

How this shit ain't obvious to you, I'm not even 21  
My music be the snobbiest, somehow I'm still gonna get it done  
And I don't do this for the audience, hold me down, I already won  
I know I'm dope as fuck, I guess I'm glowing up, oh

(You are watching a master at work)  
(Quiet on set, quiet on set)  
(I'm using my imagination)

I blow out my chakras, I don't need no doctor  
I be sipping straight black whipping out the Honda  
I be spitting this shit too fast, I can't keep a saunter  
I'm gonna give away excess cash, greed will fucking haunt you

A bad bitch with the messy hair  
Yeah I've been on my own shit and I never cared  
So done with the good for nothing  
The "why so self assured? you're bluffing."

It's all personal  
If I fuck with your shit you better take it personal  
I'm murdering any beat you send me cos I'm versatile  
But if I don't like your shit then you won't get a verse at all  
I came to vibe, bet he just wanted to dap me up  
And I don't fuck around  
Boy, I'm leaving that beat deceased, put it underground  
I'm just putting in elbow grease taking back the crown  
I'm just making a masterpiece from my daddy's house (Of course)

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I know I'm dope as fuck, I guess- (Don't stop)

Hit me double bound, I still be the one  
This shit going south, I still see the sun  
In the here and now, I ain't gonna run  
To a savior or a harbor or a haven

Dope shit's never on purpose  
Tryna keep it controlled is so worthless  
Still in my prime but it's like I ain't been before  
Cos I'm never on time, gotta let that shit find me

Give me a moment  
I'm dizzy off the sound cos I mix it potent  
So then I break it down into its components  
You do it for the crowd? That's a bad omen, omen

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Truth is getting obvious to me, I'm not even 21  
The music be the snobbiest, somehow I'm still gon get it, get it  
The audience hold me down, I already won  
Dope as fuck, I guess I'm-

Hands start to shake and I'm thinking rapidly  
Guess I'm seeing the truth in my circle just like it's alchemy  
Don't get in the booth till the beats are defying gravity  
Ears been fuckin blessed with a curse to be the best on the Earth

It's non-duality, the way I lose myself in the method  
If the strategy is solid I'ma beat it to death  
I'm like a machine, I'm digging out dopamine  
You're never gonna find it, keeping it quiet, stay up all night and make the  
hardest shit you've ever seen

I don't fold under pressure  
Yeah, whether manic love or depression  
Every body-mind shift I'm growing the vessel  
Half these motherfuckers feeding off my essence  
Yeah, brew too cold, they need a refresher  
Yeah, I'm gon wield this art like a weapon  
'Cause I'ma seeing past all the bullshit  
Pit me on the pulpit  
Pick it out, it's only my perception...

Now I decide  
So use this shit as guide  
When making that fucking type beat  
And good luck finding anyone like me  
I got the whole scene weighing on my psyche  
Cos I'm desperate for progression  
Bring it closer to perfection every session  
When we linking?  
Pain poised when I make noise, cap get diminished  
I'ma too advanced for the game boy, I'ma need a minute  
(Truth)