

The Fame

Avelino

I can either kill it or kill it, tough decision
Either way I'm on point, self-precision
I'll probably specify the specifics just so you don't miss em
I know they say talk's cheap, can the deaf afford to listen though?
I think not
I came to tear shit up, not to get ripped off
Trust me, I'mma meek these mills till I'm Rick Ross
I grew up on rap, it's in my genes, I'm Kriss Kross
Oh shit, that's a throwback
She give me neck, that's a chokeslam
I remember having no fans, just like talking to yourself about your own plans
Fuck the fame, feed the whole fam cause

Feed the whole fam cause
In the dark all you think about showing
Maybe learn the hard way, going ins and outgoing
They say I'm going in and outgoing but I'm focused
Cause I'm way too scared of getting big without growing
I'll quick and I'll slow it cause the flow's God-given
Niggas tryna be great but that's so not Britain
It's a dog-eat-dog world with a whole lot of bitches
But I can put you on a line with a whole lot of kitten
I scope from a distance and shoot for the stars
Our solar eclipsedom is due
A picture from my bitch had me in the car dashing to her crib
Cause she looking like Kim in them nudes
She fell in love with the lyrics, so we can keep close from a distance
Baby