

Trophies

Chris Miles

Well, my trophies all gold with a couple plaques on that wall
They tried to jump me like Jordan, now they all hit up my phone
You a comedian, homie, really just leave me alone
That Twitter beefing ain't nada, but that's the least of my problems
Let me switch that flow right now
So I ain't sound too much like Drizzy
I be in the hallway, they be trying to ride by
Though I be like "nah, dawg, you ain't messing with me"
I just met with Dante, told me "slow the flow down"
I was like "okay, we gon' make a milli"
Got a couple tracks in the vault make a nun say "got damn"
Yeah, homie, do you feel me?
Really I ain't playing this year
2014 finna do something big, I ain't playing right here
Started to grind harder than we usually do
And straight take over the game right here, no lie
Shouted every rapper that I thought was my homie
But then I hit them up, ain't no reply
Going Hollywood on me, I don't need you dudes
Man, this shit is funny ha ha, alrighty then
Man, I'm on my tambien shit
But shit my gang of fam, they ain't trying to see my success
Yes, they been jealous since I ever got a little bit of buzz
Ain't never show me love, put my middle finger up to ya
So you know we ain't ever friends, look
And it's evident that we veterans, but we coming close
Man, ever since I remember they were just
Hella sad we ain't never going nowhere though
But forget 'em all
Yeah, I need a couple [?] with my name up on them
Won't stop 'til I'm something like [?] artist
And it's funny how I came from nothing
Yo I was made for something
But if you mad it ain't my fault
Said I got bars, you should put me in a co car
Something like woop woop
You don't know what I would do
Just to get my team in LA with the good view
Hold up, I be in the studios recording
Talk what you talk I ignore you, you boring
And I ain't been tired in a while, never snoring
These clothes all imported with [?] out to Jordan
That's real, flex with me, boy
Top of the game, that's my destiny, boy
I say rest in piece to all of my enemies, boy
Ask anyone, can't mess with me, boy yehlawl
They all hit up my messages asking for features
These rappers be bleeding, well, shut the hell up
I say hasta la vista, yeah, I'mma delete ya
Like bye bye, go nana, you better now what's up, man, I swear
Been grinding and stressing, it's kinda depressing
And it feels like I'm losing my hair
My time is inevitable
Never could y'all get down to get into my head
I ain't lying 'bout nothing
You guys who be fronting go see who the hell is up next
[?] judging my lyrics, but really they can't do it better

Got the potential, they ain't see it though
Bars are harder than Mayweather, got you seeing dos
Lot of big things on the come-up, but I keep it low
They ain't really need to know, I be on that secret flow
Here we go, I'm from the land of the pyramids
Rappers try to stretch the truth like it's Andrew Silvershein
Look, now pay attention, let the knowledge in
It's time to do the opposite of common sense, I'm just saying