

Hollow

Asher Monroe

Success and fame, it's a hard pill to swallow
Here today, gone tomorrow
When did life become about a Instagram follow
Fake it till you make it is the motto

Everybody's putting on a facade
That's what makes 'em look hard
Got a flashy car but you still live with your mother
You flaunt money like a robber
Don't kid yourself, it was borrowed

Why don't people turn the other cheek?
'Cause they too afraid to practice what they preach

I learned my lesson, learned my time, yeah
There's no reason, there's no rhyme, yeah
To feel this hollow inside

Building an empire just to watch it crumble
Sex, drugs, and money is the root of all evil
The devil's working overtime, making all us free throw
Spraying all our minds especially when we feel low

Why do people care what others think?
Because they too caught up in material things

I learned my lesson, learned my time, yeah
There's no reason, there's no rhyme, yeah
To feel this hollow inside

Falling victim to the hate
Popping pills and fornicate
(To feel this hollow inside)
That's the message they portray
While lying to each other's face
Falling stars, ticking bombs
Acting like they living large
Open wounds, battle scars
[?]
(There's no reason, there's no rhyme)
While the youth eyes blind
(To feel this hollow inside)
We're the heroes of our time
They can knock us down
But they can't knock us off our grind, no
(To feel this hollow inside)
They can't knock us off our grind
They can't knock us off our grind

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