

# Sell Out

Lecrae

Alright, alright, welcome to the label, man  
Now check this out, man, listen.  
I know you're known for just being honest and transparent and all that good stuff  
But listen, we ain't got no time for all that, man  
That don't make no money  
We need you to tell lies, lies, and more lies, man  
It's all about selling out  
Don't give the people what they need, give 'em what they want, baby  
Lie to these folks, man!

I'm on now, I can't even stand me  
Look at me, Mama, I'm known now, I got me a Grammy  
Call Kami, Khiana, and Tammy, and tell 'em that I made it  
Broke my heart in the seventh grade, so this is how I repay 'em  
They say that money can't make you, they probably ain't making money  
It made me richer than you, and it made me look at you funny  
You don't really want it, you don't want no problems, problems  
Goons be like, "Whatever you need, dawg, call me."  
So I be like doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, solve it  
Money on his head, I put that boy under the wallet  
I can't even rap like that, but insecurity would have me sounding whack like that  
I already made it when I graduated from high school  
Ain't validated 'cause I'm at the top of the iTunes  
But I too was once a fool for nice shoes  
Spiteful of dudes who do what I like to  
But if I'm honest on the other side of fame, it's the same stains in the latrine  
You still can't buy love, and ain't no way to buy off pain  
That's why these rich folks blow out their brains  
More insecure they are the more they brag, advertising their pain  
I don't want no parts of learning that thing  
Oh wait, hold up, this where I'm supposed to do something  
Lyrical miracle metaphor simile onomatopoeia on a period  
You's a peon, period, I dominate rap  
I failed algebra, and I ain't paid my property tax  
Oh well, I got bars, family behind bars  
Throw money at insecure women and fine cars  
People stealing right under my nose and my taxes whack  
But no need to worry, my accountant handles that, right  
I mean what you expect? I do anything to gain your respect, sell out

What you doing, man?  
You know you started off good then you started telling the truth  
We ain't got no time for that  
This is Lie-A-Lot records  
We need you to tell more lies  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hey where you going, man?  
Come back here, man  
Church Clothes 2!  
I ain't got to hear that you love it, cause I know that you love it!