

3 A.M. Thoughts / 4 A.M. Concerns

Cordae

I saw myself in the mirror and I was just wasn't proud
You been ignoring the open window that come around
I mean lets say we begin
And beings lazy a sin
You rather Greg crazy with friends
And then you staging your end
And with all the time lost you degrading your pen
And know you living check to check gotta save for the rent noome to blame bu
t yourself
Coulda have the fame and your wealth
But niggas rather spend it all on chains and a belt
I mean I never understand but each is it own
I'm reminded of my faults when I'm deep in the zone
And you always gotta peep who you keep in your home
It ain't no fool in metwice no repeating my wrongs
Cause I learn learn alllll from my mistakes
I drive to get it I get in in different kinda ways
We come from crooked fathers
Ancestors Brooklyn Dodgers
Generated to gangsters, ballers, and crooks and mobsters
My generations be Christians They tell em look for Harvard
So I run the game for saint but Reggie bush the starter
I'm bout to wild today and cheer like its 2008
Back when my president is black was something proud to say (harder emotion)c
ause haven't seen change and Uzi drive a green range
And life is draining everybody's hope it's such a mean game
It'll slapped me in the face I got a taste just as teenage
I think about my past I chose my path I go complete rage
Cause I feel just like a author
Got a story to tell
Where you choose two paths either glory or hell
I mean we all got a road to follow
Perform shows apollo
And just blow colossal
Believe me nigga I know
Some listening thinking damn
This far fetched
But I'll be shooting for moon, and hit the stars next

But all we could do is ride
All we do is ride
We got to cause when down to your fucking last who can stop you
Cause nigga nigga I know how to get it

Rhyming just for the sake of rhyming
Making deals with Bills sI gotta face the timing
But I'm ill with skills a nigga patient minded
The beat killed and drilled a I gotta faced violence
It's flu season these niggas hating for 2 reason
Other rappers is salty a nigga too seasoned
Other averages and faulty
Im a just a cool deacon
Im too great great- with a new tape
Like dude wait
Im like buggy im hopping to never lose faith
And mike bibby a the mind I gotta shoot straight
And most likely supreme leader of new age

Niggas shooting machines heaters and tools blaze
The game full of the feinss divas and blue haze
Nigga listen to music like this dudes great
A small mixture of d darkly quite and Lupe
A tall nigga it's all scripted what you say
He clearly all I been killing the classics
Making the Good music and appealing to masses
Man they feeling this bastard/ the realest of rappers
Surrounded by the goats never chilling with average

I remember days when I didn't have the worries
I remember days me and Parris had em nervous
I remember days when we kill it purpose
And now they gonna pay me service
It's worth

And I remember days when we was choppin at the function
I remember days when we didn't have nothin
All them late night on the grind count for somethin
So fuck all the stupid assumption

I see through all moves like John wall and Brad beal
I'm mad real
Lets get it popping like Advil
But when you see your people dying it's a sad feel
Enjoy life you never know when your last meal
It's so trife and crazy just how a blast kill
So please the judging me of my past still
Cause soon all a nigga rocking is pastel
The best coming from DMV since fat trel
Niggas quitting and snitching they grow a rats tail
Like dude broke how the hell you make a fast bail
Putting out garbage albums for a fast sell
Don't needs that- the games faded like cheap tats
I preach facts
I piss music and bleed rap
So fuck no I don't need negative feed back
Cause honestly I been dope