

Red Pill

Alex Wiley

(Ayy, Oh yeah)
(Ayy, Oh yeah)
(Ayy, Oh yeah)
Please stop it
Don't try to stop this
Woke up early feeling vibrant
Just out here vibing
I feel so fucking alive
It wasn't always like this
Lot of boys done missed the plane
But I'm in the cockpit
(Ok ok oh)
(Ok ok oh)
(Ok ok oh)
(Ok ok oh)

I'm getting a feeling that niggas be salty I'm making a killing
All the way live
We going all the way live
I'm so ready, I'm ready
I'm willing
I got some on my mind
Please get the fuck from around me
You wasn't with me in the trenches
I see through the lies
They don't care about me
They try to berate me
And make me the villain
Oh what does it matter
Pockets got fatter
Bitches got badder
You a disaster
What does it matter
Oh, what does it matter
Serve your ass on a platter
My name in yo mouth
I am so flattered
What does it matter

Oh, Wiley is killing them
Wiley is killing them, killing them
Damn
I am not feeling them
I am not feeling them, feeling them
Damn
Wiley is killing them
Wiley is killing them, killing them
Damn
I am not feeling them
I am not feeling them, feeling them
Damn

They want to be like me
I don't like middle man
We are not synonyms
Damn
I get so hype

Shout out to Serena
I think I need Ritalin
Damn
They do not like me
I'm in my own world
You not no citizen
Damn
You did it to spite me
Nigga that's pitiful
Nigga that's pitiful
Damn
Chasing the bag
Bitch I got the swag
Bitch I'm not no actor
But in Calabasas
I got an actress
We just be smashing
I got the passion
I got to pass it
So put it in action
Living the moment
I'm in my zone, ain't reenactment

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But I'm in the cockpit
(Ok ok oh)
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