

Nobody Told Me

B.o.B

I guess I bit off more than I could chew
And nobody told me, nobody told me
Had it all and never knew
'Cause nobody told me

Nobody told me money don't make you rich
And if it did, I'm missing something
Nobody told me you can lose when you win
And if they did, I'd still be missing, eyah

Who knew that this much success would make it so hard
But that's to accept the fact that I can't go back where I left
And back track my steps, back track my steps
The records I dropped, so massive, so large
It makes it hardcore hip-hop to digest
The things that I do, I guess if it's true
Well fuck it, a nigga too good to be the best
Too good to be the best, too good to be stressed
'Cause this the type of life, too good to regret
You know money don't buy you no respect
No respect, no respect yea
So what the hell is that?
I'm tryna recreate the past that I never had
And smash grills I could never smash
And live fantasies that'll never last

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I ran away from home just to try to make a million
Yea, just to try to make a million
And when you get a million it's a different type of feeling
When you look around and what you really need is missing
It's like, it's like suffering from a sickness
Can't find a doctor to fill out the prescription
Or diagnose the illness
Can't leave it in the book, can't buy from the dealer

And I find it ironic
Yeah, I find it ironic
How I can buy anything that I ever wanted
But I really had it all when I ain't have nothing
They always say that mo money, mo problems
I guess I, I guess I should've listened to the warning
I guess I, I guess I should anticipate the stormy weather
I guess I'd illustrate a different story,
However, well if it's clever
I couldn't find the words to say it better
I'm knee-deep within these endeavors
But all that glitters with gold is not treasure

I'm ready for whatever, I never let up
I work even better when I'm under pressure
They say money don't make you rich
'Cause you can't buy shit that can make you better, word

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