

# Pretty Lights

Alex Wiley

Uh...

And can we have a toast for the realest niggas one more time?  
Cause you know... The sun don't shine, if son don't shine  
I pray my karma don't get passed onto my son though  
God, give me protection if I trip don't let me stumble  
I can't seem to manage  
The damage of heartbreak and snake talk  
They make it seem like this rap shit's a cake walk  
This Adderall triggers mood swings and weight loss  
Stakes paid off, maybe my career'll take off  
For now I'm partying hard, smoke my face off  
My nigga pass the blunt and play baseball  
Takes all effort to protect my adolescence  
I feel 30 and the stress too much to fake dawg  
Search for my place in this game I belong in  
I'm all in  
They heads bob til the song ends  
And all I conjure up when I get lost in the gunsmoke, a deathwish  
I'm just young broke and selfish  
Word

Village shit is getting realer  
Put in work so happily  
My will to procrastinate just evaporated  
Actually been practicing  
My raps used to be ever-so-fucking-crappy  
Now them niggas just want a track with me  
But them niggas is ever so whack to me  
Know we're rapping good as shit  
But find your way up off my dick  
Bruh put a fin up in this tip cup  
Or I'm finna send this bitch up  
I'm super slapped off that BACARDI Limón  
My raps so fuckin good  
Losing your shit's apart of the song  
We gettin on  
Supposed to be getting focused  
But my nigga got that reefer, we hopefully finna smoke it  
Village came through fucking shit up and hopefully that shit broken  
Niggas talkin that money shit, lowkey them niggas broke  
And I REFUSE to be that nigga  
I just wanna slap niggas  
How you old as shit but you still don't know how to rap NIGGA?  
Meanwhile, my writing'll tighten up  
Oxy Cotton  
And poppin a Vicodin  
Light me up, bitch

And my mama told me that nothing lasts forever  
But whatever  
I've never given up on any passion or endeavor  
And I promise, baby girl we can do this shit together  
For pain or for pleasure, you decide  
I gotta know if you a ride or die  
Cause when the tide is high  
You gotta promise me that me and you'll make it through the storm  
Carry on

And if so I'm finna slide tonight

And my father told me that nothing lasts forever

But whatever

I've never given up on any passion or endeavor

And I promise, baby girl we can do this shit together

For pain or for pleasure, you decide

I gotta know if you a ride or die

Cause when the tide is high

You gotta promise me that me and you'll make it through the storm

Carry on

And if so I'm finna slide tonight