

Comfort Levels

Bas

Praise God as we whistle past the graveyard
Living for the long nights, I know that the day's hard
Where niggas wan' get the K, not a day job
That's why they fall where they lay, 'nother case solved
The house leaks from top down
I keep a mop, I'm at the top now
I'm on a lot of niggas tops now
Hot rounds shelling, I send 'em out
Selling out shows by word of mouth
Remember I is a nigga no one heard about
They memorize my words, now a nigga made it out and made a way
for others
I had to face the thunder, that's how I braced the storm
Wasn't many like us 'fore we got here, but we changed the norms
Somebody call the Forbes, call the Lord, call it what you want
Them Hamad boys run it up amuck
Word to Ib, back in Queens for the month
Buy my queen what she wants
New pumps and some Yves Saint Laurents
New comfort levels
My lifestyle's moved upper level
I got my head in the stars
I was unininvolved, Billy Bean, I was playing money ball
Went from praying on a call to paying baba car notes
Grinding, only God knows my hunger
Never see my squad going under
I promise you that

Pleasure, I've got everything I'd ever want
Simpler things find me when I'm alone
When I'm alone
Where I belong

Lying in your sheets, your silk and satins got me weak
Hold your towel to smell your body when it's creeping up on me
I go LHR to sunshine, wash that water over me
From the moment that we touch down to the second that I leave