

# Expectations

Wale

You expect me to know, a lot of shit that I'm just out here tryna figure out  
You expect me to know the answer to some shit that I'm just tryna get up out  
of

Where did the time, where did the time go?

I'm in the paint, tryna be Rondo

Of course you got the answers, 'cause you ain't the one that's in my position

I've been sortin' through a lot of shit that's in my head now

A lot of shit that had me scared now

And don't you leave me here for dead now

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Look, the winter is here, depression is triplin'

Nobody give a shit, I'm gettin' bread

Industry really be killin' my niggas

Guess entertainment business yin and the yang

Wait, I'm not the same, I can't find no peace

I sacrifice my world to a world that ignore me

Black man in therapy, 'cause white terror don't sleep

I got to roll up my leaf, might stop the PTSD

Carried away, bitches break up with you if you don't break

Niggas is lame, nigga my drive ain't the same

Of course you irate, it's a Wraith

On God I got some reason to wear my head down (Head down)

Pray all my odds be even 'cause it get hard

And I follow what I feel, but that's the issue (Issue)

My thoughts can be deceivin' if they get a warm welcome

I've been sortin' through a lot of shit that's in my head now

A lot of shit that had me scared now

And don't you leave me here for dead now

I've been sortin' through a lot of shit that's in my head now

A lot of shit that had me scared now

And don't you leave me here for dead now

And on God she got some reason to wear her head down (Head down)

Pray all her odds be even 'cause it get hard

And she follow what she feel, and that's the issue (Issue)

My thoughts can be deceivin', my thoughts can be deceivin'

Summer approachin', she look in the mirror, she wish it was winter

Her tummy is pokin'

Lookin' at Instagram, makin' you sick

Yeah, the figure you're fishin' for ain't in the ocean, no

Your potential is more than gold

Expectations is bogus though

Talk about what the eye don't see, this is body dysmorphia

Most of these pseudo celebrities ain't really beautiful as you could ever be

Talkin', the tannin', and bleachin'

And all the procedures that make you go think that you not a queen

I ain't judgin', just bein' real, if the silicone help your anxiety

If I like you enough I'ma foot the bill

What you doin' for you shorty, not for me

That's the cycle that she repeat

All the models she following livin' sweet  
But the body she like doesn't come for cheap  
She will live under knife, for the infamy  
But who am I to judge?  
I got my own problems, so I am not the one  
When things get dark, I be in my own mind  
So even in the crowd I'll be moreso alone  
It's like, yo

It's like me  
It's like us  
It's like her  
It's like you  
It's like us

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A lot of shit that had me scared now  
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