

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 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 juking 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
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