

# Lovely

## Joyner Lucas

Fuck you doing in this motherfucker, huh?  
Who sent you here?  
Why you keep fronting like your friends are here?  
Acting like you 'bout to be next this year  
I mean the food gone, ain't nothing left to share  
We done ate that shit  
Funny how they told me to stack this year  
Now a nigga get colder than central air  
And your momma should aborted you and left you there, damn  
I need a massage  
Where the gay bitches when I need a ménage?  
She said she got a porn take that I needed to watch  
And I remember days where I couldn't even get by  
I couldn't even get mine  
Couldn't pull a fine chick to save my life  
And ain't nobody want to go with me to the prom  
And now I got so many hoes I can't even decide  
Real shit, believe it or not  
The light skins love me like I'm Chico DeBarge  
And I ain't give a fuck if you're sleeping or not  
Time to wake niggas up, whoo!  
Fuck you talking 'bout?  
I be fronting to these hoes like I'm rich  
And they don't know I got a room at my momma's house  
You know it's always something bout the impressive ones  
Working all week for my check to come  
And I ain't make shit after taxes though  
But it feel good not to stress so much  
Know it's something coming in for now  
And I can get my son a Nintendo now  
Couple shirts and a damn Netflix account  
That's it? Yeah, but that's okay  
I know that I'mma be alright, I ain't rich for now  
But I got dreams I could live for now  
And there's a whole lot of niggas doing worse than me  
And that's as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause  
I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love  
Just be real love  
Just be  
I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love

Just be real love  
Just be (ya ya ya)I got work  
I could split heads in a drive-by first  
Blow your damn brains in a tie-dye shirt  
And I ain't been the same since I got cursed  
I gave my CD to Bad Boy and I got curbed  
So when you see Diddy, tell him I got words  
My shrink keep telling me to calm my nerves  
But it's been a long time since I got heard  
And don't nobody give a fuck when you starving though  
They don't answer me when I'm hollering though  
Try to cancel me like The Cosby Show  
Until I put them hands on them like Rousey though  
I got a hundred fans waiting in the lobby line  
Taking shots like it's party time  
Hands up, ain't nobody got to die  
I just got four rings like the Audi sign  
I just bought cocaine for a nigga to flip  
Real shit, the bigger the brick  
Now these hoes looking at the flick of the wrist  
And I can take your girl out to chicken and shrimp  
She said my head so big I could live in a blimp  
Word? Well, listen to this  
I remember watching MTV Cribs  
Thinking how the fuck all these wack niggas get rich  
While I'm eating TV dinners  
You know, the ones with the meat in them?  
Pause, I kinda wonder what they see in them  
Got laid off from a job that was seasonal, geez  
I think I'ma need a hit for now  
We all got dreams we could live for now  
But there's a whole lot of niggas doing worse than us  
And that's as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause  
I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love  
Just be real love  
Just be-  
I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love  
Just be real love  
Just be- (ya, ya, ya)And I'm feeling way, way up  
And I'm looking way, way up  
And my bitches way, way up  
They miss that ya, ya, ya  
And she want that ya, ya, ya  
And I got that ya, ya, ya  
And we on that ya, ya, ya  
'said I'm feeling way, way upHold up, pause  
We was trying to eat till they told us, "Nah"

I wonder how much a pair of Pradas cost  
With the ice cream, bottles, and the Häagen-Dazs  
Somebody getting robbed while the song is on  
We just want cheese, yea the parmesan  
I got a bitch at Mickey-D's, she be working at night  
And she gon' let me hit it with pajamas on  
Yea why these niggas think I'm playing with them  
Let the paper hit them  
You be copying, that's plagiarism  
I be laying, sitting, standing on a fucking hater  
Kick him in the face  
Them niggas got me twisted, I ain't saving bitches  
I got Sega Genesis  
And I can play and finish if you want to pay attention  
I'm hoping you wait a second  
I'm broke and I pay the rent  
I don't know how I freaking do it  
I guess I don't really believe in losing  
I've been a winner since I was a little nigga, nigga!  
Hold up, stop  
We was trying to win till they told us stop  
The cops ran in trying to hold up spots  
'Cause we were moving more O's than a donut shop, whoo!  
I'm pissed for now  
I thought I had dreams I could live for now  
They told me there was niggas doing worse than me  
Motherfucker this as good as it's gonna get for now, 'cause I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love  
Just be real love  
Just be-  
I ain't got much, but I feel loved  
Just be real love  
Just be real love  
Just be- (ya, ya, ya) And I'm feeling way, way up  
And I'm looking way, way up  
And my bitches way, way up  
They miss that ya, ya, ya  
And she want that ya, ya, ya  
And I got that ya, ya, ya  
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'said I'm feeling way, way up  
And I'm looking way, way up  
And my bitches way, way up  
They miss that ya, ya, ya  
And she want that ya, ya, ya  
And I got that ya, ya, ya  
And we on that ya, ya, ya  
'said I'm feeling way, way up Yo wassup, this is Joyner  
I'm unable to take your call right now

Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you, peace

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>