

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!