

## 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 uninvolved, 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