

Conversations with Myself

Bazzi

Sometimes I wonder why I'm even here
Or if I have the strength to persevere
Sometimes I feel like I'm somebody else
Who's going mental with they mental health
Sometimes I wonder if I'll die alone
'Cause lonely people tend to have lonely souls
Sometimes I think about a younger me
If he'd be proud of the man he sees
I guess I'm rich, I made it out my town
I played in front of thousands, you know I shut it down
Look, little Bazzi, I'm living out our dreams
Mama cry every time we on the TV
Got a fancy car, we got a fancy crib
And you couldn't even dream of the girl that you with
Remember all your idols and the people that we love
I met 'em at a party, we was all doin' drugs
Was all doin'

Jesus
I think I need, I think I need some
Jesus
Rich enough and sad as fuck
I'm lonely
Oh, I am, I am, I am
I'm so lonely
I'm the man, I guess I am
But I'm still

What's funny is, is
My whole life I thought making money and being praise would give me some kind of happiness
And I wanted those things because I was concerned about what everyone else thought of me
I wanted to feel loved, I wanted to feel accepted
And then I realized that I could never feel anybody's pain or their happiness
I could only feel mine
In the car, in the house
And the fame never made me feel anything except separated, intoxicated, and obviously kinda grossed
Don't get me wrong, nice things are fun, I like nice things but you just can't base your human value on them
Because at the end of the day, they don't mean anything
If I'm not happy, I'm a sad guy in a nice guy
If I don't have any real friends or family, I'm just a lonely guy in a big home