

# Let It Go

Loyle Carner

Let it go, free your mind, live your life, feed your soul  
Give your time, see your fam, keep 'em close  
'Cause you never know when it could all be gone  
Just let it go, let it go  
Make it right, ain't no time for no wrongs  
It's alright if your not gettin' enough  
You don't ever know when it could all be gone  
Just let it go, let it go, let it go

Spent the last summer on tour, spent the last winter with family  
I ain't been 'round in so long, hope I still fit in with y'all  
Out here tryna get it, kids growin' mile the minute  
Money don't buy experience, can't dig in your pocket for it  
I wanna be there for the wrong, I wanna let it go, but it's gone  
I burned my mom last year, hmm, and I won't be healed with a song  
But the hope when you heal make you strong  
Don't wanna raise my kids via phone  
And I love my niece, my nephew  
Just like they a seed of my own  
And my life in a speed of my own  
Still recite, and I speak through the poems  
I'm so grateful, I kept my composure  
And do remember the things that I told your  
You can't dwell, that'll make you forget  
You can still conquer the culture  
It gon' fight that don't mean that it's over  
Your the angel lookin' over my shoulder

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I write my name in the sand, ayy, that'll brand to the beach  
Can't see no hand in my reach when I'm standin' beneath  
Ayy, I can't handle the beef, most nights don't handle the peace  
A man or beast, ayy, take a handful of each  
Now I'm roamin' the streets, head low, headphone full of beats  
Get doughed and my face gets known  
But I never get low, ain't known to police  
Ayy, 'cause I roll with the weaks  
And launches, jabs, uppercuts and punches  
Bounce cats for the weeks and dunces  
I can make p's and hundreds  
Tens and thousands, men move mountains  
Next day say men move ounces  
All cash, no checks and bouncers  
These are my surroundings, and I keep composure  
No luck like three-leaf clover  
What you're gonna do when it's all over?  
What you're gonna do when I don't phone ya?  
What you're gonna do when I don't hold ya?  
What you're gonna do when you can't sleep

And your eyes go weak and you can't stay sober?  
Ayy, your bed's my sofa, your son's my soldier  
Just like I told ya, keep composure

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