

P.O.V.

Clipse

P.O.V., kilos in my Maybach
Take Amtrak down south then she flies back
My connect has ponytails tied back
I just hit 6 mil behind Tyvek
They content create, I despise that
I create content then they tries that
Run these jewels, there's rules
I don't buy back
I've topped all these lists
Where's my prize at?

All I see is 60 day stars and 20 year thousandaires
Not enough shoppin', whole lot of browsingaires
My reinvention, I know you thinkin' how's it fair
You stream kings but you never fit a crowd in there
Supreme team, parallels when the powder clears
I seen things that I'm still not even proud to share
You Zeus network niggas, you hear me loud and clear
Get these fifty five hundred a hosting niggas out of here
Sand color Rolls Royce, we like Saudis here
The only Audi here is driven by my au pair
Ghostface with the wrist, bird falconaire
Willy Falcon, trunk full of talcum here
Shotgun wit' ya ex, feels like Malcolm's near
Send a hit though a text, ain't no shoutin' here
Bypass M.I.A., too much crowd in there
I spent summers wit' connects, love that mountain air

P.O.V., kilos in my Maybach
Take Amtrak down south then she flies back
My connect has ponytails tied back
I just hit 6 mil behind Tyvek
They content create, I despise that
I create content then they tries that
Run these jewels, there's rules
I don't buy back
I've topped all these lists
Where's my prize at?

Yeah, OK
Call me Mr. Brella how I weather the storm F40, 3 milly
I peel off like an orange
I got deaf and blind bitches trying to see what it do
Little feature, niggas threaten to sue me?
Tell your lawyer to set the fee
LaFerrari doors open up like its therapy
That number ain't bread to me
That million is crumbs
You niggas is bums
I'm not a tough guy
I'm a Flower Boy, them bees get you stung
Oh, nah, nah, nah
Yeah, they will buzz for me
You tricky niggas puzzle me
I could never buy a bitch a Birkin cause she fucking me
I got homes I ain't sleep in, the options
My nigga Push keep dirty white moving like mosh pits

They watching
I'm like white bitches the way I pop shit
I need God to play the lead in my biopic
The curse of the zeros
When you become the Devil or the tap dancing negro
I came to terms that I'ma probably outgrow my heroes
Come get with me

P.O.V., kilos in my Maybach
Take Amtrak down south then she flies back
My connect has ponytails tied back
I just hit 6 mil behind Tyvek
They content create, I despise that
I create content then they tries that
Run these jewels, there's rules
I don't buy back
I've topped all these lists
Where's my prize at?

If they had to weigh the operation, call it obese
I mix it like Mahomes, then I tell 'em go deep
The rag top drop, playin' hide and go seek
The Bentley leather match the piping, that's the Motif
Just to think I built a rap career off an oz
I'm watchin' new niggas rap just to O.D
If I didn't give you both sides, I wouldn't be me
I was the only one to walk away and really be free
As far as I'm concerned, I do really be he
I can open up my closet with a skeleton key
If I lie to myself, I can sell it to me
I done sung along with rappers I never believed
Came back for the money, that's the Devil in me
Had to hide it from the church, that's the Jekyll in me
I never thought twice what the pressure would be
Cause niggas chains look just like oppression to me

P.O.V., kilos in my Maybach
Take Amtrak down south then she flies back
My connect has ponytails tied back
I just hit 6 mil behind Tyvek
They content create, I despise that
I create content then they tries that
Run these jewels, there's rules
I don't buy back
I've topped all these lists
Where's my prize at?