

bill russell

A-Reece

Hello?

Can you hear me?

It's funny how...

They were sleeping on me when I had a dream
Especially them niggas in the hood who thought I'd never leave
And take the city 'cross the seven seas
But they know the boy doper than that shit they sold in Medellin
Put that on everything
I feel like Bill Russell wearing every ring, yeah
I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it
Fuck it I ain't gotta say it, you can tell by my demeanor (Let's go)
They will never understand me
They don't stand for anything, honestly, if you ask me (Uh)
Your whole career is based on tryna surpass me
Factually, they will do anything to get at me, so
I'm in the studio cookin' another classic
Whatever they cookin' got me feelin' like Gordon Ramsay (Uh)
The hard work means nothing without the passion (Uh)
All that talkin' means nothing without the action, yeah
Most of y'all are just collateral damage, yeah
My records don't come with a dance challenge but the flow doing the tango
I should've wrote this in Spanish (Uh)
Outlandish, this is a high standard (Uh)

Yeah

They'll never say it to my face but I'm the nigga that they hate, yeah
I tell 'em: Heaven can wait, I still got paper to make
I tell 'em: Heaven can wait, I still got paper to make

Hey, yeah!

Double up on W's
Only smoke up on some L's, nigga, nothin' new (Yeah)
Case dismissed, I got nothin' to prove
Hella demons on defense, I'm runnin' through (Yeah)
Demigod, I'm far apart from the floor
Star from the start, I'm hella fly, what's buggin' you?
Told y'all from the start you'd never starve
Had niggas' backs but now these dudes is really frontin' too
Small circle, a pyramid scheme, pick a shape
I bet you know how we charge niggas, so pick a date
Bank breakin', break breakin', rest in the safe
All these false predictions but I leave it to fate
I'm accumulating some new haters (Uh)
Tryna cover ground but there's too many acres, yeah
But we move nonetheless
And we drop MoFaya like Sbu with some new flavours, yeah

Yeah

They'll never say it to my face but I'm the nigga that they hate, yeah
(Looking clearer than a radio edit in this motherfucker, I'm feeling good boy)
I tell 'em: Heaven can wait, I still got paper to make
I tell 'em: Heaven can wait, I still got paper to make

Yeah

They'll never say it to my face but I'm the nigga that they hate, yeah

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