

# F.Y.I

Alex Wiley

I'm a ghost, I'm a spirit  
Motherfucking appearance  
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  
Tell me whatcha know  
Would you put it on ya' soul? Tell me where you tryna go  
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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 Sauvignon 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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