

I used to work for people, I made a couple hundred dollars
Wasn't worth it even, I'm worth a hundred thousand
Not dollars but diamonds, I am mud out the bayou
Rip a page out the Bible, come and crucify me
I'm a long way from home and this ain't Yellowstone
I trade a white bitch for catfish and yellow bones
This from the catacombs, this for the broken homes
From the south side of cities where my granny home
I moved to California, I bring a Grammy home
I call up the bill collectors, "leave my fuckin' family 'lone"
We left the corner store on the way to caviar
The coupe is mustard colored, what the fuck is Grey Poupon

Young K.A., never quit your day job
I bring the love to work, I need the day off, uh
I need the, hard work should pay off, uh
The lights stay off until my mind is made up, uh
A young Zuckerberg, I wake up and make stuff, uh
These niggas copy us, they really need to pay us, uh
I'm from the city where your neighbors fight back
You talkin' shit, we bring that work right to your lap
I love my niggas like white people love rap
We make this shit, you'll probably never say I'm trap again

Walk through doors all my life (just to close them)
Torn down walls all my life (is to the other side)
(Uh) Feelin' the brand new feeling, feelin' the brand new feeling
(Uh) Feelin' the brand new feeling, feelin' the brand new feeling
(Uh) New feeling, had a new feeling, brand new feeling
(Uh) New feeling, had a new feeling, brand new, brand new

Back then when I was hustling, ain't get no love from them (uh)
I paid my own bills and came up with the illest shit (uh)
I was tryna find a way to get my family out of it (uh)
Spent my days in basements tryna write a motherfuckin' hit
Nowadays he's stumbling, they show such love to him
I shut it down to every show, I set the precedent
I'm just tryna show these niggas, life is on some other shit
Keep your head high, smile when the trouble rumblin'

I don't do what they say, it's unorthodoxed
Like bears sharing the porridge, just out with Goldilocks
Like Ozzy with no shares, need to call his parents
So fuck what I'm doing and fuck these damn critics
You should think for yourself, that shit is cancerous
Give my head rub, my fingers are fuckin' hair models
Middle finger, fuck the air up at all our concerts
Maybe if I cared less, I'd wear hair net
But now my eyes, ten million by twenty five
Dropped out, a lone star
Booked flight from lone star
Was working a couple jobs and quit, became a star