

Shade 45 (Freestyle)

Chris Miles

Now let me start it off by talkin' 'bout who didn't believe
I know it's corny as shit but I'm really living my dreams
Getting these beans and pesos and tell the people "gracias"
If I go down you coming with, homie, that's a Kamikaz
And blogs talk a lot but all they post is frat rap
Only artists that they promotes people bragging with backpacks
College hipsters probably wrote it in they momma's kitchen
Good music all day but you know that shit is a contradiction
I don't need you, I'm fifteen with a 7-figure deal
Be flexing on everybody then body them with the skills
Throwback thursday to the days when they said it wasn't real
Now I'm out here with my team and we hungry, stealing their meals
Look, here with Statik Selektah on the one's and two's
It's funny how these dummy dudes be hating, tryna get to me
Now they see me popping off and probably want to come right through
Like "yo we used to talk" sorry, I got a bad memory
You walk in a room and all I feel is bad energy
Let the cat out the bag, know I'm back to attack enemies
I'm a sophmore in high school, and I did what you been working for your whole life
Now tell me, is that why you mad at me?
Simple and plain that's the reason why you lame boy
You would think Nintendo hates me with the way I be killing this game, boy
Catch me riding shotty and kid cuisine in the range rover
On Shade 45, show off radio, they better know me now
Yeah, yeah

I said chilling up in Manhattan such a beautiful climate
If you ever did kill my time, I'd have a crew full of zombies
We'd be right back, now, I ain't in that cubicle genre
Just look into my cuticle for proof I'm used to the rhyming
So broke up was used to the rhyming, super noodles, man, who could stop me?
T3 that's my squad, we ain't do this shit as a hobby
Yeah, you know I'm nice, I been through lonely nights
While olding the mic so it's only right
I spit this shit like I had a group of troops around me
I'm a soldier, finna have told ya, I'mma be the man eventually
Repping it [?] and a failure's what I'll never be
Told myself that shit when I was struggling, losing energy
Hoping I can gain attention, something like a centerpiece
Leave 'em crawling like centipedes, word to all of my enemies
Every time you die me down, I never let it get to me
Everyone who ever brushed me off you gonna wish you were...
Uh uh, uh uh, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay
I'm flowing off the dome, and yo, N.Y is my home
I'm spitting this shit is crazy, it's ridiculous, I'm 'bout to...
I don't know, I don't know, I'm done, oh my god...

I'm not a hipster, I'm willing to make a single
I'm just an average human who usually wants some pringles
But man I ain't just some sell out who do shit for some money
You front, I wanna maintain this longevity, with my name on they tongue
They throwing deals at the younging, I see them snakes in the lawn
Rather make one dope songs than a hundred shitty ones
And this is what I always wanted, well, hold up, at least I think so
Tryna make this music but mula is all they into
This white boy so dirty, mess around they get some pink clothes

Flow so cold make your favorite rapper dip toes
Used to try to shit on me but now you want my info?
You faking, I knows this, but I ain't talking hip though
There's no one messing with you in this business
Cause everybody wants some millions
If you in my situations with people constantly
Waiting for failure from you, what would you do?
Just tell me that, cause I'm confused, man, that's just whack
When you different, they all wanna see you lose, step into a trap
Step into it and the shit'll snap
You know I'd rather be broke and happy than depressed with stacks
But I ain't gonna stop, cause the problems that I see in the media
I'mma gonna prove to these losers that I don't need they criteria
I'mma find my own limits they ain't building no ceilings here
Tryna go to stadiums to cyphers in cafeterias 'cause I am really here
But what the hell you expected it only motivated me
When people, people neglected and rejected
They said I lost my mind so I let this head this is birth to [?]
Little homie get the taste of the next up, like "what's good"
Chris Miles, T3, Statik Selektah, we on