

Whoa, Kenny

Baby, please don't tell me that, I don't wanna know
Just get out of my house, and give me back my clothes
I've been masking all my feelings, while inhaling this smoke
So, just give me some space, 'cause I'd rather be alone, ya

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Alkaline and dopamine
Baby, you so dope to me
Look, we made it globally
Find peace inside the poetry

Conscious thoughts and wasted words
Empty skies not a single bird
Rumors of those things you heard and that conversations, they been getting stirred

I got houses filled with enemies
I let them all be friends with me
Ahead of them, they can't get to me
Just watching all discrepancies

So flex on me with your better fits
And now I'm onto these better things
Might buy my mom a residence
I use, music as my medicine, ya

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