

Best Me

Sylvan LaCue

Apologies in advance jealousy ensues but I choose to understand

I sip slow think slower
Cause people love to judge, when they barely even know ya
I'ma say that again, I sip slow think slower
Because people love to judge, even when they barely even know you
When I was 7 used to rock soldiers
Hotboys had it poppin from the Nolia
I need a project chick from the corner, cousin had a friend she was like 10
Even then I used to buy her blow pops from the corner
Valentine cards, milk money by tha quarter
Fast forward, now it's dumb girls Henny by the 5th. 20 pump 6 condoms and records
Fucking outta spite kinda sorta, got engaged now I'm thinkin bout a daughter
Spend a lotta time even tho I can't afford her, please keep it coming with the brown water
Please (oooh) back when I had plans of being HOV, wanted floor change for the quarter-waters
When I was naive to these things, I really wanna follow what my heart shares
Money ain't a thing, until it's not there
And bitches ain't shit till you need a queen, and niggas all the same till you meet a king
You know whatchu need when you dead broke
You know what you want when you see the dreams

All I wanna do is be the best me
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All I wanna do is be the best me, best me possibly

Upset drunk on a late night, 2 shots out from a drake life
Nigga I remember those days when I used to bump, Day 'N' Nite
Scott said I was on my own, since then I been on my own
Nah nigga
Nah nigga
I ain't neva had a mothafuckin handout, a bunch of mistakes in my past tryna stick to a planned route
But that's life my nigga, sometimes shit just don't pan out
Lately I've been trying bite my tongue, dog I've been in a fight so long, so long, so long, so long, so long. With Myself
Mirror, mirror on the wall why is it always an knack to attack on myself?
I could use a little slack, for the wealth
But I'm too afraid to ask for the help
Still attached to the past, and it's felt like way too strong I don't ever wanna wait too long
But I know if I hold on, know you've grown, go and get your dough baby
Hold on know you wrong, just don't lose your soul baby
Hold on don't you know, love won't ever fall baby
Killing my, killing my, killing myself bet I could use some sound maybe

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Step up in this bitch like, look at what the cat dragged in
Used to call my crushes on my momma's house phone, 13 and younging thought I

had it mapped back then
I'mma be rich as fuck, lemme bring tha racks back in
Had to keep me motivated in a city full of traitors, drug dealers, blood killers
Keep it old-fashioned, (two choices) I'ma be my own captain
Robert Frost Theory, nigga never had siri
Thank God for the vision, that was brought back then
No new phone, I'm just done with all the acts my friend
You ain't adding to my life, then you're subtracting
You ain't gotta hit my jack or put the buzz back in
Nigga hold the phone, caught up in the late night
Can't stay for the day ma, had to catch a red-eye have a safe flight
20/20 tunnel vision through the hate my, intuition got me feeling like Draymond
Circumstances I been slippin over fakeness
No patience, but I think I think too much (still)
I think I lack confidence (still)
I think I want prominence, dominance good logic and common sense
But that starts with me

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