

# 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 sanityVerse 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[Hook]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

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