

Lovely

Joyner Lucas

Fuck you doing in this motherfucker, huh?
Who sent you here?
Why you keep fronting like your friends are here?
Acting like you 'bout to be next this year
I mean the food gone, ain't nothing left to share
We done ate that shit
Funny how they told me to stack this year
Now a nigga get colder than central air
And your momma should aborted you and left you there, damn
I need a massage
Where the gay bitches when I need a ménage?
She said she got a porn take that I needed to watch
And I remember days where I couldn't even get by
I couldn't even get mine
Couldn't pull a fine chick to save my life
And ain't nobody want to go with me to the prom
And now I got so many hoes I can't even decide
Real shit, believe it or not
The light skins love me like I'm Chico DeBarge
And I ain't give a fuck if you're sleeping or not
Time to wake niggas up, whoo!
Fuck you talking 'bout?
I be fronting to these hoes like I'm rich
And they don't know I got a room at my momma's house
You know it's always something bout the impressive ones
Working all week for my check to come
And I ain't make shit after taxes though
But it feel good not to stress so much
Know it's something coming in for now
And I can get my son a Nintendo now
Couple shirts and a damn Netflix account
That's it? Yeah, but that's okay
I know that I'mma be alright, I ain't rich for now
But I got dreams I could live for now
And there's a whole lot of niggas doing worse than me
And that's as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause
I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love
Just be real love
Just be
I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love

Just be real love
Just be (ya ya ya)I got work
I could split heads in a drive-by first
Blow your damn brains in a tie-dye shirt
And I ain't been the same since I got cursed
I gave my CD to Bad Boy and I got curbed
So when you see Diddy, tell him I got words
My shrink keep telling me to calm my nerves
But it's been a long time since I got heard
And don't nobody give a fuck when you starving though
They don't answer me when I'm hollering though
Try to cancel me like The Cosby Show
Until I put them hands on them like Rousey though
I got a hundred fans waiting in the lobby line
Taking shots like it's party time
Hands up, ain't nobody got to die
I just got four rings like the Audi sign
I just bought cocaine for a nigga to flip
Real shit, the bigger the brick
Now these hoes looking at the flick of the wrist
And I can take your girl out to chicken and shrimp
She said my head so big I could live in a blimp
Word? Well, listen to this
I remember watching MTV Cribs
Thinking how the fuck all these wack niggas get rich
While I'm eating TV dinners
You know, the ones with the meat in them?
Pause, I kinda wonder what they see in them
Got laid off from a job that was seasonal, geez
I think I'ma need a hit for now
We all got dreams we could live for now
But there's a whole lot of niggas doing worse than us
And that's as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause
I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love
Just be real love
Just be-
I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love
Just be real love
Just be- (ya, ya, ya)And I'm feeling way, way up
And I'm looking way, way up
And my bitches way, way up
They miss that ya, ya, ya
And she want that ya, ya, ya
And I got that ya, ya, ya
And we on that ya, ya, ya
'said I'm feeling way, way upHold up, pause
We was trying to eat till they told us, "Nah"

I wonder how much a pair of Pradas cost
With the ice cream, bottles, and the Häagen-Dazs
Somebody getting robbed while the song is on
We just want cheese, yea the parmesan
I got a bitch at Mickey-D's, she be working at night
And she gon' let me hit it with pajamas on
Yea why these niggas think I'm playing with them
Let the paper hit them
You be copying, that's plagiarism
I be laying, sitting, standing on a fucking hater
Kick him in the face
Them niggas got me twisted, I ain't saving bitches
I got Sega Genesis
And I can play and finish if you want to pay attention
I'm hoping you wait a second
I'm broke and I pay the rent
I don't know how I freaking do it
I guess I don't really believe in losing
I've been a winner since I was a little nigga, nigga!
Hold up, stop
We was trying to win till they told us stop
The cops ran in trying to hold up spots
'Cause we were moving more O's than a donut shop, whoo!
I'm pissed for now
I thought I had dreams I could live for now
They told me there was niggas doing worse than me
Motherfucker this as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love
Just be real love
Just be-
I ain't got much, but I feel loved
Just be real love
Just be real love
Just be- (ya, ya, ya) And I'm feeling way, way up
And I'm looking way, way up
And my bitches way, way up
They miss that ya, ya, ya
And she want that ya, ya, ya
And I got that ya, ya, ya
And we on that ya, ya, ya
'said I'm feeling way, way up
And I'm looking way, way up
And my bitches way, way up
They miss that ya, ya, ya
And she want that ya, ya, ya
And I got that ya, ya, ya
And we on that ya, ya, ya
'said I'm feeling way, way up Yo wassup, this is Joyner
I'm unable to take your call right now

Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you, peace

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>