

Tiny Shiny Objects

Witt Lowry

Damn (Lame), you're slacking
You talk too much, no action
Hehe, I'm laughin'
No one can match the passion (Yah, yah)
Yeah, oh well
All bets are on myself (On me)
Come here, come hold this L
Your name don't ring any bells (Yah)

You're flexin' the money you made
Like, "Look at the money I pay for the name on my clothes"
I'm tired of all of the fake
Just wanna create, so, no, I don't wanna pose
I said what I said with my chest
Won't give me respect, okay, until I'm a ghost
Don't care 'bout your follower count
Or where you go out, or what are the people you know
Yeah, that's facts
Think I might upgrade the pad
I'ma need more space for plaques
Why you shit talk on an app?
Yeah, callin' me trash
Sittin' first class, attendant just asked
If I want a steak, not commentin' back
I'm not even mad, reception is bad
'Cause I'm on a plane
Woo, yeah, they hate and never met ya
My team needs matchin' Tesla's
Elon, might have to text ya
Woo, yeah, I'm hungrier than ever
Feel like I'm back at Nevers
Still focused on gettin' better
You fold under pressure, I never let pressure dictate the plan
I left the West around nine, it should be five when I land
I live my life for the moments, you live your life for the 'Gram
The time you spend on your captions I'd rather spend with the fam

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If I wouldn't take your advice
Then why would I take your critique, you know what I mean?
You became a critic of me
But look at yourself, I know you don't like what you see
I went and sent Momma a car
Then got a new car, and now, I don't need a key
You spend all your time on the Net
You sit on the bench and talk like you play for the team, yeah
That's honest, here's what I think's ironic
You're postin' balance talk and all you are is fuckin' toxic
Know that's a lot to process, say you believe in progress

But base your worth off followers and tiny, shiny objects, hehe
Honestly just tryin' to help
If the shoe fits, maybe you should try and look inside yourself
Think about a time when you sas Jobs in a designer belt
I have Find My Phone, but I don't have an app to find myself
Damn, they wanna tell me who I am
I get that people pigeonhole the things that they can't understand
I'm top five, motherfucker, I say that because I can
I know you're mad 'cause you would rather I act lesser than I am

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When I stopped reachin' out, I realized half the garden was dead
I've still got knives in my back from people I thought were friends
I can't tell if you're makin' music for the art or the trend
I know you bought some of those subs, it must be fun to pretend
Remember back when I used to sleep on the floor
And they would laugh behind my back and called me and my family "poor"
I gave 'em absolutely nothin', I had to kick down the door
See, I would rather be a soldier in a garden than a florist in war