

3 PEAT

Abstract

Yeah, yeah
From the depths of the abyss
You already know who it is
One time for the reals

I love it when you envy my success
Throwin' shots got 'em pissed off
Mad 'cause all your life you been game seven, Chris Paul
Instead of being bitter, you should focus on you
I'm preachin' game to my community to further the youth
Y'all some key-typin' activists that makin' no change
All that cappin' in your captions got your ego in flame
Made it out of hell's fire, never scorched by the flames
Mixing freedom, faith, and politics, a dangerous game
I must admit that for a second I was scared that I'd fall
But bitch, I'm playing game six every time that I ball
Stop projecting insecurities, I know that's from yourself
Y'all just throw away your money, I'm invested in myself
Fuck an ordinary lifestyle, fillets when we dine out
Left your shorty screamin', reaching notes like Amy Winehouse
I waited for some years for a chance, it's my time now
If you don't know the name Elijah Kyle, you will find out

Haha
Better put some respect on it
It's Abstract

Okay
Find me any day, I'm in my office—that's my studio
Duckin' from an industry that's yet to give me what I'm owed
Independent, CEO, have you seen the fucking clothes?
Yeezy would be heavy breathin' peepin' what we've cut and sewn
Viral 'fore the Tok was tickin'
Y'all ain't cut out for the life
Seems like everybody and their mother tryna grab a mic
Seven years been full-time with it
Know a gimmick won't survive
Came up off of music that'll send you back to nine-to-fives
Illest rise you ever seen, my reality was dreams
Back when DatPiff was the only place to get your music seen
See, back in the day, we used to have to make albums
Mixtapes, full cohesive projects
Y'all just out here throwin' singles out
Y'all don't know how to make an album
We still out here doin' it
Fuck it
How many homies do I know that changed up for the game?
Used to hit me for advice, now they don't say a thing
I don't give a damn what your numbers look like on Spotify
You know without my legacy you wouldn't have your spot, if I
Didn't make the blueprint and pave a couple of lanes
Not mad, just disappointed in everything you became
Apple fell so far from the tree, I guess that it's rotten
I just wonder what's the price that you paid for all that you've gotten

Ayo, fuck this industry
Everybody's corrupt and evil

And you fuckin' sheep believe anything that these rappers feed you
Never had an issue with gay people but I see dudes
Season music but push their agendas, I can see through
All you sweet rappers, that's why I'm practicing keto
In the booth, they cheaters
Go behind the scenes, they gettin' deepthroat
And claim to be woke, I repo these rappers' weak flows
A walking cheat code, these young [?]
Can't defeat [?]
I know my [?]

I'm more [?]
Or [?]
No [?]
So try to team up and watch your team fold
Once the heat blow, you ain't never seen a meaner man than me
I'm like the reaper, jeepers creepers
Street sweepers, deep thinkers, weed dreamers
Drug dealers pushin' crack through your speakers
Kickin' shit, Adidas
These divas can't deceive us
You all puppets, cousin skeeters
Rappers competin' in they music seein' who the streetest
Instead of tryna lead us