

Life in Marvelous Times

Ashtrays overflowed
The shit I wrote, you can't do it on a phone
Maybe your little limericks, my poems need a home
After me they gon' live on
They gon' be here when all y'all is gone (All y'all)
She sat for the portrait, corset was whalebone
The sadness in her eyes, I left it off the page
It wasn't all at once but trust me, everyone paid
Police approach late-model Ford in the rain
Guns raised
Police raid the wrong house, clap the dog, hit ya moms with a stun grenade
Look around, nobody's ashamed (Not a one)
Your favorite rapper beat the murder, still claim gang
Opposition caught him lacking, let it bang
God bless the dead, but we not talking 'bout Dr. King
Ya mans was doing too much, ya mans did every damn thing
(Every fucking thing)

Run 'em out of town like Mormons
I ran out of town in a pair of Jordans
Run me up, it's a strip club errywhere I'm touring
Run it up, ain't my fault y'all team ain't scoring
(I'm just doing my job man)
Run 'em out of town like Mormons
I ran out of town in a pair of Jordans
Run me up it's a strip club errywhere I'm touring
Run it up, ain't my fault y'all team ain't scoring
(I can't do your job)

I was contrite until I had the crown
I was tight until those flights touched down
"I was right all along!" what I told the crowd
Waist deep in the swamp when I heard the hounds
Felt it in my bowels

Run 'em out of town like Mormons
I ran out of town in a pair of Jordans
Run me up it's a strip club errywhere I'm touring
Run it up-

It's 12:48 Raphy, still early, don't get sleepy on me
Buck, drugs! (Bru)

Yeah

Listen, this is like the first time catching a contact
The killer shit

My penmanship is beyond combat

You benefit from dealing shit, then take [?]

Or else you coming outta the crib and get shot at

MGM Grand, back at the dice tables with Wolf

I'm like 35, 000 and 7

Motherfucker, can you buy that?

Gotta know I got the best crud hitting like huestlove on the hi-hat

Race with slugs and left blood on the playback

Ray ain't budge and got bud from the Maybach

Now go Get Shorty and Kill Bill on the way back

Rapping make you feel like a needle in the haystack
I leave 'em curled up in the fetal, at the racetrack
Gotta flip the claw of an eagle off in the snake ass
Always up to something illegal so we could make cash
Cudi made off with your Regal parked on the front grass
Boy said "when you catch him you know we got you a toe tag"
Boxing with his doctors, they hittin' niggas with four jabs
No Hard Feelings, I'm in this bitch with the nomads
Bold drug dealers ain't telling niggas to blow back
Powder mildew, he ain't recognizing the grow bad
Shout out to the bloggers for analyzing the vocab (Bru)