

# Piece Of Cake

Abhi the Nomad

(I'm telling you give me that smooth shit)

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Aight

Look what we have here  
Brownie done did it  
Murdered the contest  
Nobody listen  
Still got no handouts  
Don't need no plan  
Record that shit mix it  
Then fillin' my bank out (bang)

That's what I live for, I've been nice  
I let them pass when they lane switch  
Cuz' at around half past five  
We gon' be stuck in the same shit

Everybody's on me  
We feel the same (same)  
You don't gotta be salty  
When things start to shake, uh uh  
Everybody's hopeless  
Well I feel the same (same)  
You don't gotta awful  
It's no piece of cake  
I know, yeah

Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na  
Na-Na

Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na  
Na-Na

I'm exhausted by your light  
All the lies 'bout the pain you feel  
All you do's complain  
That no one's payin'  
For all the shit you sell

But you whole heart's not in it  
You expect people to just pay for tickets  
To your show like a state fair, ain't fair  
For you to get by and live that penthouse life  
My current state of affairs include:  
Eatin' little, sleepin' less  
And im wondering  
I make these little itty bitty checks  
How much is rent again? (Oo)

While you were bitchin' 'bout breakfast  
Your coffee got cold  
I was up with the sun  
Making music for my soul  
Music for my soul (Oh)

My soul (Oh)  
My soul (Oh)

But people do not understand  
That this music feeds my soul  
They ask me why  
They ask me why (Tell me why)  
All my friends at school  
They ask me what I've been up to ("The fuck you 'been up to")  
And I'm like (Yeah)

"Well, I' been sittin' on the couch  
Learning how to bar chord  
And wrap my fingers 'round till they bleed  
But I need metal strings up in my DNA  
Graduating school was never in my resume  
Not today (No)  
But I'll write a couple songs before I see tomorrow  
And most of you don't know that  
There's a method to this madness  
I'm just glad that this happened  
And I get to spend my day just singing, rapping!"

Everybody's on me  
We feel the same (Yeah) (Everybody's on me, ee)  
You don't gotta be salty  
When things start to shake, uh uh  
Everybody's hopeless  
Well I feel the same (I feel the same)  
You don't gotta awful  
It's no piece of cake  
I know, yeah

Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na (Hey)  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na  
Na-Na

Na-Na-Na-Na-Na (It's no piece of cake, yeah)  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na (It's no piece of cake, yeah)  
Na-Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na  
Na-Na