

# Too Much

Sainté

You don't know (yeah)  
You don't know  
About this life (of course)  
Of what you want the time (for)  
I don't wanna fight

Another 365 days and I'm still trying to build an estate  
I've had too much on my plate  
I've had a lot taken out of me  
I just dream by the days that I speak of my mom  
She tell me come home 'cause she's proud of me verse  
Lately, I've been feeling drained  
I don't feel much like the same  
I put some rats on the chain for the flex  
And I swear man I still feel the same  
I used to want minimum wage  
Now I don't but I still feel the same  
And I promise I be getting paid (when?)  
What more can you do for the clout?  
Two summers are wise to running  
I'm humble, I know, but I'm changing the sound  
Put your ass and I got me a crib  
I put six in a pool, all my boys to the town  
You know FYS is in town  
We distribute money around