

## Postlude

Deante' Hitchcock

Ayy  
Good things take time, drop  
Yeah  
Ayy, ayo  
Ayy

Is this what you expected? Is this what you expected? Is this s  
hit what you planned?  
Was the shit how you saw it? I'm just askin', I mean I just, I  
just can't understand  
I mean maybe I'm trippin', okay, maybe I'm trippin', yeah, mayb  
e I'm wrong  
Maybe I thought too much while I was gone, and maybe I had wish  
ful thinking too long  
And maybe I found what I needed in people around who would only  
be 'round for a season  
Maybe I started to change, but I changed for the better, couldn  
't pay me to change for no reason  
Maybe I finally stopped to appreciate all of the time and shit  
that I got  
Or maybe the bitches I wanted to fuck try and fuck, got me trip  
pin', but maybe it's not  
Maybe I got way too caught up in all of the hype and forgot to  
take care of the music  
Maybe I'm really the best out Atlanta since Antwan and Andre sa  
id they would pursue it  
Maybe I really should be way more cocky, at least when we showi  
n' 'em just how it goes  
I just put faith in the niggas around me to see this shit throu  
gh, man, you know how we do it

You know how we do it  
Ayy, you know how we do it  
Ayy, and you know how we do it  
And you know how we, and you know how we do it  
Ayy, ayy  
Okay

I just been working my own, I can hear all the talk, and I'm ne  
ver too worried about 'em  
Heard he was straight out Atlanta, but I don't believe it, ain'  
t real, it's just somethin' about him  
Fuck is with all of the talkin'? Fuck is with all of the bitchi  
n' and all of the fussin'?  
Fuck what you callin' the sound, we the new talk of the town, i  
t ain't up for discussion  
I did what the told me I couldn't, got better, went back where  
I started and did it again

Got this shit down to a science so much we could bottle and sell it, it really depends  
Is this just what you expected? Is this that shit that you wanted? Is this what you planned?  
Tired of being in second, questioning when it's gon' ever be our time to win  
Sorry to those I neglected while I was up North, if you worried about me I'm fine  
Sometimes you gotta be selfish to work on yourself for awhile, I just needed some time  
Lucky for me all my niggas back home never stop 'cause we knew we were destined to shine  
Even when you try to plan it it never works out for your ass and them stars all align  
What you expected? Man, what you expected? Man, what you had planned?  
Ain't no denying this shit, I'm the man, watch reiterate this once again  
This year I promise to make you believe in this shit and be proud to look up as a fan  
Know Wishful Thinking was only the start, and I'ma be ridin' this shit to the end  
Man, you know how we do it