

I'm a ghost, I'm a spirit
Motherfucking appearence
I'm just using these words
To describe the colors I'm hearing
And all the sounds that I'm seeing
I need a pound of the tree
And I get so lifted, the clouds looking pretty grounded to me
And I treat this shit like a gift
I randomly found in the street
Took that same gift and re-gift it
Pass it around, I don't need it
Scribble it down and repeat it
Dribble around the arena
80 points, 30 assists
Cause bitch, I lift the whole team up
You better act like you need us
So yes, I'm raising my feet up
I ain't got shit for you to sleep on
Dog, I ain't no IKEA
I live inside an idea
I'm on that plane with Aaliyah
I held the shotgun for Kurt
I built the bomb for Korea
I am the human duality
Peep the good and the bad in me
I don't get why they mad at me
But I think that it's flattering
None of this shit is mattering
And my brains what I'm splattering
Cross the page, just to refrain
From all the pain that I'm battling

My name means nothing
I think my age means nothing
I think my rage means nothing
I think, we all crave substance
I think the weed is all I need
I use the dutches as crutches
I'm living fuck your instructions
I'm living fuck your instructions
I'm livin-
Fuck your instructions I'm livin'

Big bank roll
Tell me whatcha know
Would you put it on ya' soul? Tell me where you tryna go
Got a big bank roll
Tell me whatcha know
Guess I'm trash at origami cause my paper never fold
Got a big bank roll
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Tiramisu for breakfast

Gucci fendi on my shoulders
Smell the Folgers
Started seein' the pyramid schemes all folding before me
Like terrible shoppers
I'm holding my horses
The weight of it would tear open chakras not folding for morsels
I can't just pair with impostors and move with my soul
When I paint nocturnal those forces
No fashion my niggas all saints
We passin' the dank
In my glass is a Sauvignan Blanc
Little gold flakes in my ash sweep the whole swank
Tunnel vision, I'm a long way from Shawshank
Watch the coupe crawl, know I came up out the crawlspace
Curveball, I'm in y'all face
It ain't never had the clone don't make that fake mistake

I think the fame means nothing
I think this game means nothing
I think reality is see through in a change of perception
I know the weed is all I need
It's either papers or nothing
I'm livin', fuck your instructions
I'm living fuck your instructions
I'm livin-

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