

# Chess

Connor Price

Woah  
Ah, ah  
Mm-hmm, yeah, yeah  
Alright, let's do it, mm

Dad said, "Don't hold back, go get that, don't hesitate"  
Mom said, "Just step back and slow it down, go meditate"  
Told myself, "Stay humble, don't say it all wit' your chest out"  
But my girl keeps on tellin' me that I'm the best out, mm

Lot of plates I keep spinnin'  
Can't stop, lot at stake  
Stakes rise, I keep winnin'  
Blindfolded, find a way  
Wave high and just keep grinnin'  
No time for the minor things  
Do a lot of things, when you write the bio  
Please don't forget you better hyphenate that  
Look, pure talent, no Payola  
Take over like Jay Hova  
Hit the Nas, that's race over  
Brakes broken, I ain't slowin'  
Outshinin', no chain showin'  
4 of Clubs, I ain't foldin'  
Beatin' me, you got a better chance  
Of gettin' Drake listenin' to DAYTONA  
Toosie slide in the DMs  
We started off on the right foot  
What a time to be alive  
Been seein' my future, my life good  
Couldn't duplicate what I'm doin'  
Even if you took my rhyme book  
My mind took me all the way  
Straight line movin' like my rook  
I'm playin' chess and I do not check on my mates  
'Cause I don't have time for no friends  
I know it's bad, but all my priorities shifted  
When I saw what I had on hand  
I got a window that's not gon' be open forever  
So I gotta take what I can  
I cannot be shakin' hands  
I guess we'll see who's around at the end  
People say I lack empathy  
But I don't care how they feel  
Don't hit me up on some  
Let's work, fam, I'm tryna build  
Courteney Cox in the video  
Everybody thought that I signed a deal  
Did that with no manager  
Let alone a label, I'm behind the wheel  
I got one hand up on the steerin' wheel  
Other hand up on the rear view  
'Cause on one hand, I need tunnel vision  
Other hand, I need a clear view  
Of my peer group when I pass 'em up  
Don't go try testin' me  
Ws, I stack 'em up

Like the logo for the wrestling, wait  
Mm, I can make a whole album  
Without ever leavin' my bedroom  
Microphone wit' an interface  
And a MacBook, I let loose  
Never let nobody hold me up  
I do the hard work  
If the artist wanna take too long  
I know photoshop, I'll do the artwork  
Big up myself, yeah  
Shoutout to Russ, I did it myself  
Heaven on Earth, givin' 'em hell  
Keepin' it light, tippin' the scale  
Been makin' noise like ringin' the bell  
They know the time, I'm ringin' the bell  
Name gettin' 'round, it's ringin' a bell  
I'm endin' the round, I'm ringin' the-  
Boilin' hot, hundred degrees  
Just keep it movin', it's nothin' to see  
Rollin' the dice, told 'em the price  
They waited a week, so I doubled the fee  
Close to my goal like a puck in the crease  
Ownership, baby, no, nothin' is leased  
Talk all you want, it means nothin' to me  
They throwin' me shade, I'm lovin' the breeze, ooh  
You on the way out, I'm on the way in  
I'm at the fight, you at the weigh-in  
All of my family really gon' make it  
That's word to the Wayans  
Mission complete, I don't fold 'til I get it  
Patient with time and I know when I'm ready  
Still got a way to go, hold the confetti  
You know what they say about slow and the steady, but

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