

# Dear Diary

sKitz Kraven

All this money but my mind still the darkest  
I was happier when I was in apartments  
Too live for crews  
Wanna kick it  
I'll be charging  
Started losing homies  
When I turned into an artist  
Never saw the vision  
They were blinded by my hardships  
Thought I was too mental  
To addicted to the hard shit  
Smoking on a rock  
Lately I've been on a roll  
Waking up in bigger homes  
Got me feeling more alone  
I swear to God  
This year I've made more  
Than my teachers all combined  
They used to tell me I'd be nothing  
But a criminal confined  
Scooping powder in a line  
Or make my school a Columbine  
Either way on either day  
I guess you'd say I'm killing shit  
Life been on my nerves  
But I love her at the same time  
But if she ever leave me  
I'm a kill the bitch  
I'm feeling bigger than the rest  
Like I'm Wilt and shit  
I taught her everything she know  
I guess I built the chick  
Yeah  
But she look finer when mine  
My shorty look like JLo  
She get finer with time  
Spent a Tesla on a table  
Like we're Elon and Grimes  
I'm bad and boujee for no reason  
Eating pussy with wine  
But moneys all that we're left with  
Mortgage on her finger  
Birkin bag on her left wrist  
My temper getting hotter  
I'm not someone to mess with  
My net worth getting bigger  
I'm who you should invest in

I'm just venting out  
In my diary  
Ain't no man alive  
That's as high as me  
I'm too busy crying  
Please don't cry to me  
Dear diary  
Dear diary  
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Dear diary

I'm cold hearted  
I don't like to be touched  
So I just grab her on ass  
I squeeze it tight  
So I can hold some  
You gotta live it just to feel it  
Just to know some  
I'm in the kitchen cooking chickens up  
With both arms  
I said you want the tennis or the cuban  
Nah I'm fooling  
I just bought it all  
Cuz I know she want both of em  
But then I leave  
Randy Moss the way I go long  
But that's because my mental health ain't right  
Brand new house  
Not even showing on maps yet  
Fake ass rappers  
Swear they need em a fact check  
How you gotta a Cash App  
But still remain cashless  
How you get some ass shots  
But ain't got no assets  
I'm the answer  
You're just talking bout practice  
She over every night  
Like she ain't got a address  
Sleeping in Versace  
While she dreaming bout Prada  
She remind me of my momma  
But she calling me dadda