

## Aquemini

Denzel Curry

Yeah, hahaha  
Young Reela, baby  
You know what it is  
Hahaha  
Yeah, man

I'm in the booth, man, it's an ongoing slaughter  
Workin' hard and I'm writin' like a hard-working author  
Stress and pain's the emotions that I go through  
This ain't real [?] I laugh and say, "I told you"  
I ain't going nowhere, [?] swallow my pride  
Adjusting in my feelings, man, man, I ain't gon' hide  
I never felt quite like this before  
I knew a hit was gon' happen like this, you know  
I contemplated and elevated my [?]  
Realer [?] got everybody singin' it  
Because I'm on a race [?]  
I'm on it now, I'm with no dile  
He really loves you? Yeah, that's what he say  
I turn him to your ex-man, huh, Jean Grey  
Tell him, "Get lost" in a mean way  
Never leapin' to success, man, no Green Day  
You see me, I'm on a high rise  
Like Curry said, I'm sky high  
My high, man, they wanna give me a mug  
I'm so high up, 'bout to give a comet a hug  
I'm a dawg though, chillin' with my cats  
Well, y'all about the chase, but none of 'em is rats  
They keep it one hundred, do what they gotta do  
And make wonderful music when they jump in the stu'  
I'm feelin' like a black republican  
I'm tumblin' and bubblin', I'm manglin' the money  
And you got comin' in, I level it, I'm lovin' it, you lose money  
You gon' fumble in, I'm bucklin', you sniffin' in, I'm stuffin' it  
In my safe or in my wallet  
I got 'em hypnotized, R.I.P. to Chris Wallace  
No colors with the [?]

Curry, go get 'em, man, hahaha

Yee, Curry 'bout to flow like Aquarius  
Shit, I'm blowin' up, you could call my ass a terrorist  
A Taliban, my flow scary like the ring  
Snap like a pregnant bitch with mood swings  
No Bun B but I'm the underground king  
Still grippin' grain, I got [?] nigga dreams  
Snap at me, you know I'm 'bout to snap back  
And I'm the hot shit like Satan's asscrack  
Most of these niggas really really can't talk  
And I run this game like a fuckin' Xbox  
I ain't CeeLo Green but homie, fuck you  
And Curry's the real one like the 2 Live Crew  
Yes, little nigga, I'm ballin' like a piston  
I got wasted dreams, he got kush visions  
Rollercoaster shit, got a writer ambition  
And let her hear the pause like a short intermission  
This is Chevy music in the lanes that you switchin'

Nigga, I'm good like Popeye's chicken  
Me and the real yay, you know we go hard  
And I'ma ride out like a fuckin' bust car, yee

Even when the sun goes down  
Heroes eventually die, horoscopes often lie  
And sometimes why nothin' is for sure, nothin' is for certain  
Nothin' last forever until you close the curtain  
It's him and I, Aquemini  
It's him and I, Aquemini, yee