

# Drip

Classified

Maybe it's you, maybe it's me  
Maybe the whole world knows it, wait and we'll see  
Look and I feel like a million bucks, playing for keeps  
Today is the oldest we've ever been and the youngest we'll ever be  
Forever be, fresh

Don't need no queen of my castle  
I'm still king of the dad jokes  
No, I'm not a Picasso  
More like William Sasso  
OK, I'll start from the origins  
Back when I started performing  
They'd rip me up like carpeted flooring  
Now I kill 'em and harvest their organs

I was raised with different values  
Hiding in different shadows  
Don't bite the forbidden apple  
Or lie in a Christian chapel  
We're fighting in different battles  
So keep your opinion in your asshole  
Got 'em hooked up, line and sinker  
'Cause I came up on fishing mackerel

I ain't the one  
That you people should bet against  
Whether I'm in it or out of my element  
I am official, will always be relevant  
I'm always working but not overselling, no  
I'll give 'em the benefit. Don't ever question or test my intelligence  
Yes, I'm a gentleman  
Came from the dirt but grew up so elegant  
Look at the evidence, bro  
And don't belittle me, I did the work you didn't do diddly  
I never needed that negative energy anywhere close to my vicinity  
I have no sympathy for an enemy going to war  
Like out in the Middle East  
Telling you tales, picture it Sicily  
You want the truth, why don't you get at me now

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They got me praying for the  
Sinners and beginners  
Cheapskates and the tippers, don't care what you're considered  
A hick or a city slicker  
But kid, do I deliver  
Sketching these vivid pictures  
And broadcasting live through radio transmitters

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'Cause I came up on fishing mackerel  
Now I scuba in Bermuda, shooting barracudas  
Blowing Buddha supas through the hookah  
Ain't no crew cooler  
We're rolling through with a group of cougars  
Luke is too much  
Get the music cued up  
Recognize the sarcasm  
And note the crude humor

Now give me a second to catch my breath  
Shaking the rump like Rex in effect  
Then disappearing like etch-a-sketch  
I'm getting vocal with my feelings  
I don't do the texting sex  
I'm old school, I need to feel it  
Give me that little flesh on flesh 'cause

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