

Fade

Audio Push

Your love is fadin'
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I feel it's fadin'
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I feel it's

They call me Price and with the mic I'm Zeus level, Zeus level
Young black God shedding light on you devils
Niggas couldn't dig me if they had two shovels
Curving all these models, I done ran through several
Been there, done that, I.E. I run that
Like the fire range started, Price feeling unmatched
Rip the beat like a gift getting unwrapped
If we was lettermans you wouldn't have one patch
Line up all your favorite rappers, bet a nigga run laps
'Round each and every one of them, it's just a fun fact
On they best day
Niggas get mad 'cause they get less pay
Scared of the truth and that's the reason they don't press play
Bow down like you heard Jehovah
I need five million 'cause I'm worth the quota
They still violating rights in North Dakota
I refuse to let Trump fuck us over, no!
They been staging these attacks way before the Twin Towers
I blame it on the slave masters in power
Make the reservations I need Benihanas in an hour
Wifey looking better than Teyana in the shower
Aye, do it anywhere 'cause the sex right
Oh, we in the backseat with the wet wipes
Uh, first pipe down then wipe down
Yeah, take a shower, smoke, then it's night-night now
You gon' fade, we gon' get higher
You gon' fade like the rubber on the tire
You gon' fade like the jeans in the dryer
Saying we gon' fade nigga you's a motherfucking liar

I been on my mark, you just set
Step in the bitch, and everything get wet
Already had Mustang, I need jets
Already had that brain, I need sex
Beast the young Oktane he need vets
'Cause nothing you got curing the venom in his chest
Yes, sit back watch the young best-out-the-
west bring the west out Mr. West on his own beat
Yeah, you know me
So, you gon' really have to show me
And if you hated on a nigga you can blow me
I'm a bring back rapping on a cold beat
Like, like, by yourself though
No assistance my nigga, no help though
See everybody around me got wealth
Then forgot how to mob by yourself, it's stealth
So yep nigga bring it back, loop it
Finna make these niggas look stupid

Like the girl in the club saying she looking for love still end up fucking o
n losers
Yeah Ray-Bans on, cruising
At night 'cause I'm high, bitch move it
Yeah 2017 no more watered-down-ass-
niggas telling you they got the juice, 'cause we loose
Bring your own girls, and your roommates
Party like a Friday, on a Tuesday
'Cause it ain't much time when truth is the crime
So tonight we going at it like it's doomsday
'Cause I fucked up, she got jaded
I'm tryna get like your love, faded
Huh look mama, yeah we made it
They all finna love us and we ain't go crazy