

# Too Bad

Pell

It's too bad  
Boohoo

Opposite sides of the spectrum  
Guess your colors been showing  
Optics mimic my passion  
And without you I'm glowing

It's too bad, bad  
Boohoo, it's too sad  
A story

Opposite sides of the spectrum  
Guess your colors been showing  
Now the flowers turned blacker  
And without you I'm growing

It's too bad, bad  
Boohoo, it's too sad  
A story

How many fucks could a young man give  
If he still don't trust no ho  
How many drags til he match that weed  
And his life go up in smoke  
Pink on my mind, when I call on times  
You would hit me when I'm blue  
Aqua  
I would swim in a sand so poplar  
Gotta take more trips to the doctor  
Thank Obama, bill my mama for the shit  
I got conscience when you played them Jedi Mind Tricks for a fit  
Amber eyes holding down them white lies  
I was greener at the time  
Things got hazy over time  
Wait, rewind  
Like it's VHS, distorted memories in effect  
Come back off recording and you mad that I finished yet  
Tryna make me jealous  
But I love myself enough for, the both us  
Ever since I woke up, and ever since we broke up  
Sipping everywhere like to go cups  
Abita and some cold cuts  
Until I finally lucked up  
And found a little solace  
In the place I put my focus  
Not everybody makes it  
But at least these people know me  
Safe to say I did good

Opposite sides of the spectrum  
Guess your colors been showing  
Optics mimic my passion  
And without you I'm glowing

It's too bad, bad  
Boohoo, it's too sad

## A story

How many fucks can a young man give  
If he still can't trust his kin  
Blood run deep til you up shits creek  
And you gotta help lil cuz swim  
Giving that bread that you won't get back  
That's alright, I ain't worried bout the past  
That's alright, I ain't worried bout the cash  
Just pray one day that it'll come back  
Pray one day that we could trade racks  
You been with me since kid lavish  
When my alias was backwards  
I only owned mattress  
Worked at Subway feeling humble  
I shoulda been in classes  
But instead I made some classics  
That could fund me through a bachelors  
In conversations that would leave artists intimidated  
I'm back on my bidness maybe  
Call you when I'm finished maybe  
Who knows, your stars might still be aligning  
But if life about the timing  
I'll be on it til you find me  
See ya later

Opposite sides of the spectrum  
Guess your colors been showing  
Optics mimic my passion  
And without you I'm glowing

It's too bad, bad  
Boohoo, it's too sad  
A story

Opposite sides of the spectrum  
Guess your colors been showing  
Now the flowers turned blacker  
And without you I'm growing

It's too bad, bad  
Boohoo, it's too sad  
A story