

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
Too 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
Dear diary

Dear diary
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 dad-da