

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