

Mailbox

Dawin

D-A-W, boy

I already know what they want from me
If it ain't a favor it's my company
Y'all the same shit, I'm another breed
I'ma help myself and my family, yeah, yeah
[?] all the pics I posted on the gram
I was on rodeo popping hella bands
They ask me how you do that, how you got it down?
[?] self-made, don't you understand?

This shit used to be fairytale-talk
But now I got a lotta checks in my mailbox
Boy, your girl says she love my alpha male talk
And I'ma ship my mixtape to her mailbox, yuh

Self-made, self-paid, all I do is upgrade
Work, work, work, work, I can't get enough cake
Took the benzo to the dealer and I got my upgrade
Mailbox full of checks, need to mention upstate
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I was told I wouldn't ever make it big
But fuck a status and those [?] in the clique
I found a quiet place where I could talk my shit
And I spoke to existence how I wanna live
I look at my phone and it's [?]
Phonies hit me up and I don't reply
Some of y'all are looking very clout-deprived
Well it's a cloudy day, thanks for stopping by

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All this drip I got was made in Italy
I went from the mud to the luxury
I could never do none of this shit for free
'Cause who was gonna cover all this property?
I'm a storyteller with a lotta bars
Told your wifey stories in one of my cars
Some shit ain't forever, yeah, that's kinda hard
If my babe was a body I'm a bodyguard

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