

Comin' from a Basement

Aer

I'm just fuckin' around thought I'd throw this down, Yeah
I put the beat on loop
Kick back and write a verse
Scratch the pencil on the paper tryna fit my thoughts to words
And verbs curb my urge to spit faster
Grab a pizza from down the street hit up my dudes after
Steppin' out Nat's lookin' at the next chapter
I got way more time than money so that's the motive
I get at your older bitch
Tell her it's the new kid screwin' around
I don't try I do it for sound love when the crowd gets down at
the shows around town
Cause flows get out of style
After a while I put out an album for free
Cause when I'm live people see the real me

Comin' from the basement call me a liar
Tell um at the place that they gota catch up
We're rollin' up the trees lookin' out for the fire
Winter summer spring get your shoes laced up

The root of our music induces the fuming of nuggets
I'm right above it, with flubber indulging in buckets of green
I can tell cut the scene outta my movie
Fibbin, then shiffin my hoop D, kiss good but real toothy
Tame but I gotta see if she wanna get busy with my flow better
yet I'll get number livin it under duckin a hundred thunder bolts
Frivolous wandering under dogs, remember the pogs?
Shakin saws then shakin paws unzippin the rim of the feminine enema
End of the leather path some of the regular sets and reps assemble
a center of assassins, summer'll be passin I'll just be laughing
Smokin the grass n sippin from brass
I'll fuck with that shit