Bad Bad News (feat. Terrace Martin)

Leon Bridges

Ain't got no riches, ain't got no money that runs long
But I got a heart that's strong
And a love that's tall
Ain't got no name, ain't got no fancy education
But I can see right through
A powdered face on a painted foolLet me slip through (Let me slip through)
Why you tryna hold me back? (I ain't)
I'm just tryna move up front
Lil more of this, lil less of that (Can you feel me?)
Let me come through (Let me come through)
I'm tired being in the back (Aight)
I'm just tryna move up front
A lil more of this, a lil less of that, yeah
They tell me I was born to lose
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad newsI don't worry, don't worry, don't worry about people in my face
I hit 'em with the style and grace
And watch their ankles break
I know you wish, I know you wish I would fade away
But I got more to say, Lord they prayLet me slip through (Let me slip through)
Why you tryna hold me back? (I ain't)
I'm just tryna move up front
Lil more of this, lil less of that (Can you feel me?)
Let me come through (Let me come through)
I'm tired being in the back (Aight)
I'm just trynna move up front
A lil more of this, a lil less of that, yeahThey tell me I was born to lose
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad news
Alright alright, all day all night
Alright alright, all day all night
Alright alright, all day all night
Alright alright, all day all nightThey tell me I was born to lose
But I made a good good thing out of bad bad news
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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