

Confe\$\$ions

LeCrae

Verse 1:

I know some people with mo money than well ever see
Ever see someone buy a private island they never see?
Ever see every sea on yo own personal yacht?

Take jog around yo block that you bought from selling your stock?

Not.

In this lifetime, some of them my potnas
They don't believe in karma, but they believe in commas
And they believe they dollas for a peace o mind
Put a price upon they head and they'd be fine with that fine
Cause you find when you can buy the park, you can hate the rides
They was fun in the beginning, now it seems they not as thrillin
And you out make a killin, but it never feels fulfillin
So, they call me tell me Crae, this how Im feelin.

Hook:
Confessions of a millionaire, lifestyles of the famous
Theres nothing I cant I have, you say it looks so amazing
Well, I would trade it all away for my sanity

Verse 2:
Look, I ain't finna pretend that car and my crib
Give me worth and meaning cuz I know they never did
Them numbers in my bank account are no reason for livin
And sleepin with bad women really doesn't keep me driven
I'm sure this man sittin beside me is beside himself
Tryna find himself

Yeah, he flyin first class thinkin everyone behind him is a peon
Goin home to a model chick he prolly gon cheat on
Hell be empty for eons; you know what I be on
Money dont solve it all, man, look what happen to Dion
I bought my dream house, but only made me wake up
It all falls down even if you got ya cake up

Verse 3:
I've flown first class, flown private jets
Rode in the foreign cars; still so unimpressed
Cause after she spent all that money on her chest
She thought it make her life better, but she finds she still depressed
Ain't nothing wrong with havin it. Matter fact, go and get it
But if you find identity in it then go n forget it
You gain the whole world but lost the only thing ya own
Cause everything else is just a temporary loan

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>