

Bad Don't Seem So Wrong

Trae tha Truth

[** feat. Lupe Fiasco:]

[Hook:]

Ain't no sense to bitch about it*
Cause you all know what's gone wrong.
Late at night, when you're in your bed,
The Bad Don't Seem So Wrong.

[Verse 1: ~Lupe Fiasco~]

Tryin' to justify the violence, reconcile in silence.
Dress it up in fancy clothes. Wash it down with diamonds.
Drown it out with music. Act like they don't apply to you,
Look how wobbly the rules is. You probly could improve if/
You was in charge, maybe runnin' thangs
(If) You was involved things would be different.
Maybe you could make a difference
Or probly not and things would stay the same
And you go to sleep at night
Knowin things will never change
Wake up in the mornin and you feelin kinda strange.
Don't remember last night, so you back at it again.
Turn back up your music. Put back on your chains.
Fasten on your watch and slide on all your rings.
Put back on your glasses that block out all the pain.
Hit yo niggas on the phone, and tell em that it's on.
Tell em that it's on.

[Hook:]

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[Verse 2: Trae the Truth]

Destined to be a winner. Tryin to pick up where the rest lose.
Prayin to the Father, tryin' to figure out your next move.
Pain across your face and still you wear it like your best shoes.
But yet, you no accept it, cause it just might be your best news.
Nothin taken for granted, still you searchin for an answer.
Your fightin to be sane, your momma fightin with cancer.
Father ain't around, so now you gotta be the man, now.
Tomorrow ain't ever promised so you gotta take a stand now.
Hard times seem to be the only thing you understand.
Fuck seein a mil, you tryin to make it to a couple grand.
Even with a couple grand, you gotta try to make it last.
You ridin for the fam knowin the Devil tryin' to make ya crash.

You gotta hold on, homie if you only knew.
Never quit, knowin somebody doin' worse than you.

[Hook:]

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[Verse 3: Trae The Truth]

You on the only road to give up. Strugglin where you're heart at.
Though death is where you end up, they tell me that's where we start at.

Either way, you gon make em remember you
Just pray you don't get stuck in homicide for that interview.
You ended up in tears when all you wanted was a smile.
(All the while) Lookin for hope you end up losin as a child.
Realizin nothin helps to take the the pain away.

Cause if it was somethin that numb away the feelinm
You'd pray to God to situate a day.

It's hard to keep it. Stand up. You're leanin on your last leg.
The pressure tryin' to weigh in. You just ran out your last bread.
Window of opportunity feelin like it just shut more.

They tell you to be thankful. Your response for em is "what for? "
It seem like everybody else in a better position.

Only thing else left to do is open up your ears and listen.

[Hook: x3]

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