

Daily Duppy

Deno

It's like I'm tryna' see everybody win
But nobody don't wanna' see me win
Drop top top, what I've been screaming
Looks like first I gotta' fight demons
Coming from the top, droppin' from ceilings
Lotta' niggas don't wanna see eating
Listen to the quotes they've been reading

Everything changes when you see paper
Your biggest hater ain't even a stranger
Liking my pictures, but I see danger
Too gazey, got me scared to add acres
Makes me wanna' just go on hiatus
One day they say "Yo, what you tellin' me?"
Next day you can see a whole 'nother energy
One day they say "Yo, what you tellin' me?"
Put two eyes on your friend, not your enemy
Hoody on fully when I'm wearing a Goose
Got bait so I had to switch to a Moose
Too many eyes so I had to deduce
Too many eyes so I had to reduce
Make it to the top, that's all that I wanted
Ain't even made it, if I'm being honest
Hectic lifestyle, nothing's a promise
Been too kind, you can take it how you want it
Only seventeen and I mash up the game
I'm here for the bread and the love, not the fame
She claims that she's been saying no to the D, but still I be hearing she's
screaming my name
Fuck your respect and fuck what your game is
You ain't done shit for yourself, but you're hatin'
Rudeboy, you better go act what your wage is
Go check my status, I don't need your ratings
Voice to the youth, so we gotta' speak up
Play a bit of Dave or Hus through the speaker
J Hus done said it before: "Big bunda, she in the Bundesliga"
That's another cheque, that's another keeper
Mums called Roma, her son's a leader
Guess I'm a Roman, bit of a spokesman
Young general, call me Julius Caesar
The young G can never get done over
I'm too clued up while you're hungover
I got my moves up, why'd you think I blew up?
And if you're talkin' loads, get slumped over
And sometimes I feel like a prick
How did I spend five bags on drip?
Everyone's saying "Who the hell is this kid?"
Oh, my bad, I get a hell of a kick
Still juggling for my kids, the Fresh Prince is gonna' leave M's in his will
and that's real shit
Have a lady who be looking like Jorja whipping in a Porsche, that's Mr. and
Mrs. Smith
Movie cinematic coming like Brad Pitt (Uh)
Strike three times, I just got a hat-trick (Blud)
Strike four times, got another tactic
Duppy a riddim daily, that's a madting
The way that I'm hustling, it is so damaging

Racks in the middle the way I be patterning
Got tings calling, hit up my management
Not a relationship, it's an entanglement
Got some loved ones waiting on me
Place in my heart and they're staying for free
Got some loved ones staying with me
Still pray for yourself if you're praying for me

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