

# Aw Man

## Casey Veggies

You know when I know that I don't know where to begin  
All these things we been through, I can't pretend  
You always on my mind, me and you are much more than friends  
I'm addicted to it, I don't ever want it to end  
Young black boy with a bunch of stamps on my passport  
I had a dream and I took that, I ain't ask for it  
I prayed and prayed, I hit my knees asked lord  
Live inside the dirt, put us over in the grass more  
I'm lyrical and spiritual, I live and grow  
Got so big that now you just tryna let me go  
Shit was all good just a week ago  
Then you sent me that nine page letter  
Like I don't think we should speak no moreFrom the belly of the beast but I made it to a  
Beach all the way in the middle in the ocean  
Not a person in sight, it's the middle of the  
Night and your body just start floating  
I understand that you're outspoken  
But some things you gotta let soak in  
She from the hood but she hang in a different world  
She got all types in her, that's my type of girl  
She a freak in the sheets but a lady in the streets  
Baby you could have a baby in the lease  
She pull up in sea detailed, they can tell that's veggies' lady in the streets  
Spent like 80 on a g, she like minx so I buy her that chanel  
She told me that she wanna do her hair nails  
I told her that ain't nothin' and I yelled  
I'm that nigga, I'm that nigga  
He ain't it girl you might as well go pop that nigga  
What's a queen with no king, messing with a bomb ass nigga  
Checkmate, I'm bossed up, I sign that niggaAt times like this, I don't know where to begin  
This shit so real, there's no way I can pretend  
You said you would hold me down until the end  
I love life but they say the end is near (it's too late)  
The preacher asked me like what you choose this path for  
No demons formed against me shall prosper  
She yelling at me, I'm like what you getting mad for  
Bad shit tryna outweigh all the good things glad for  
I'm in h-town, d.c, first class course  
I'm swagged up, lil b, task force

We dunking on 'em, no we ain't touching no backboard  
I wasn't getting to know her, I was getting to know this cash more

Songwriters

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