

Suffering From Success (feat. Ace Hood & Future)

DJ Khaled

The price of fame
Shit real
Fuck fame
Let's fuck this shit
Fuck fame Got too many racks on me
I can't even go to sleep
Just go get em, I'm VIP
I believed in CID
I don't trust you!
I'm suffering
I'm suffering... from success
I'm suffering... from success I worked so hard...
This my hymn song
Fuck this money nigga, fuck this chain
Fuck my watch, you can have that ring
Keep my whips, you can have that fame
So stressed out, I'm going insane
Young nigga can't even sleep at night
All this money I done seen in life
More cash bring more haters
Fuck around and went and bought a chopper twice
Cause I'm paranoid, and I bury boy
If he playin' with mine, then it's oh lord
Please don't make a nigga do that
Please don't make a nigga do that
You don't know what the fuck I been through
Plus my lawyer texting me too, boy my baby momma be trippin'
Talking bout child support, I can't do it
I don't trust nobody but God, all these foreign's parked in my yard
Swear last night I swam in that money, then woke up in a million dollar car
Boy I'm too stressed, so blessed
Please somebody pray for me, I'm suffering from success
Lord, have mercy
Got too many racks on me
I can't even go to sleep
Just go get em, I'm VIP
I believed in CID
I don't trust you!
I'm suffering
I'm suffering... from success

I'm suffering... from success
My momma told me when I was a little bity boy, I was blessed
Frustrated
Nigga fuck that car
Fuck these ho's
Fuck these millions
Fuck your feelings
I'm sufferin, I'm sufferin
Fuck this house, fuck this condo
Fuck these models, fuck these bottles
I'm suffering
I'm suffering
Got too many racks on me
I can't even go to sleep
Just go get em, I'm VIP
I believed in CID
I don't trust you!
I'm suffering
I'm suffering... from success
I'm suffering... from success
My momma told me when I was a little bity boy, I was blessed
Frustrated

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