

# Blue Shell

Connor Price

100graham

Gotta stay fresh like a brand new whip, that, uh, new smell  
Switchin' it up, too stale  
They try to text, leave 'em on read  
Switchin' the phone, new cell  
Secrets I kept, do tell  
We had to fight, tooth, nail  
This is a race, I know my place  
Coming for first, blue shell, woah

Just so you know, I'm the one who's disruptin' the industry  
Baby, just throw up the stats  
I used to lack in direction  
Irony, 'cause nowadays, I put the globe on the map  
Don't need a publicist, I don't want none of this (Yeah, yeah)  
I keep it simple, I show up and rap, woah  
Feelin' like Cardi when she got the bag  
You know I'm closin' the gap  
Autotune off, but the tune's on auto  
I set trends and then you all follow  
C-notes stacked like I do staccato (Stacked)  
DIY, that's the crew whole motto (Stacked, stacked)  
Float on the beat like it's easy mode  
I'm on a whole different level, don't even know  
I could unload the whole clip and don't need to reload it  
I'm golden, I got it unlimited  
Listen, they know it, I'm 'bout it, my penmanship different  
And missin' is not in my diction  
And fiction is not in my writtens, I'm leavin' 'em spittin' (Yeah, ayy)

I'm keepin' it fresh like a brand new whip, that, uh, new smell  
Switchin' it up, too stale  
They try to text, leave 'em on read  
Switchin' the phone, new cell  
Secrets I kept, do tell  
We had to fight, tooth, nail  
This is a race, I know my place  
Coming for first, blue shell

(Yo)

I know some homies that lost my respect on the way  
And that's a reality check  
My problems are stackin' up problems  
It's taller than me, for real, it's givin' me headaches  
Please don't be puttin' no cameras in my face  
That's tax, reality cheques  
Protectin' the image and croppin' the Ls  
That's life-editin', the vision is blessed  
The money motion 360  
Movin' in circles, lettin' shit twerk on me (Ooh-wee)  
Yeah, I got it for free, don't shop at the mall  
Nigga, what you even know about bricks? (Ah-ah-ah)  
If you don't get it, that's cool, why you tryna tap in, dawg?  
You ain't even know about leaks (If you do not get that, yeah)  
I'm rockin' exclusives, drinkin' kombucha  
While I'm still beatin' on beats (Beatin', on God)

They jackin' the sauce, they tryna duplicate flows  
The bars is bootlegged  
Making these flows gon' keep me afloat  
The money my language, I'm fluent (Ee-yay)

Uh, new smell  
Switchin' it up, too stale  
They try to text, leave 'em on read  
Switchin' the phone, new cell  
Secrets I kept, do tell  
We had to fight, tooth, nail  
This is a race, I know my place  
Coming for first, blue shell