

# Vanilla Sky

Pell

Lying cause you don't wanna fight, not tonight  
So we both keep smiling  
And a blog attitude to our lives  
Guess we'll both die trying  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Seen a different world up close  
Living through a dream I write  
I'm gon' make mistakes, I know  
But I'll never ever change my coast

Tell me what I wanna hear  
Cause the truth don't feel to good  
Tell it to me nice and clear  
So I'm not misunderstood

As I drop my little two cents  
I know this just a business that my passion gets confused with  
My pimping part of the problem but motherfuck a solution  
Make the money in Oxford then probably blow it in Houston  
Niggas paying for pussy but taxing for whack verses  
I audit the competition like something done come up missing  
Fingers just started itching, lotion can barely fix it  
Throw money at me, I catch it  
Don't worry 'bout how to pitch it  
I'm gifted, but you knew that from the beginning, huh?  
Statements at home but I'm grown so I'm getting by  
Even eating soul food like it's '95  
Feel it's do or die  
Cause the man with the most to offer is often the overlooked  
Spent days at the library, now I'm often overbooked  
No juiking inside my movements, but haters is often shook  
These women is fishing for ballers but, baby, I'm off the hook  
Aware of my social status like whites aware of my blackness  
Slaving to get a piece, tell master to kiss my ass is too perfect  
Avoiding practice, but my OG told me "Work"  
So I'mma hold it down like I'm drowning what I'm worth  
I put in work

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Sometimes the truth hurts but I know it make you better  
I ain't giving you a lecture, but these words will live forever  
Usually I wouldn't rap this, but feel it more than ever  
When my fam give me advice, but I just treat it like whatever  
I came up clueless, so it's hard to understand me  
I'm the type to trade a Grammy for some more time with my family  
I'm lying, LA nice, hit the bed like Dodgers might  
Moving on up since the flow is dynamite, doing fine  
At least that's what you tell me  
Sweet the sound of ignorance, ignoring pain to help me  
I trust you like my brother, dawg  
But love it when the curtains drawn  
So keep your truce stuck in its tracks  
You defy the smoke and mirrors, threw that monkey on my back

I've been going ape shit for complacence  
I became sick, when I die, ill  
Hospice where I chill, get a number to myself  
Tell me what I wanna hear

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