

Idiot

Atmosphere

Whoever taught you how to speak your mind
Never knew you'd turn out to be an idiot
And I might be stupid
But I'ma keep it movin' like I know what I'm doin'
Whoever thought you had a God damn clue
Never knew you'd turn out to be an idiot
I might be a fool
But I seem so cool when I'm next to you
Aight

I was in the middle of a selfie
When you were trying to text me
Genius Interuptus
Swing like Kirby Puckett
I'm as subtle as an alien abduction in public
Somebody call the cops
Suck it, blow the trumpet until the bubble pops
And butter up another batch of those muffin tops
I'm just trying to find a balance
Wound up with a wife and a gang of kids
Her kiss tastes like black licorice
And now I'm riding in the back of her ambulance
Knock knock knockin' on heavens door
Let me in yo I got a laminate
I guess Its my job to let y'all know
That those my nuts y'all tampered with

I'm not the coolest
I'm just a dude thats got some flows
Attitude, a lot of soul
I got a wood nameplate says "I wish you Gold"
And this watch don't even work
And these people only came for the cheap dessert
And we can fight over a piece of dirt
Like all y'all ain't gunna leave the Earth
Might as well keep sand in a baggy
My favorite people call me Dad or Daddy
I never claimed to be too smart
I never been afraid of a new start
Luck-ay siete my wifes so fly all the suckers envy
Shes a beautiful soul to have and to hold
And wipe my butt when I get old

Hey mamma can I call you Cupcake
You remind me of a status update
You're the wind beneath my limbs
It might sound weird but you look like Prince
Bang Bang under purple rain
Fertilized the egg in the back of a mustang
No shame, ain't no thang
Baby came out lookin' like k.d. Lang, Yeaah