

Emperors New Clothes

Drapht

Da-d-d-da-d-d-da, da-da-da
Da-d-d-da-d-d-da

Yo
I had to move away just to get some clarity
Self-proclaimed kings and queens just became a casualty of
Too much ego, yo, too much ego
Heard you doin' anythin' for love, you turn to Meat Loaf, man?
You overdone, my yungen, you overdone
Playin' someone else's songs and claimin' that you the one
Man, social media fuckin' up your perception
You there playin' wedding receptions, you ain't the best man
Instagram models at the festivals
Yo, you're like the type that lookin' like Kardashians
And that shoulda set it off
But it wasn't till I went and spoke to Joshua
That I realised the States had tainted you: Hiroshima
The start of our last summer livin' in L.A
Won't listen to snakes, a little prince, I need my space
Especially from great whites underneath the waves
Today's the day

The emperor's got some new clothes
Some new shoes, I'm walkin' with some new soul
Bet you wouldn't know
How that would feel, now
The emperor has a new phone
Who dis? Your name didn't show up when you called up
You mustn't been that mad to be round

Uh
It was nice to get to know you
But don't be goin' droppin' my name

I thought we were crew
But you were slippery like Davey Jones
I thought we were fam
Thought we were family
But I always knew
So, deep down, yeah, I always knew

Each day lookin' at my stories, what is this?
Never seen her presence on my photos like I'm Jehovah's Witness
Now let's envisage not bein' here for that long
Every five seconds someone's born and a loved ones gone on the eighth, man
So why would I waste my time on the wrong ones?
Type you only hear from when you are on one
When they want someone to belong to
Can't be happy with the house you're from when the mirror haunts you
Your crew, your season, yeah, we heard that
Searchin' for the next wave like, "Where the surf at?"
Already, young gentleman maybe wait a sec
I heard you thinking about the beef before you even played a set
Layman's bet, you ain't Federer
Biting Drake for the relevance, stay celebrant, no ones gon' fuck with you
Think you're Buffalo Soldier, well, you're not
A couple of buffalo wings chicken thinkin' you hot, man

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It was nice to get to know you
But don't be goin' droppin' my name
Like the Bra boys costal
They will drop you for the very next wave, da-da-da-da-da
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Da-da-da-da
A-da-da-da-da-da
A-da-na-da-da-da