

I'd Be Lying

Rich Kidd

[Verse 1]

I'd be lying if said I didn't doubt sometimes
If I'll ever make it out, even though I got some clout
I refuse to show my face, or go out sometimes
Try to smile to cover the pain, but my mouth don't lie
My daddy told me at 5, grown men don't cry
He also said he wouldn't leave, so much for that advice
But I'm nice, I've grown into a prospect for guap
Just need a little time to get my mind in check
I'd be lying if i said I wasn't stressed
Sometimes, I smoke a blacks and reflect how I got in mess
Fam turmoil, niggas dropping out
Takeover plan foiled by life, I tell myself it ain't right
I tell myself a lot of shit that I like to hear, cause
No ones around To cheer me up in my plight
Try and fight the depression, fuck an anti depressant
Grab a back-wood, the grape one, fill it up with the essence
Herbal, and quit the verbal, stop talking
I got fines outstanding like bitches at my door, knocking[Hook]
I'd be lying if I told you that i wasn't broke
I'd be lying if I said never sold coke
I'd be lying if I said I don't smoke good
I'd be lying if I said I couldn't poke good
I'd be lying, if I said I wasn't fucked up
Got issues, let the shrink tell me what's up[Verse 2]
Think about it often, becoming a rap mogul
Take it step by step, for now, lay down these rap vocals
Try to make these placements, while time's escaping
Death lurking. I'll be drinking rum as I Await him
You know ain't that famous when they still asking
When the hell you really gonna make it
But You know you ain't that nameless
When the city believes at young age, you're the greatest
Expectations. they can kill a man
Make him contemplate his fate with the steel in hand
Cause the moves he suppose to make, they ain't pan
Life's truly a beach, when you face down in the sand[Hook]
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Got issues, let the shrink tell me what's up
I'd be lying if I said I never told a lie
But I'd be dying if I ever lied inside a rhyme[Verse 3]
Just broke it off with my Queen, 2 years up in a smoke
Of course a nigga is torn but that's the way love goes
And When the arguments are daily, then the love starts failing
You get to a point where you tired of yelling and wailing, begging
And staying, sexing and playing. back to the pain
Old wounds never close, they turn into ammo
For the gun of resentment, busting relentless
Pride issues, un-returned calls, and next chicks
Then you try your best to keep it together
But she already jaded to a point, she actin however
Wish you could go back to a time when the convos were better
When you weren't disgusted by every sentence, word or letter
Break ups to make up smudged by the tears
Wake up and ask yourself, can you go on another year?
Why the fuck it gotta hurt like this?
These hoes wanna taste but I ain't up for the chase
Rather chill smoke purp, and go work on hits
These women make you wanna say "Fuck you all, I'mma jerk my dick"
But you can't live without 'em. And I haven't been the best I know
But I tried so hard, even with the anger problem
I tried to suppress it but it still won't go
I can admit my faults, but you can't do the same
Saying I'll never change? Now that's character assault
What kind of character you want? I'm a real ass nigga
Yet I congratulate the next nigga that end up with ya, I'm sorry
But I'd be lying if I said didn't love ya, put the blame on me[Hook]
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