one to play the second fiddle  
Bach off my show kid, I'm tryna make Mozart  
(I ain't seen the back of my eyelids in like a week)  
Guess I gotta run it

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It's for the worst

Ooh, ooh-oo-oo! Ah-ah-ah-ah!  
I felt the fade  
I felt the fade  
I felt the fade  
I felt the fade

I felt the fade  
I felt the fade  
I felt the fade  
I felt the fade