

We Fye!

Caleb Gordon

Aye, 2000 E-S-T
Caleb, is this what Eden sounds like?

Yeah, we fye!
Just like burgers, we fye!
If you ain't runnin' with me, then you gon' get left behind
You don't gotta chase the pennies when you know that you a dime
Pull up to that Wendy's, get that four-for-four, every time

Sauce on Polynesian
Spit the heat in every season
Spirit fresh, clean cup
Old me, keep receding
She like, "Where yo' Santa hat? It's Christmas time, 'tis the season!"
I told her, "I ain't wearing that 'cause G-O-D who I believe in"
Woah, woah, woah
Yeah, Christ the King, we don't do no "Ho, ho, ho!"
When I pull up at the scene, we gon' glow, glow, glow
Take no Ls with my team, check the score, score, score
Blessings fallin' out the sky, we call it snow, snow, snow

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Well
Sometimes I do get that Biggie Bag!
Some ain't gon' rock with you, 'til you up then they gon' pick it back
Know this life a gift, I give my all 'til He say, "It's a wrap"
Grass ain't greener on the other side, it's where you livin' at
When this life is over, He gon' show you what you did with that
Unless I'm with my family or my dawgs, ain't no kickin' back
Uh, no, ain't no kickin' back
No cough, the flow, I'm sick with that
West Orlando, yeah, that where my village at
No, I'm not from the Earth but I visit that
It look pretty, but trust me, don't peel it back
All the trauma, yeah, we had to deal with that
Uh, we had to deal with that
Like the end of field, no, ain't no runnin' back
I was blowin' on wood like a Lumberjack
Took a while but trust me, I'm done with that
No cap, that Salsa sauce be bustin' too! (Yeah!)

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She like, "Where yo' Santa hat? It's Christmas time, 'tis the season!"

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Woah, woah, woah
Hold on, Christ the King, we don't do no "Ho, ho, ho! "