

What Do I Know

Drapht

See, I'll never fall asleep at the wheel
Nah, nah, nah, nah
So you can never crush my dreams or ever change how I feel

I'm happier when on the road like a nomad
Only plan is just to get away like romance
And no man could program me or fall in the trap fee
Most of them are angry, that shit crazy
Like the taxis in New York
But when one door closes, I find a new door
And I can't carry your baggage in your Uber
If you were moving like you Medusa
Head full of venom and nuttier than a new god
It's hallelujah to ya
If you're happy to move backwards and do the moonwalk
It's hallelujah to ya
If all you're doing is crying and acting like a newborn (Cheer up, bruv)
'Cause life is too short
You'll be caught up in a detour lead by defeatist people
Who don't follow their dreams but police yours
(It's true)

They're always telling me to drive slow
So I hang my head out the window
It's way more fun when you got no plans to make plans
Turn goodbyes to hello, we might not have tomorrow

Yeah, yeah, yeah, heyo, Drapht, uh
Fuck, I know about drama, bro, I just mind my business (Yup)
Caught up in the orbit of it, the sky the limit (Sky the limit)
Staring in the atmosphere, a hundred mile a limit
Disordered traffic that an algorithm couldn't fit in
And brah, I been in the fast lane
Funny, I stopped waiting for the ride and the car came
It's lit as my past flames, word to my last name
No place for old ways, have you a bad dance
Water your garden 'fore you go on to the market
I'm wanting your digest, it's all in the margins
And all y'all yucks starstruck for whoever the hardest
Mean mugging for likes, me and Pauly speed past it (Ha-ha)
Hearts out to artists, we been done that
Show you where the hairpin turns, the speed bumps at
Ah, man, who am I kidding? They won't heed my facts
My bad

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What do I know?
What do I know?

Yo, what do I know about life on the high road? (Tell 'em, man)
Well, it's goodbye bro, if you ain't minding your business
'Cause I've travelled too far to listen to bitchin'
Fucking with my vibrations, spilling your sickness

And you can not sit on the back seat
Until you work at being happy and stop spilling the black tea
'Cause you're the type to act sweet
Leave me down a pitch-black backstreet
Zapping all my energy, tryna flatten my battery
The only thing that is guaranteed
The snake will still bite no matter the flattery
It's the only family I'd ride for
The rest turn a blind eye so much, they need a guide dog
My lord, I'm designed to speed through
Stop signs and roadblocks in order to feel you
Non-believers, we only see in the rear view
(We do)

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What do I know? (Well, what do I know?)
What do I know? (Illy)
(Ten years on, still going on strong, baby)
What do I know? (Hell yeah)
(All the drama in the rear view)
(And all the good times feel ahead of us, feel ahead of us, yeah)
(Full speed, baby)
(No turning back)