

HUMBLE.

Devvon Terrell

You don't want it fresh
You think you right and then you call that hate
Only some can go from rapper to pastor like Murder Mace
Oh, you fake
Think you slick but I'm awake
You gettin' more favors than Petters or the collection plates o
n Sunday mornin'
You not ballin'
Unless it's Spaulding, even then I'm scorin'
Like a young James Harden
Drive, step, oh pardon that
Lie to your face I would never do that
Teachin' my sons like I'm Khaled on Snapchat
You never see me like a back tat
I did what I want like I back taxes
Got it covered like Aflac
Good hands in All States
Planting my seeds 'cause I State Farmin'
And I did this here without Jake
I'm singin', not rappin'; oh, I'm finessin'
Sick flow, call me Progressive

My left stroke just went viral
Right stroke put lil' baby in a spiral
Soprano C, we like to keep it on a high note
It's levels to it, you and I know, chick be humble
Sit down, be humble
Sit down, be humble
Sit down, be humble
Sit down, be humble