Windows Cry

REASON

Yeah, yeah
When honesty lies, apologies die, so
Elephant in the room

He said you got your eyes wide shut, uh, pride high up, uh
Beef come quick, uh, five guys rushed
They caught me at the light, like, "My, my, look
At what we got here, just another nigga that made it out"
But still you not there, uh
Look at all you got, nigga, but family ain't got theirs
You claimin' you top tier, but your wallet got fears of
Becomin' empty like that soul you claim you got there, uh
Lost in that combat, wonder where your mind at
Look, let's be real, don't even know what's in your contract
Hired another nigga to look upon that
Shit, that's your nigga, right? Well, shit, I hope it is
'Cause now you spillin' hearts, so now they know your biz'
See, you a star now, and you've been growin' big
Still tryna grow yourself, but now you're moldin' kids
You tell 'em quit they job, showed 'em what soulful is
But he ain't got the talent, nah, nigga, focus here
You told that nigga follow dreams and he could grow it big
Just told him he'd be independent, knowin' no one is
So, yeah, y'all give him hope, but y'all don't say too much
It's like you show him dreams, but you can't wake him up

I just wonder what you lookin' at while you take a look in my eyes
I just wonder what I'm lookin' at when I take a look in those skies
Windows cry, windows cry
Windows cry, yeah, yeah, look, windows cry

Prayed to be gifted and got it from rappin', ain't that ironic?
Discussin' deals with white women and vodka tonics, uh
Like who are you, nigga? Oh, you different, different
Oh, you gifted, gifted, then let's go back to your contract
Nigga, listen, listen, paranoia lifted
Look, you so fuckin' clueless, let's break it down
You signed a paper to get rid of your niggas, now you got strangers
At the worst fuckin' moment you could 'cause your life is changin'
You heard the stories of labels puttin' artists in danger
Use 'em up for hits, never pay 'em and then replace 'em
And now you're steppin' into unfamilar situations
Of a label that's like family but adopted you for paper
While you tryna be the greatest and pursue your vison
You call and get the voicemail, nigga, who gon' listen?
They only care about the money, nigga, screw your vision
This shit's so fuckin' screwed up, now you screwed up in it
They got you sittin' on the bench, you gon' lose your listens
You gon' hurt your fans, you gon' lose your mentions
You tryna grow as big as Dot, tryna move your image
Now you got Dave pushin' buttons and he grew up with him
What's his motive, nigga? Can't never trust him
They make Ali mix your vocals, nigga, without discussion
This shit crazy, you so hopeless, nigga
You got Top's son as one of your managers
And you barely even know this nigga
If you and Top get in some shit, who he ridin' for?

Who he slidin' for? Wait, wait, they comin', shh, shh
Let's keep it quiet, low, can't let 'em know you doubtin'
They'll take offense and say you're spoiled, "REASON always poutin'"
You gotta trust the process, days slowly countin'
Where your music at? Where you been, nigga?
I'm just hopin' all these thoughts don't turn reality
Hope September 12th don't turn into my casualty
Windows cry

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