

Rage / Peace

Aminé

Did your family grow up in this
Hell no, you know my family didn't grow up in this
I'm a mothafuckin' black sheep nigga
I'm the holy one
All my family graduated

Fuck graduating
Fuck scholarships
Fuck teachers that told me leading was a hit or miss
Diamond in the rough

Man, I hate this pressure shit
Life versus me like my shit was never meant for it
Used to work at Hollister, had to go and quit it bruh
Couldn't handle 9 to 5's, I needed something different cause
I be a different type of guy, please notice before I die
Wait a second, hold up
I'm from the motherfucking west-side
Hit my bitch in Bed-stuy
Don't you know I bed lies
I don't play them petty games, that be for them pet guys
Speeding through my life, this is everything I write
Fuck your standards and your manners
Never worry bout your likes
(Think I'm next NOW)
Word up to my London chick
She done told me that the old me stuck up in a sunken ship
Well I'm glad
Let me pass, working like I need a tip
I'm that motherfucking nigga with that motherfucking shit
Got 6 hundred to my name, three is for these beats
Other half is if I end up broke up in these fucking streets
I ain't angry, I'm just raging
Let my stress out I'm just pacing
Dreams be what the fuck I'm chasing
See success is what I seek
Ay, tell me what the dealio
Fucking with somebody who don't fuck with you is silly, bro
[?] like she recess
Like she doing three lines like Adidas
And I be so north, west, you think my father's name was Yeezus
Silly nigga what you think
Me plus your chick is a perfect match
And you can not debate
I'm that boy like I'm rich
Plus I'm casin' like I'm Nick
I got hoes in different coasts
And they wanna hear me spit like...

On this bus, currently writing up this song
Passengers keeps staring at me cause I'm mumbling all alone
Wonder if society tryna' help or take me out my zone
Be you, not them
Please don't cling on the clones, man
My niggas getting married
My niggas having babies
And I feel kid-ish spending moolah on the dreams I'm chasing

I guess it's heaven sent
Don't need the evidence
I probably should saved my savings just to pay my debt
Patience be the key
And your future be the lock
Know your dreams is like it's heaven
Everybody want a spot so
Dream on, dream on
Till your time's up on the clock
Don't give up no matter what, you see this dream is all you got
Just to keep it kosher
So I do what I'm supposed to
I'm lost up in this beat, I think I might end up on a posters
Girls be the controllers, tryna catch us like ebola
These hoes is all plastic like my grandmomma's sofa, nigga