

## Lost Intro

Bryson Tiller

Uh  
Yessir!  
I'm fucking with this  
Yup  
Huh

I found a pocket  
Leave it to the lost boys to say I lost it  
I hear it all the time, but just a little too often  
I think they all blind, they don't see me at the top wit', the bosses  
They'd rather put me with the small fishes  
They spun the block and came back to some carcasses  
Incarcerated, see this Presi', beg your pardon, nigga?  
Lost 'cause I ain't found my way back to the charts, nigga  
I'd rather be with Mona Lisa, this is art  
If you pickin' this shit apart, I'm sure you won't know where to start  
This came with no instructions, so I'm making an introduction  
'Cause they just know the youngin, but I been here adult and go to two kiddos  
And they love it when I'm present... so  
Fuck you and your assessments, fuck what you impressed with  
Still adapting so I put Kirby on my necklace  
Learned from all my enemies, laughing at my mini me's  
I wish you could see the texts that these niggas sent to me  
Hov telling me I'm nice... are you kidding me?  
What's-his-face still tryna put a fucking end to me  
This is '24, nigga, not 2016  
But he'll never say my name or it's guillotine  
If he ever say my name, bitch, it's guillotine  
You already did the thing, tell me why this is still a thing  
I had dreams of helping niggas winning, that shit's still a dream  
And my engineer the only nigga who could limit me  
Big shot, I cannot flip flop with this energy  
Split his wig top, we gon' use it for a centerpiece  
Big game, had to put him under, now we diggin' deep  
Well, fuck, let's talk about the industry  
Shit is draining and shawty came to replenish me  
Big flames, thank my nigga Sango for sending beats  
"But when he finna sing though?" Baby, you finna see

Yeah