

Caught a real big fish on Melrose
Then I threw it back
Signed my first big deal off a sample
That's a different bag
I don't make mistakes, I don't make mistakes
Tally up my L's and they correlate
I ain't done I'm soaking in the marinade
So lonely in my lane

Fold me a paper plane, I would soar so high
I'm rolling papers instead, I'm a soar so high
Like the vapors
Let them hate us
With a passion
Wings up and I fly right past them
Oh they wanna be me? I'm taxing

They say the top gets lonely, does it?
Most of the time I'd say it doesn't
Doesn't the time go under your nose

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