Outside

Boogie

Alright, uh

Bitch, I ain't early, I say, "'Bout time," uh
Shit, I ran up hills in my downtime, uh
Y'all spendin' all day swattin' house flies, uh
That let me know that y'all not outside, oh
Who really outside? It's all about the approach

I been wantin' the smoke when my auntie was on dope
Got a bed that's full of bodies, got a closet full of ghosts, mm
Yeah, I'm cool with rappers, niggas actin' like we close
Shit, I'm the greatest on the coast and niggas thought I knew the Pope, mm
Blessed me with the hands that's catchin' all these niggas' fans, uh
'Posed to be your mans, damn, my nigga, you got scammed, uh
Funny that I'm standin' with the dude who made stand
But never treat me like the fan, 'cause what I am, what I am
Whatever you say I am, shit, if I was interested
Why would I say I am shit?
And the, the radio don't even play my jam
I give no damn, I'm in Bompton with the fam'

You say, "It's early," I say 'bout time, uh
I kill these niggas in my downtime, uh (Right)
They spendin' all day swattin' house flies (Badmon)
With couch time that let me know that they not outside (Yes)
Oh, who really outside? It's all about the approach (Woo)

Make it this far, gotta keep a couple scopes on me (Uh)
Bitch, I'm not a star, I stuff the chopper in my coat, homie (Uh)
They know who we are, they just think that we don't know
Reach your hand up in this fire, see if you don't get roast, homie
Eight years later, nigga, I deserve to boast (Yeah)
Still burnin' bread, nigga, I deserve a toast (Right)
Champagne spillin', big pimpin' off the coast (Right)
With my pocket full of knots, I could show you these loaves, uh
E'erybody smilin' 'round me, I ain't said no jokes, uh
On the block, sporty, Glock .40 in the tote, uh (Yeah)
Said they're best friends, fuck it, I'ma need both (Uh)
But she let me paint her face (Right)
I'm like Picasso with the stroke (Uh-huh)
Sleepin' with the king and she gotta stay woke (Woo)
If we ain't in the same boat, then that bitch afloat (Woo)
I'm stylin' in the drop like a nigga slang dope
Eyes wide when I'm outside, ready for the smoke (Uh)
Like I ain't takin' tokes, I could put you on game
I just hope you takin' notes
Bitch, I had the fame way before I learned to cope
Put respect up on my name, I'm surrounded by the G.O.A.T.s

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Oh, who really outside? It's all about the approach

Know it's all 'bout the finish
I think I'm bein' too timid, I think I need to get with it

I think the reason I'm missing' 'cause I been lackin' precision
I think the credit they owe me should never come with a limit
I'm the best rapper that, wait, I'm the best rapper alive
I'm talkin' niggas that's sinnin', I'm talkin' niggas retired
I'm talkin' niggas that's comin', I'm talkin' niggas that's tried
I'm talkin' niggas that died, I'm talkin' all 'em combined
Man, I been fightin' with a lotta shit
Fightin' with myself 'cause I been fightin' my environment
Fightin' with my friends 'cause they been fightin' with entitlement
Tryna get inspired, you niggas ain't been no help
Got me competin' with myself
If I break these mental walls, then I get through to my brain
If I keep smokin' this tree, I find the root of my pain
Shit, if I make it through the flame with no burnt skin, uh
While I'm standin' in the ash, know I earnt this
I learned that y'all niggas ain't really outside

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