

Composure

AKA

Why you gassing dawg?
Why you comin' to my table without asking dawg?
I know you hate me with a passion, I ain't mad at y'all
I know you fuck with every classic in my catalog
And it go worth your magazine team thinking it's LootLove
Cashtime with a jean skinny phush'idust
I don't need a green screen when I pull stunts
Cause when you the real thing nigga's get touched
And it's Super unlock, unlock
I don't give a fuck about your number one spot
Corporate's sleeping on me need to set alarm clocks
Word to all my Naija homies getting telecom guap
In the billboards
That's the shit that I kill for
Big dreams since I was a lil' boy
I'm stressed
Middle finger to the press
Tried to give a fuck but I ain't got a fuck left
I'm blessed
Let me ball like the Ballon d'Or
Forbes if you ever fall it's a cannonball
Miss me with the bullshit like El Matador
I just hope you're that involved when the camera off
Bang, bang, bang and it's all about the moola
Big shout out to Sbuda, smoking Buddha in abuja
Tunnel vision got me thinking future like computers
20 bitches swimming in the pool like barracuda, oh
Maybe I should spit something we can build with
I think we all need change who got the till slip?
It's way beyond Drake and Meek Mill shit
Fuck a fiancée, I got a lil' kid
Even Ricky called me the other day
Stuck in the middle, it's sad that we can't collaborate
Tried to be civil until I saw your Twitter page
But I was out in Europe doing bigger things
See when it rains it pours
Understand with me when it's war, it's war
Thinking back you wasn't even national yet
Matter fact, I used to be a fan of your shit
Young King, I should've took you under my wing
Instead I let you under my skin
I know coming up is a wonderful thing
But even I get uncomfortable when they call me the King
I know you play like you humble but we just one and the same
You tryna stay out of trouble and I'm just stuck in my lane
I hope the pressure don't make me buckle, so much in my plate
Appetite for destruction this shit is like a buffet, hey, hey, hey

Hold it now, hold it now, hold it now
This ain't your moment we own it now
You feelin' some type of way
They gon' ask me what this song about
Composure, composure
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Hmmm know yourself
I'm from the future, let's take it back to the music
Cause I can't control myself

My nigga's on the road fucking crazy bitches
I be on my phone looking through my baby pictures
That's what the fuck you call a juxtaposition
Had enough of these clubs but they don't wanna miss it
All the bae's blow me kisses
Drinkin' champagne just to piss it
Nigga's been saying all my shit authentic
Every Trinidad James get your fifteen minutes
Heard your new release, put that shit on fast-forward
Kept them on my team, there's a context for it
This is combat, need a ball sack for it
This a marathon track, all the boys on 'roids
Time to hit the road, pull your money up
Went gold but you niggas did it funny style
KO didn't even try to floss with it
Saying oh, when you with it like a boss nigga
All this talk about God, I'mma show you hell
Bring it to your face like L'Oriel
My niggas in position when they ring the bell
They gonna get your ponytail like the Holy grail
That's the problem with you new school cats
Took your old style from Malumkoolkat
I throw my hands in the dirt
Such a pity that you can't dance on the verse

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I'm the reason niggas had the saga on repeat
Now you wanna charge me eighty thousand for a beat?
Load it up on data file, put it on wax
Streets on smash but your video trash
Lately I been going through some changes
Tryna figure out where I let my momma down
Cause the mother of my child is an angel
Do I blame it on myself or this fame shit?
Busy putting in the hours, final touches to the album
When I should have bought you flowers and the bracelet
Now we gotta make different living arrangements
All the family gonna see this shit in the papers
My father telling me, "don't make the same mistakes"
Coming home late and the plate's in the microwave
Now you got your very own baby face
We were so in love back in '88, anyway
I don't give a fuck what you say to me
All you bitches in the club look the same to me
I'mma need a double cup like a major league
Why you tryna front like you ain't afraid of me?
Super mega touch down every city you go
Heard you moving up now in the city of gold
When I go to Maftown, I'mma sit on the throne
Tryna fill up the dome, 'bout to fill up your home, oh

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