

# Make Believe

SABA

It's your mother, call me back when you can, talk to you, bye-bye  
Hey, it's your mother, call me when you get a chance  
Talk to you later, love you, bye  
Hey, you, call your mother as soon as you can, bye, love you, yeah

I got everything I could ever need  
And I try to keep that in mind anytime I meet a man tryna sell a dream  
It ain't no one tellin' me what to sing (No)  
And the people around me got better things  
To do with they life then tellin' me what I should do in a rhyme  
Instead of being with my family, I was in Canada, I was in Tokyo  
I didn't know before I learned as much as I love to perform at the shows  
It's the people close I gotta show it for  
Just lost a friend to an overdose  
Made me question what I'm even sober for  
'Cause I used to think that I was scared to die, but I don't even know no more  
Look ma, I made it, it's like we dreamed  
Look ma, I made it, it's make believe  
Your boy in the land of fancy house and my car don't got a key  
Some people I want to be proud of me (Yeah)  
And walk on this earth and that shatters me (Yeah)  
But I learned to imagine things so I feel it when they lookin' after me (Yeah)  
My heart used to be filled with jealousy for what others had, amongst other things  
And then when y'all sit in the same room, you realize they ain't what they seem  
Yeah, uh

Look ma, I made it, it's like we dreamed  
Look ma, I made it, it's make believe  
'Cause Black boys on this side of town not supposed to be on the front page of the newspaper (Newspaper)  
For doin' greater (Doin' greater)  
I spent a lot of time wonderin' who will save us  
It's food on the table, I'm grateful, I don't give a fuck 'bout a label  
Yeah, they put a mill' on the table but my granny really put meals on the table

Westside right on time  
We can play make believe just like we did when we were five  
Save those looks for a desperate time  
Do what feels right  
Do what, do what (Yeah)  
Compliments don't get me high  
Sometimes, I get overwhelmed and I feel I want to hide  
Fall in love when you're forty-five  
And now, do what feels right  
Do what, do what

I gotta grow into these shoes  
I got a lot to lose now  
I made all these things tangible  
That's why I can't fuck with make believes  
Too much pressure for me  
Why I can't fuck with-

Why I can't fuck with-  
Too much pressure for me (I can't fuck with-)  
That's too much pressure on me  
There's too much waste in the world (I can't fuck with-)  
That's too much pressure on me  
Why I can't fuck with-