

Emotionally Scarred

Lil Baby

A love letter came through the mail, it said, "I miss you"
I ripped it up and flushed with the tissue, try to forget you
I ain't got nothing against you, we human, we all got issues
But I'm tired of being tired of being tired
That part of me done died
I see it, then I don't, act like I'm blind
I'm confident it won't be one of mine
I know emotions come with lies, so I tell the truth all the time
Ain't got no sympathy for no bitch
I admit that I'm rich and I'm lit
Jumpin' up on stages, I get two hundred occasion
Bro had really fucked the game up, we made niggas shut they trap down
They see how I made it, I'm the reason they won't rap now
See me out in traffic, make a hater pull his hat down
The biggest OG's salute me, a stylist can't even style me
The robbers probably wanna get me, I'm hoppin' out Lamborghinis
The youngins turn in my city, they try me, I get it cracking
Some of this still would happen if I never had started rapping
My people them still steady trapping and they still be getting active
I tell 'em to chill, I'm tryna run up these M's
Paid cash and then he post the crib (Nah)
I can't show nobody where my mama live, that's how I 'posed to feel
My niece just asked me were my diamonds real, I said, "Of course"
I just played the hand that I was dealt, didn't have to force
All around the world they know it's me, they hear my voice
And I done it all in a pair of Diors, yeah
Young age, learned how to get paid (We gon' get the money)
Big stage, long way from Section 8 (Ballin' other countries)
Big wave, he gon' have to get saved (Big old wave)
Ridin' in the foreign, chiefin' on the forest
I know I wasn't there for you, at least I said I'm sorry
You know what it was, I told you that I was heartless
I'm emotionally scarred, that ain't even your fault
But don't listen to them haters tryna fill your ears with salt
All this revenue coming in, I'll probably never spend
I just bought my BM a Benz, now that's another Benz
I just cut off all of my friends and brought my brothers in
I don't see nobody but me, who I'm gon' lose to?
I can't move around without tools, these niggas loose screws
I can see me taking the lead over the new school
They remember me from selling weed at my old school
Only hit it once and now it's old news

Blew up, who the fuck would knew? Paint my Trackhawk Nipsey Blue
If I get one, you get one too, I really move how bosses move
I never call myself a G.O.A.T., I leave that love to the people
Everybody can't go to the top, I had to leave some people
I'ma be forever scheming, woke up, I thought I was dreaming
Watched my lil' boy play with toys, I just dropped a tear of joy
Some shit that I feel for
I been going crazy with that scoring, call me baby Harden
They say I'll be great, I guess I'm waiting for it
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