

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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You playing games but you don't got a scoreboard
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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