

The Art Of Storytelling

Bryson Tiller

What up everybody
Than y'all for tunin' in, uh
And if you don't know
This beat right here is called "The Art Of Storytelling"
So I figured I'd tell mine
I been doin' this shit for a long time, man
Just tryna, you know, grow, grow the skill
Get better at this shit
Took me a while
But I'm here now, man, I want y'all to understand one thing
Ten years ago I promise you I did not sound like this
You can go back and listen for yourself
And ten years from now
I can promise you I be a lot better than what I am right now
But listen, yeah

I was seventeen, feelin' like I was the coldest
I probably take the Boulevard strollin'
Bus stop to the studio, I'm goin'
Knowin' I had school in the mornin'
I couldn't help but feel like that I was chosen
Concrete, you could say I was the rose in it
And you could say the music had to pedals open
My flow was shit, but I was too broke to quit
My hope was this
Make a mixtape, put over general songs
And make a record where they say "Who wrote this"
Maybe send a jet to a nigga who is focused
Still hopeless, I rather chill with the vultures
Than chill with these niggas who ain't on shit
If we crabs in the bucket, I be homeless
Swiftly a home free
Don't pinch me, it won't flinch me
Big dreams, nigga, sip tea, you ain't with me
Never got signed, well, 'til I met Bas
You can say he was sensei in my eyes
Let me say "Rest in peace", never seen eye to eye
Keep the words of advice with me 'til I die
I treat my words like a knife
I know they cut deep, and some times even they cut me
I hate thinkin' 'bout things that I said back then
I know that will never lead to a jet-black Benz
But this a jet-black Benz
So I don't even think 'bout the setbacks when
I know I'm finna do better
Put my pen to the paper and sent you a letter
And that was T R A P S O U L, baby
Well, look at me now and where did that go, baby?
I put on the town, and look at Jack ol' baby
Ain't that so crazy?
Man, them teachers really had us thinkin' rap don't pay
Now we rackin' up, stackin' up, paper packin' up
And lady I'm mad that you hated
And now you want to be back of the stage
And askin' a favor, but I can not relax with a hater
I ain't have it figured out, I was lackin' in data
I had to gather it, got it, now my rap is immaculate

Rappers is mad, they ain't tryna give me no dab
Just riddle me that
That's why I say the industry wack
I don't look up to niggas no more, the symmetry back
I'm not wide-eyed no more, the image collapsed
I don't see it how I used to
Please don't expect me to be how I used to
Please just respect me
I'm seein' through the fufu-lame shit that you do
And you got the nerve to try to school me, I school you
Flew to my city with a loose screw
Thinkin' 'bout when I was seventeen on YouTube
Thinkin' 'bout how I had a dream
And how everything ain't everything it seems
Still I'm carryin' this dream to the end

Like I said, man, everything ain't always what it seems
I had a lot of hopes, a lot of dreams, lot of expectations for this music sh
it
And though it may not, uh, turned out exactly how I expected
I can still say, man, I'm havin' a ton of fun with this shit
So if you came here with no expectations
And you, uh, came to just see a, an artist be an artist
Man, I gotta say thank you
You know, 'cause this has always been a dream right here, man
Just being able to let my thoughts off, say whatever I want
That's how I started in this shit, man, seventeen years old
Fuckin' just downloadin' beats from YouTube, vibin'
Just tryna be heard, man
It's Halloween, I get to be whoever the fuck I wanna be
And if you came here today expectin' anything else
Then turn this shit off, my nigga, this is Killer Instinct 2