

Happiness x Tell Me

Tory Lanez

Hard times, had to grind too
I see happiness when I find you
I see happiness when I find you
Now you're here in the clouds, looking for the sky too
Hard times, had to grind too
I find happiness when I find you
I find happiness when I find
Hard times, I Can you stay? Will you tell me 'bout it?
Tell me all about it
Bae, tell me 'bout it
Tell me 'bout it
It, it was clear as day, I remember like, oh, remember I was at school
And I just, uh, just waiting for my ride
You know, it never came, so I end up walking home
Remember it was just pouring rain the whole time I was walking
You know
Talking 'bout, shooting me in the head, I just felt it a bad day
You know, so I get to the house, you know
Inside, I see my sister, she just,
she just crying, just bawling, in tears
You know, she just runs past me, so I asked her, "Yo, what's wrong?"
She just slammed the door, she don't say nothing
You know, so, so my father then, you know, he call me in the kitchen
He sit, he sit me down on the counter and he tell me, uh
"You know, I took your mother into the hospital," you know
He tried talking in a stern voice,
"I took your mother to the hospital this morning and uh
By this afternoon, the doctor had pronounced her dead"
You know, so we sat there, we uh,
you know, we cried in the kitchen and outside
Watch him tell all my other siblings the news
You know, I seen this, this, this green cloud just coming
It's coming over us for a lil bit
You know, so when I,
when I'm thinking 'bout my mother, Luella Peterson
I, I call it, uh, true happiness
All about it
Tell me all about it
All about

I see happiness when I found
Hard times, made us strongHard times, had to grind too
I see happiness when I find you
I see happiness when I find you
Now you're here in the clouds, looking for the sky too
Hard times, had to grind too
I find happiness when I find you
I find happiness when I find
Hard times, I Hear you say, will you tell me 'bout it?
Tell me all about it
Will you tell me 'bout it?
Tell me 'bout itTell me how you feel about me
Just tell me how you feel about me
Tell me how you feel about me
Tell me how you feel about me
Just tell me how you feel about me
Tell me how you feel about me
I know with some people round me
They all in they feelings 'bout me
They all in they feelings 'bout me
Can you give me like one more second?
Yeah, yeah, uh
Tell me how you feel about me, tell me, tell me
Yeah, tell me how you feel about me, tell me, tell me
Ay, tell me how you feel about me, tell me, tell me
Yeah, just tell me how you feel about me
Yeah, just tell me that you hate the way I sample shit
Just tell me that you hate the way I handle shit
Yeah, just tell me that you hate the way I hop
All on your favorite artist songs and
make it sound like all my platinum shit
Tell me how you feel about me, yeah
Tell me how you feel about me
Uh, just tell me how you feel about a
nigga knowing everything is real about me
Yeah, tell me, tell me
Tell me that I, bit the style of artists that done been around me
Ain't influence every artist that done been around me
Tell me that I'm sounding like Drake or Weeknd
or PARTY or any artists from the city 'round me
Just tell me how you feel about me
Even if that's how you feel about me
You can keep it real about me
Just tell me what you tell me when you tell it to me
And keep it real as fuck whenever you tell it to me

Just tell me how you feel about me
Tell me, tell me, shawty, tell me, tell me
Yeah, and I won't feel no way about it
I won't feel no way about it
Look, tell me that I sound dated, tell me
I ain't your favorite, tell me
Just tell me that I always use the same 808 and
Tell me that I never do, produced a break and tell me
You don't think I got what it takes to be the greatest, tell me
Paved the way, but tell me
How you hate it, uh
Just tell me how I started, tell me how I made it
Tell me why this nigga saying that they made me
Tryna take more credit than my mom and I'm her fucking baby
Just tell me how you hate the way I made my last decisions
Tell me how you hate the way I make this brash decisions
Tell me how I'm never home to sweep or do the dishes
Tell me that I never made the time to do the dinners
Missed the holidays, anniversaries and Christmas
Tell me that you hate the way I always gotta get it
Tell me that you hate the way I hop up out that Wraith
And act like I'm the shit
Tell me how you feel about me
Uh, tell me how you feel about me
I know niggas moving different round me
Tell me how you feel about me
I know niggas round me prolly holding feelings 'bout me
Tell me how you feel

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