

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 thangs 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

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

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

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

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