Yeah, I was born a misfit Grew up 10 miles from the town of Ipswich Wanted to make it big, I wished it to existence I never was a sick kid, always dismissed quick "Stick to singing, stop rappin' like it's Christmas" And if you're talkin' money, then my conversation shiftin' My dreams are bigger than just bein' on the rich list Might be insanity, but people call it "gifted" My face is goin' numb from the shit this stuff is mixed with Watch how the lyrics in the songs might get twisted My wife wears red, but looks better without the lipstick I'm a private guy, yeah, you know nothin' 'bout my business And if I had my 15 minutes, I must have missed them 20 years old is when I came in the game And now it's 8 years on and you remember the name And if you thought I was good, well, then I'm better today But it's ironic how you people thought I'd never be great I like my shows open-air, Tokyo to Delaware Put your phones in the air if you wanna be rocked You know I want way more than I already got Give me a song with Eminem and 50 Cent in the club You know it ain't my time to call it a day I wanna crack on and I wanna be paid But it's 'bout time you remember the name Aye, aye You know it ain't my time to call it a day I wanna crack on and I wanna be paid But it's 'bout time you remember the name Aye, aye (Hey, hey, hey) I can still remember (What?) Tryna shop a deal (Uh-huh) From Taco Bell to TRL I climbed the Billboard charts to the top until As fate would have it (Yeah) Became an addict Funny 'cause I had pop appeal But they said time would tell (What?) If I'd prevail (Huh?) And all I did was (What?) Put nine inch nails (Where?) In my eyelids now (What?) I'm seein' diamond sales Like I'm in Zales (Yeah) Without a doubt, by any means, if rap was skinny jeans I couldn't do anything in 'em I'd be splitting seams of denim when I'm spitting schemes Which really means No if and or butts are squeezin' in between You sleep on me 'cause you're only fucking with me in your dreams Not even when I'm on my deathbed Man, I feel like Ed It isn't time to drop the mic yet So why would I quit?

The thought that I would stop when I'm dead Just popped in my head I said it, then forgot what I said

It isn't my time to call it a day
I got rap locked and I'm already paid
But it's 'bout time you remember the name
Aye, aye

You know it ain't my time to call it a day I got rap locked and I'm already paid But it's 'bout time you remember the name Aye, aye

Ain't nobody cold as me I dress so fresh, so clean You can find me in my whip, rockin' my Fendi drip Man, you know just what I mean Shinin' wrist with the rocks on it Buscemi's with locks on it Anything my voice on, this shit knock, don't it? Balenciaga saga, I'm in Bergdorf ballin' It's just another episode, my hoes, I spoil 'em She likes the fly shit and I like to buy shit Shit, I'm gettin' stupid money What else we gon' do with money? Bitch, we be ballin' out The king brings you 50 bottles Tonight we gon' blow a check Worry 'bout the shit tomorrow The turn up be so real, we 'bout to be super lit Boy, I'm kickin' straight facts, that's just how we do this shit Tomorrow, we hangin' over 'til we start feelin' sober Then it's time to start it over, here we go again

You know it ain't my time to call it a day I got rap locked and I'm already paid And it's about time you remember the name Aye, aye

You know it ain't my time to call it a day I got rap locked and I'm already paid But it's 'bout time you remember the name Aye, aye (Hey, hey, hey)