

Cry For Me

Marlon Craft

If I die, fuck what they talking 'bout, please cry for me
So much could've been avoided if we let the tears go
So if I die, please cry for me
No, I finally let the fear go

I don't know what's underneath
Got a phone with like twelve different ways that you could reach me
Why can't nobody reach me? Uh
Trying to forgive myself, that shit feel like reaching
Tryna get my friends some help, that shit feel like preaching
Know this trauma got a root but that shit seeded deeply
Plus I feel like if I knew, no one would believe me
Paying so much cost to Betty's crosses
Wish there was a cheap me, wish I could unsee these
Congress of my thoughts who act a lot like ours
'Cause they don't have my best interests at heart
And they financed by elite greed
Wish I could just one part of me for the night
I wish I could lose just one part of me in the fight
I wish I could be just who I oughta be and I might
But when I win, I hope it's fueled by love and not from spite

Releasing all these songs, emotions still trapped
Something's always wrong, my hope, it feels sapped
I need to let it out, yo, that's real rap
But I'm from the home of these keep it real raps, and that's that, so

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