

Vanilla Sky 2.0

Pell

Tell me what I wanna hear
Cause the truth don't feel to good
Tell it to me nice and clear
So I'm not misunderstood As I drop my little two cents
I know this just a business that my passion gets confused with
My pimping part of the problem but motherfuck a solution
Make the money in Oxford then probably blow it in Houston Niggas paying for pussy but taxing for whack
verses
I audit the competition like something done come up missing
Fingers just started itching, lotion can barely fix it
Throw money at me, I catch it Don't worry 'bout how to pitch it
I'm gifted, but you knew that from the beginning, huh?
Statements at home but I'm grown so I'm getting by
Even eating soul food like it's '95
Feel it's do or die
Tell me what I wanna hear
Cause the truth don't feel to good
Tell it to me nice and clear
So I'm not misunderstood Cause the man with the most to offer is often the overlooked
Spent days at the library, now I'm often overbooked
No juking inside my movements, but haters is often sThese women is fishing for ballers but, baby, I'm off the
Aware of my social status like whites aware of my blackness
Slaving to get a piece, tell master to kiss my ass is too perfect
Avoiding practice, but my OG told me "Work"
So I'mma hold it down like I'm drowning what I'm worth
I put in work Tell me what I wanna hear
Cause the truth don't feel to good
Tell it to me nice and clear
So I'm not misunderstood Sometimes the truth hurts but I know it make you better
I ain't giving you a lecture, but these words will live forever
Usually I wouldn't rap this, but feel it more than ever
When my fam give me advice, but I just treat it like whatever
I came up clueless, so it's hard to understand me
I'm the type to trade a Grammy for some more time with my family I'm lying, LA nice, hit the bed like Dodgers
might
Moving on up since the flow is dynamite, doing fine
At least that's what you tell me
Sweet the sound of ignorance, ignoring pain to help me
I trust you like my brother, dawg

But love it when the curtains drawn
So keep your truce stuck in its tracks
You defy the smoke and mirrors, threw that monkey on my back
I've been going ape shit for complacency
I became sick, when I die, ill
Hospice where I chill, get a number to myself
Tell me what I wanna hear Tell me what I wanna hear
Cause the truth don't feel to good
Tell it to me nice and clear
So I'm not misunderstood
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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