

LetitBe

Dyme Def

A victim of a man
That substitute his mouth for his hand
So when he talk you hear a blam, damn
See my father figure? That my mom should be the father figure
And he'll leave with some bottle liquor
But my mama never stopped the nigger
Until he spurge a papa quicker then she gone for the cops to get her
And I'm like One, Two, One, Two is the mic on?
Cause y'all aint feelin the song
What I'm feelin? is wrong
Hey dad you aint still in the wrong
But a young man's aging and you still aint called
I'm so stressed that I really need you back
And I cherish my mom and that's thanks to bein black
I'm sorry D-Black, you might have lost your mom
But you gained a family in return
And you learned
You can always let it be, but you never let it burn
Im just hopin it wont be my turn

(Chorus)

One, Two (x5)

And when I get to three, imma let it all go and let it be

One, Two (x5)

And when I get to three, imma let it all go and let it be

Three

See now on a different note
Shes singing but im hearing different notes
With every different quote
I try to tell her that I love her but she don't listen
And when I try to spend time she end up missin
The only thing stoppin' me from cheatin'
Is the only thing that's stoppin' her from leaving
Love
But I don't know if that's there anymore
Cause I find myself staring at whores
And she find herself closing the doors
So how can that work?

But
This aint even a song
This is just for you to hear whats wrong
That?s what I?m telling my mom
But she knew all along
Why can?t we all get along?
You stuck on the he said, she said, I said, you said
I?m so confused I think I didn?t say
I got a tight grip but I might slip
It?s funny how life clip cause cupid just might miss
Like

CHORUS

Let it be x4
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be

I?m at a point in my life
That the main issue is trying to have a joint in my life
They point at my life and laugh
See I got two jobs and I still broke
See I got bad asthma and I still smoke
The doctors telling me my breathing is getting worse
And soon I won?t be able to spit a verse
Now I?m feeling cursed
No turning to my dad, cause he?s too far to look for
So instead I look forward
But I don?t look forward to seeing him
At night I still have bad dreams of being him
People say you look just like your dad
You got his laugh
You got his walk
You got his talk
But I don?t got his heart
No I?m much stronger my armour
Is too insane you could drop a bomb on it
The enemy is really myself
The enemy is what really need help
Somebody help

Chorus

One, two x13
And when I get to three, imma let it all go and let it be
THREE

Lyrics submitted by Asher.

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