

Off The Record 4

Yungen

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The difference between me and them, I always kept it thorough
But this year I probably had the worst fucking summer
I lost a best friend, three months later lost my brother
She's high risk, I can't even hug my own mother
That's a different kind of pain, a pain you can't explain
What's the dough and all the fame when I've got people I'll never see again?
That shit would turn you insane
But for the sake of my mum I know I've gotta maintain
In my position you've gotta do it all
This year I ain't done no shows but I'm still the one paying for this funeral
Real talk man, I've been through it all
I made M's, thank god I ain't blew it all
Was it love or did you love me for the bread?
How many times I dropped the bag and took that pressure off the head?
I should've been investing instead
But the love was really real, I had to make sure they was fed
I do for people that would never do the same for me
And all I got was treated ungratefully
All these heartbreaks have really started changing me
Just pray for me
Mental health runs in my family
Ellie asked if I'm good, I said I have to be
One thing money can't buy is your sanity
Lord knows I can't take another tragedy
Real talk I've gotta pattern my surroundings
'Cause this loyalty has cost me thousands
When you're in this deep, feels like you're drowning
Every time my phone rings, my heart's pounding
Every time I close my eyes, I see my brother's face
He's got a four-year-old, I've gotta take my brother's place
But right now I need some fucking space
Even in my own mind I don't feel fucking safe
Bros shoulders, I'm the man of my household
I come a long way from hand-me-down clothes
I was raised by G's, all the OG's and South knows
I can't argue with no doughnut that I've outsold
I've got a heavy heart
Good intentions, that's why we're really set apart
Struggling to see the light when it was getting dark
This is real life, I wish that I could press restart
Fuck the clout, I really put on for the bits
Ask the real ones that's really in the mix
I got two hundred grand in whips but I'm on lockdown
So I can't even drive them on the strip
I get hunches before I know for sure
I don't even need to say, the mandem know the score
I told the label next year if I can't go on tour
I've got a quarter mil to turn my hood to Baltimore
Real talk blud I'm passionate and paranoid
Really had my plan destroyed
There's only certain tests you can avoid
When I made it, brought my dogs blud, them man employed
Reminiscing on the good days that man enjoyed
This is the colder me

I've got a four-bedroom house but it's only me
But right now I need a shoulder B
I pray Narv and big bro are watching over me