

I'm tripping on the past
I'm tripping on some other shit
I'm tripping on the fact that I will not remember this
I'm tripping by myself in my thoughts I just reminisce
Feeling like a king, like I just won a championship

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Stress is a break that 'gon sit on my shoulder
Been through it all man I'm just getting colder
Aidan you music too nasty and vulgar
Smoke on the gas, could you pass me a soda
Bass all around going tat like a cobra
Blasting explosions, the flashes all over
Fuck, it's looking like you did me the quota
I'm going fast, yeah these lames going slower

My ex been callin' like 'damn I need closure'
I can't reverse man I just moving forward
Stackin' my cash man get ice like the polar
Maybe get lucky and talkin' bought clovers

I'm working hard, got no time for posers
Getting real anxious my way up the coaster
Getting the trophy, my haters get low
Walk away humble and laugh like the joker
Earn my exposure, I'm getting closer
Closer to the top, but there's no destination
There's no going down, only elevation
Smokin' on the moon, feelin' the vibrations

When I say the top, I mean higher than you
I can do mumble but I can spit too
Prophecy, probably stuck in a cube
And Imma go show this world what I can do

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