

Jay Z, Kanye, Esco.

Amir Obè

Imma make a million dollars, give it all to you
All this rapping about the hood, I give it all to moof
Recording projects in the projects, where the fuck is the stu'
My neighbors know this shit from top to bottom
Got'ah, got'em to master volume, they play fucking problems on repeat
Fuck the neighbors, I'm a neighborhood, fuck them to they sleep
Bass on ten, BlackBerry no author, when it goes off I dreamed about being Se
an Carter
Even meeting him, walking in his office
I probably be reluctant to play him this shit disgusting
This ain't blueprint this the new print
Watching Ye' interviews, like this how Imma do it
No fucks given, this is no fucks living
I been cold for a minute, but a nigga ain't shivering
Kinda feel like pride always keep me at a distance
They ain't even realize a nigga went missing
One day I met Ty Ty, Depp introduced me
Said I was a star, man that shit felt like a movie
I bet he don't remember, I was rocking all the gucci
I was tryna rep the roc, but that's how niggas gonna do me
I was that close, now a nigga tired
You know you a loser when they saying, "at least you tried"
Thought a few new records might even change they mind
My only plug at roc nation got fired
God, ironically I'm basically staying in marcy
Tryna write the same story, I'm sorry I'm all dreams
I can't let these dream killers kill my self-esteem
I got people in my corner, I ain't selfless, please
I need hope, like a drug dealer need coke
Miles for from the beach, another trip and my ki low
This the same shit that be disrupting my ego
Getting played by childhood hero

I ain't doing shit to flatter
I'm doing this shit to blood splatter
I just realized the co-sign does matter
Seen Cole, seen Drake, met Sylvia
And on the real I ain't even surprise Drake cussed at her
I was tryna play my jams, she paid more attention to her poodle, bitch I'll
be damned
Need to do some soul searching, you don't understand
I worked on this for three years, for three years
I feel pressure from my grandma she ain't even alive
I ain't look at life the same since my father retired
Don't know who worry more, me or him, glad that we both breathing
We gon spend a day watching CNN, I see me in him
He see him in me, lately I been in the D
Praying like a pope moving like a G
I be losing sleep, into I move you to a beach
Don't you look surprise, nothing out of reach
Nothing out of reach, I miss Christmas in the hotel
Know that feeling so well, I ain't get no gifts
But I'm gifted, my soul I won't sell
Just when I think its good, they give me more hell
Kind of like a good fuck interrupted by a door bell
Holidays be awkward, everybody be emotional
I just need some closure to certain shit that ain't kosher

I'm too young to stress, and most the time I be sober
So I ain't got no way of escaping a rollercoaster
And all you stupid fucks, I ain't never lose a deal
I just tore the contract up, said I'll never lose the real
You ain't see my P.O.V, tried to make me B.O.B
I rather be, broke in the D, playing that C.O.D
Listening to idols I never got the chance to impress
I use to do it all for that, but now I'm easing the stress
Cause Roc don't want a meeting, Good don't want no meeting
I'm good with meeting niggas, let my music do the speaking
I'm bad with business, I'll probably be the last to win these riches
But when I do I'll say the passion did it, hit the masters with it
Sick of tryna ball, but shit, Magic did it
That line was far fetched but you had to get it, if you laughing at it
Clever me, [?], painting shit I never see
I just write, I never read
I just rap, I never speak
They call me shy I'm never Keef (no)
Easily influenced and soft-spoken
Horses on my polo have me feel important
Got a lot to say, but for some reason I can't record it
If I ain't happy with my tone I might distort it
I guess I'm shy in a since, with violent thoughts
A violin hums while I silence the charts
I'm anti single, but fuck being married to the game
I'll just fuck and bust nuts and hope y'all carry the pain
Of bastards I birth, caskets I earth, ratchets I swerved
If there's one thing I learned its Fuck y'all, pay me
All y'all crazy, ain't no college dropout I failed high-school AP
It's a hard knock life, but you can't knock my hustle
Spent my education emulating Jay Z, Kanye, Esco
I'm somewhat depressed though, cause money came and went
But I ain't get the respect though