

Some Things

Verzache

Some things might go
And I know I know
Time will move slow
I know I know
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Yeah, yeah
I move slow-mo
Gas up roof low
Fly boy, jet flow
Iced out nice clothes
Cast out, big boat
Live life, no phone
Fucked up, gone rogue
Cooked up, like stove

This ain't for show
I'm letting go, I'm letting go
Take some bands and go get lost
Money means nothing when you got no sauce, (sauce)
Money don't cover my cost
Well, that's my loss
All my problems understood I thought
Guess I held it in as a kid, I forgot
Nearly broke down in the parking lot
Nothin' been the same since I left high school
'Lotta less friends with a 'lotta less rules
Now I'm on the fence tryna find my truth
All I wanna know is I'm put to good use

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I don't understand that
They look at me like I'm whack
Fuck 'em on the real
I only trust myself
I do not need your help
All you do is flex that belt
Wearing that Gucci felt
Man, common sense ring that bell

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