

# Too Many Things

Baby Bash

I got too many things, going on  
And not enough people who love me  
I got to deal with it all, right or wrong  
And nobody thinking of me

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My lifestyle so cold, holla for the gold  
Some say I'm too drunk, some say I'm too blowed  
Hold the kilos, and watch the weeds grow  
And stacking see-note, on top of see-note  
And ooh, my mama love me but found a new man  
Took all that she should take, five years I'm still praying  
Damn it's out of hand, balling out of control  
I love the fame and the fortune, but I sold my soul  
Bring it back Lord, help me bring it back, help me  
Straighten out my act, all I know is making money slanging yack  
On the track, and smoking fat sacks with my mistress  
What is this, my life as a misfit

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Now I don't know what you done heard  
Anywhere you go, one do love herb  
Like two little birds, kissing in the trees  
An angel up above, been whispering to me  
Said I'm living in a dream, and it isn't what it seems

Once wanted fame, now I wish it wasn't me  
You know, I got a fly groove, so many time zones  
Quick to get my rhyme on, listen to it when I'm gone  
I was born, to put the boogie in your shoes  
Hit the doobie when you through, pass it to me on the cool  
I'm a fool for the flipping, spit for those who love me  
Thought I knew the game, but it ain't so funny

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Come on now, help me get up out of the rain  
I'm blessed with the joy, but cursed with the pain  
Come on now, everybody knowing my name  
Ask Little Ronny, can you spare some change  
See I'm tired of the game, tired of the lies  
Now all I wanna do is keep my eyes on the prize  
Rise to the occasion, interrogation is my persuasion  
To do the things I do, keep the average head aching  
Waking up at noon, listen to the tune  
I'm dedicated to my first love, back in high school  
Went from close pin to kingpin, every weekend  
Shining like a star, but far from what I'm seeking

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