

Pinball II

Bas

I hope you figure it out

Shine black man melanin gold
I hope you never get old
Keep your youthful spirit
I know the world do fear it
You're the tip of the spear
And with our dyin' breaths I bet the world gon' hear it, look
I been saving money for my taxes
Bassy keep on jumpin' through these brackets
I got 20 bitches coming back to the crib
I make sure my niggas' got some racks, what you need
They gon' shoot through niggas' like it's practice
I just make the money run some laps
Every times I pass go see the cash grow
We don't even act cordial we assholes
Bitches in my lasso, is that so?
That's word to my last hoe, I'm that cold
Runnin' through the town a black soul
My past froze twenty-nine times over
Look I have seen more than my time
Lived 9 lives for about twenty cats over I told ya
Everything you've done I done, overdid, I'm over it
Nigga Dreamville the whole coast how we shouldered it?
Them boys stale like toast when it's overdid
I hope they quit for real
But if they don't I got a million joints
I got the flow in pocket, the emoji rocket how I'm outta here
A lot of em' sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember like the Alamo
Tally-ho! A high Joker like a Spades game
Keeping both eyes open wide rain man
Crew high on that fuck your life drank man
We slide in the bucket like paint
Never gave a fuck, fuck what you might think
Ran up in the club 'till they sent the lights in
Had to tell the owner please let the lights dim
Five more minutes see me a nice slim
Thick bitch with the you me and my grin
Tell her bring the crew you me and my friends
See where the night end with the right guy
Trust me and my kin, speak with the right pen
Creep like the lightning in the night sky
Go deep Janet Jackson, we back to back in
Black SUV's, black tints would you look at that?
I'm booby trapped in your fluid black skin
No groupie action, your bougie accent
You're truly classic, girl we outta here

Bas, it's Bassy
Queens nigga with the Fiends nigga
Got the bean waitin' in the pocket ooh

I asked P, what's poppin'?
He said we are nigga, trips to DR nigga
Got the borough jumpin' like it's J.R. Smith
Know a couple niggas' let the A-R spit

Got no interest what you say y'all did
Only where y'all live
Smokin' blunts 'cause that's the way I live
And where I live?
Niggas dyin' front of their shorty, wives
And their brother's ride on the other side
Every death is like a 100 lives
Flatlined from the black nine
I could feel the pressure multiplying
Make you feel like ain't no hope in trying
But we always trying
All this blood I bet it float to sea and wash out
'Cause they don't want you to see but watch out
Nigga watch out

See I want you to see
I've been through so many things
Things ain't always what they seem
Hope you get the message
I hope you figure it out
Now I'm right where I belong
Had to let it go
All the pain I was holding on
Now I get the message
I had to figure it out

You got to feel the music, do you understand?
It takes you higher and higher