OTM

Aminé

I been searching for myself
I been wondering who I am
Lost in a place, no trace
On the odyssey to me

"Eh, yo, pass the blunt nigga"
"Hold on man, hold on"
[Laughing] "Ah, shit."
"Hey man, what you laughing for?"
"Hey, you see that nigga Adam over there trying to rap and shit?"
"Word?"
"Yeah, the nigga calling himself Amine."
"For real?"
"Yeah, that nigga need to give it up."

I woke up in Tribeca
With my dream girl Rebekah
She saying anywhere you go
I'm headed to my next tour
And guess what
I gotta go
I gotta go
I gotta go
I gotta go

Headed to that Madison Square
25, 000 fans in the air

Never hit the back

Traffic on the way

Driver screaming get that fuck get out my fucking way

If you like my style
You gon' hit inside the dials
I got too much on my mind
You got too much on the route

[?] Sound check
Sound check
1 - 2
1 - 2
I'm getting ready to perform nigga
How 'bout you

I'm rolling in that thong
She rolling in that calm
I'm getting ready and the fans go away

Adam, Adam wake up

Staring at my wall
Hoping for a better tomorrow
Thinking bout my problems but my problems looking mighty hard

A small nigga with big dreams, I'm thinking 'bout

All them honey and dope fiends like
How you end up there
How you end up broke
If I end up like that, it's going to be hard to find hope
I'm trying to find the mountain of success with the best
And it's going to be hard to find a fucking rope, oh

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You are now tuned in to my fucking OTM
This ain't an intro
This is a book, ho
Just hoping you can help me write the rest, though

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As I was writing this shit
I got a text from my old girl
Talking 'bout she wanna be more than sober

Asking if I wanna go
To the movies though
I told her, "Sorry girl
I'm in the studio."

She said, "LOL, the studio?
Come on Adam
You'll probably never make it though
A heartfelt mind with a heartfelt dick
Only thing I bust in hoes
Is the pain that exists

I'm trying to tell you things that you would have never thought of
I'm trying to tell you things so you wouln't get caught up in
All the lies of this rapping shit
These dumb niggas trying to tell you who they is
Cause rapping is an art coming straight from the heart
Not about your flashy clothes or the chains that you got

We've come a long way
From that crying beat now
Let Irv kill it on the keys like

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You are now tuned in to the OTM

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