

# Say Hello to Adele

Joyner Lucas

Now I be lying if I, I be  
Now I be lying if I told you I ain't trying to get rich  
I need mines, I need grind, ain't no time for no bitch  
I'm surprised I'm alive, oh my god take him up  
Make him fly, break him even  
They been sleeping, wake them up  
They got molly, they got bands, I got fans, I got ooh  
I got dro, I got grams, I got damn, I got blow, hoe  
I got what you need, homie don't raise your voice at me my G  
All these eyes on me I see, that's word to Pac and B.I.G. I be I be  
On stages, and ain't there nowhere I got to go  
I ain't got no fucking patience that's one thing you got to know  
All these rappers in my way think they famous, I don't know  
When I watch them hit the pavement I'ma feel like Holly Holms  
I swear it don't get no better than this  
I told my bitch we better get rich  
Then flip these chips and get a new whip  
And twist my wrist in front of ya, none of ya  
Want to get pimped you son of a prick, let's flip this win and then uh  
Jump in the air  
I just want to dig a hole in a cell  
I just want to say Hello to Adele

Yeah yeah whooh whooh  
I just want to let you know that I'm here  
I just want to sing a song and a prayer  
I just want to make a toast to El Chapo  
My idol, I might dig a hole in a cell  
I should probably change my hoe to affair  
I could probably make your hoe disappear  
Different emotions you don't know what to feel

Always feel like my jeans burning  
No bail and I'm seen murdering  
New gold girls and your teeth hurt  
I'm still walking and my feet hurt  
Where's Uber when you need one?  
Just tell me where you see one  
I'm driving bars on the wall  
Ok, where's Luda when you need her?  
Listen, I'm my back to the wall  
Then I'm back to the zone and I'm in Twilight  
If you ever get a minute tell them other little niggas I've been winning I've  
e been doing it from hindsight  
And don't you ever get a pen in on my level never said I'm a not a rapper do  
n't you ever get on my mic  
And you ever been a kid and been a winner by the niggas and then the pen and  
I'ma end them in the limelight rhyme-light  
I'm like I'm like  
Swish swish whooh  
I'm like eh ya hoe, there I go  
I'ma kill the game this year  
Say I won't, may I? Woah  
I don't give a fuck about no haters or what I never did  
I got angels here and that's evident  
I got halos all in my head I swear

Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Ya... Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done, lost your motherfucking mind

Got what you need, this that 24-hour spot  
This that Massachusetts, Kawasaki, and the Yamaha  
My Mama, Auntie, told me if I ever started drama  
I can go to jail  
But fuck the cops  
And tell the judge to suck my cock and go to hell  
No filter, but I got real love  
Niggas ain't real son, tryna get meals but  
Everyone's still friends, she don't got heels on  
But her ass still fat, bet if I hit that she gonna tear up  
Where are my real thugs, when they gonna hear us, when they gonna feel us?  
Everyone act cray  
Don't know what make they way  
I tell your bitch: ay baby  
Poppa can't crip stand  
They ball so hard since wristbands  
So my broads ain't got no implants, these bras ain't got no kickstands, and  
I know it though  
Hold up  
Fuck what you feel  
I just want to sell salt to a snail  
I just want to sell a hoe to a queer  
I just want to go to Oprah and Phil  
Give them both a little coke and some pills  
I remember when I had to scrape a little change just to go to the store for  
some milk  
I remember when my ex bitch didn't come home, she was stroking the field  
I don't think you really know how I feel  
I don't think you niggas know how to chill, whooh  
So, the fuck is you thinking you older than me?  
You got some type of control over me?  
Just cause you got some shit you can hold over me, like you running this shit?  
Act like I won't put my tongue in you bitch  
Bring her closer to me  
And then go to the beach, sit in the water  
Don't act like your not an emotional creep  
I pull over the jeep

I just want to let you know that I'm here  
I just want to sing a song and a prayer  
I just want to make a toast to El Chapo  
My idol, I might dig a hole in a cell  
I just want to say Hello to Adele  
I could probably make your hoe disappear  
I don't think you niggas know how it feels

Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Ya... Y'all done lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done... Y'all done lost... Lost your motherfucking mind, ooh  
Y'all done, lost your motherfucking mind