

# Cry Wolf (feat. Dntel)

## OnCue

[Pre-Hook]

Yeah I know I young, know I young  
Got this liquor in my system cause it make me numb  
Got this pain in my heart, tar on my lungs  
Lord knows I'm far from perfect, least I'm still working[Hook]  
Just know I never cried wolf  
Just know I never cried wolf  
Know I never cried wolf  
Just know I never cried wolf

[Verse 1]

Oh yeah, ayyy yeah  
I been thinking bout something someone told me the other day  
That I tell people too much, so much they could use it against me, aw man  
For the first time in a long while, ain't shit to say, yeah  
Cause I ain't got nothing to hide, and your ass don't offend me  
Look man, what my pops did, made me wanna go get this fucking money right  
Then my momma went ahead and called a locksmith, [?] sorry ass cried like a hundred nights  
Ain't afford that, man I was fucked up, good luck next year, oh boy tough luck  
Barely trust myself, now my mind's on my nails  
Fuck love, everything I ever wrote been uncut  
Left home a long time ago, but go call my phone, same area code, I mean  
Hometown hero man I'm very well known  
They should pay me a mil [?] in the 860  
Man I, paid dues and I feel like it's owed  
Never heard from Jesus, but I feel like he know  
And I'm doing pretty good far as geniuses go  
So my hands on your throat till you say I go

[Pre-Hook]

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Know I never cried wolf  
Just know I never cried wolf[Verse 2]

Yeah

[?] came a long way, but I chose the long way  
Cause you know I love that long pay, head [?] a mother fucker like all day  
I got robbed by Broadway, and Malcom X, that's what he called me  
With the Can't Wait sessions in my backpack, rather die right there than mother fucking  
backtrack

God damn, I ain't lying  
Whole team with the shit, that's an old alliance  
Things eventually click when you dope as I am  
That's when you see the chips start multiplying  
My girl won't let you hit, she like Nolan Ryan  
In the kitchen she a beast, man she whip the cayenne  
God damn it she thicc, man there's no denying  
Can't believe that I bagged, man I was hardly trying  
Probably cause of what I been supplying, with these raps  
Find it funny that, no one gives a shit about you  
Then, everybody give a shit about you  
Cause the kids tweet about you, and the parents read about you  
Old friends bitch about you, saying that you changed  
But the truth is, you were supposed to, they're the same  
Pack your bags, try to make a name  
Figured making racks would take away the pain  
But it magnified shit, so it's me who I became[Pre-Hook]  
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Got this pain in my heart, tar on my lungs  
Lord knows I'm far from perfect, least I'm still working[Hook]  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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