

## 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

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)

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

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)

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