

Donuts

Andy Mineo

Goin'
Goin'
Would you still be good to me?
Goin'
Could you still be good to me?
Goin'
Would you still be?

Yeah, this one for donuts, this one for all the grownups
I keep my cards closed 'cause I don't deal with jokers
Man, I'm sick of bein' dope, but why they hardly notice?
And these the joints that never sell, but yo, they still the coldest, ha
This feel like Philly, a steak down at Ishkabibble
The things I scribble make you think a little
They tell me to choose a side, but I decided to pick the middle
I can handle that, and yo, the kid could dribble
An over-thinker, with the ink I'm like tinker
Hat filled at will, design rhymes in 20 years
You tryna think of mind over mattress
Blinded by the fatness
It's hard to live righteous, but I'm tryna practice
And me and Joe collect the addresses of anyone who ever hated
Went to Hallmark, bought all the cards that said "Congratulations"
Waitin' for the day to pay myself
To mail these cards out, they all say "You played yourself"
That's so petty
My wife said I need a mani
I been nervous, bitin' my nails 'cause, look, I ain't got no plan B
I remind myself that my worth is not in sales
His purpose gotta prevail, we planted a church
Inhale happy thoughts, exhale negativity
With this Macintosh, I make apple sauce
Better believe it
See, in this life there's only three things that you can depend on:
That's death, taxes, and Jesus, they all get you
Aye, and yeah, they all get you

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Big breath
This one's for donuts, a sweetness anyone can taste
Words from Uncle Tay
Your relative is crunk and drunken at your function with a Krispy Kreme or a Dunkin'
Singin' through a Telefunken and spelunkin' through the sunken place
For 16 bars, been sick and got discharged
Rap was a wrap like a Swiss wrist watch
He ain't lookin' like a weird mishmash in freaks and geeks
Then I don't understand, damn, am I this washed?
But this get part-till the low flow still flawless
And so lawless, I'll prolly get this bar
Signed seal, get a notary
Wait till they get a load of me

My peeps who molding me could never see this far
Your boy made it out of Fraggles Rock to Iron Man and Ragnarok
And 4K HD straight off the Magnavox
Not to be a chatterbox
Just in my bag handin' out some bars in the real world
All y'all co-stars is folk bars, they the laws in the real girl
Manufactured affection for a plastic connection
But my selection slow and low like brisket
Get a plate, sop it up with a biscuit
On the couch, toes out, with your spouse, watch her, lovin' the lipstick
Took it low, bring the soul, and the mischief
And we do it like this, one time

Yes sir
Goin'
Would you still be good to me?
Be good to me, baby
Would you still be good to me?
But could you still be good to me when I don't even know where I'm goin'?
But could you still be good to me when I don't even know where I'm goin'?
Would you still be good to me?