

# Not Good Enough

Cordae

Yeah

Yo man, I'm tired of everybody for real

Nobody believe in me

Everybody doubting me

Nobody even think I'ma make it

This is crazy, yo

But that shit's all the motivation for me to kill these niggas

Uh

Niggas is blatantly, hating me, out of disrespect

I grab the Smith and Wess, grab the tech, aim at your intellect

Your work acting, send me shit with flex

Never stressing off rejection because it's incorrect

So you can say I suck, your pen is lame as fuck

Couldn't be gay enough, boy, it's time to straighten up

Because it's hunting season and you got to get your own

You follow labels and fables, well you just did it wrong

Hopefully man, you just listen when you hear this song

And that you get it this time, I made it clear and long

Cuz your dissatisfied, stupid and clueless, your foolish music

Cuz who the truest, you niggas don't know what two and two is

For my niggas that sin and struggle and working double

For the bitches who say they love you and fuck your brother

I cannot take it cuz all the fakers, they hating blatant

Your mans has a smile on his face, but don't want you to make it

This shit is real, I told him that I'ma get the deal

So grip the pill cuz I'm telling you that this kid is ill

My first paid position, an important part of rap

I spit the sickest in lyrics, I give your heart a tax

I love the gold, the jewelry, my chains is artifacts

But the rappers hopping out, they just far from facts

But me and M1, we gon' triple our income

I make a million in dollars, shit give me ten months

I'm far from stupid, in fact, smarter than Harvard students

I spark a movement and put it into this garbage music

You niggas crazy, your bitches played me in his Mercedes

My man lately against the odds like I'm Brenda's baby

Underrated, I've had enough cuz they after what

All the haters can grab my nuts, while I laugh it up

I'm tired of everyone, really, I might just end it all

I'm finna show off getting on the Forbes list, win or loss