

Tired of this feeling like I'm stuck up in the middle, and I do n't even care about a Grammy or a medal, the only thing that matters is the will to never settle, 17 up in the mountains you could never reach my level

I'm tired of the bass and getting tired of the treble, that's why I make these hits and end up feelin very mellow, first glance I might look like just an ordinary fellow, then you pull up to the stu feel like a meeting with the devil, hello

Mixing up my flow just like it's jello, I might not be a crip but I'll still put it on the deadlocs, and I ain't got a stick cause I'm more of a donatello, and these bitches gettin lit when they got somebody to tell on

Dial up the digits of my number in your cellphone, call or a text, y'all ready next, I could give a fuck if you think that I'm not the best, or about the bread, I'm already dead

To everybody who went ghost to me, now you wanna make a toast to me, to everybody who was roastin me, now you tryna get real close to me, I will never really know defeat, killin niggas like it's kosher meat, and pushin niggas off the balcony, sayin fuck you real loudly

I'm tired of the lies and I'm tired of the get ups, I'm writin every night cause I'm not the type to let up, I swear I'm finna cry if I get hitted with a setup, but I'll only be a minute till I tell my self to get up

Was tired of the sun and people tellin me to get up, that's why I wanted rain and never had the soul tell her, and u could say my name while I'm holdin up my umbrella, all these voices in my head sound like they singing acapella, hella

Blending up the sound like it's a smoothie, this a angry letter to whoever said I'm too weak, it's fortunate for you but unfortunate for who knew me, and imma be the same that I am when I get the jewelry

Monkeyin around like you is Louis, you know I'm around, pro with a noun, I could give a fuck if you think I don't have a crown, but I run my town, always hold me down, yuh

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