

Sim Dope

AKA

Hands in the air, if you been broke
I see millionaires, making bread that's the end goal
Private jet Benzo, can't see through the window
So if I die I pray to God he brings me back as Sim Dope

Sim Dope, 911 rims spokes
Back when it was college I would've came out with crib notes
Teachers say he got a problem dealing with the temple
But you ain't even fucking with his gym clothes

Don't see the roof, that's German auto
J.C. Le Roux, 1000 bottles
I see the truth, this the land of promise
Call me the proof, I'm just being honest

Sometimes I look at my mother I think of what could've been
Imagine building a palace that's only fit for a queen
My daddy climbed up the ladder until he ran out of steam
Reputation was damaged but never ran out of dreams
That's why I talk in my sleep
Fortunately my esteem is awkward for people who awfully talkative in the street
Especially if all the talking is cheap
I got the recipe making peace with my enemies my conscious is clean

I'm in this bitch with Mandela
They pull my name out the envelope you should fuck with the winners
You got some buzz from your single but that's just luck for beginners
I'm coming back in another life just to stunt on your children
Drop top for the summer time
Proposing this toast focused on goals like I'm number 9
Every one of these flows my foes gon' analyse
Eyes closed while I fantasize
Nice clothes and my jewellery ice cold like Savannah Dry
Power moves being strategized
So if I die I'm leaving behind some real dope
Bring me back as Sim Dope, there's still hope

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I see millionaires, making bread that's the angle
Private jet Benzo, can't see through the window
So if I die I pray to God he brings me back to Sim Dope