

Like This

Futuristic

You don't wanna know what it's like
You ain't never had these problems
You ain't never rose to the top
But felt like you hit rock bottom
You ain't never gained the exposure but lost your composure
Went back home on the road for some closure
Talk to your girl, let her know that is over
Cause too many hoes round the globe got chosen
You ain't never had this funds
Lived this life, never had this fun
But disfunction from the functions and a tongue twist spit, hit like a kid with a gun
A kid with a gun used to sit there a bump
Got a tweet from his friend what he did after lunch
Took his own life how I almost did mine
He was playing my song when it's all said and done
You ain't had the fam in your pocket
Had to be a man before I got this
Gave uncle Sam half the profit
Sued for some shit you did not get
It's nonsense
You ain't ever seen the responses
You ain't never dream 'bout something
Get that shit then find out it's rotten

Are you still wondering what you been missing?
Are you still curious?
Do you still want this position?
Yo you got it good, why is you trippin?
Yeah, shut the fuck up, sit back and listen
You ain't never get it like this (No)
You ain't never spit it like this (No)
You ain't never get it like this (No)
You was never livin' like this (No)
You ain't never get it like this (No)
You ain't never did it like this (No)
You ain't never get it like this (No)
You ain't never did it like this (No)

You ain't ever lived a dangerous life or been an angry kid
Gettin' beat up on the daily in the locker room instead of winning games in gym a sixth grader
Waving handkerchiefs with your gang bangin friends
You never, never failed every test, every class, tryna act up especially bad for attention
Expecting your dad to correct ya
Momma getting hit tryna stick out her neck to protect ya I'm cryin inside
You ain't never been the only white kid that rymed in the school in a time
No Eminem, no internet, family member said
When you gonna give that black guy back his shoes
Tellin racist jokes for years takes it's toll on anybody so my dream to be rapper
Would get shit on daily and and this went on until I got and began another chapter
You ain't never signed a contract and toured the globe thinkin' homies would support but don't
You try hard to ignore the jokes on social media

Never put an album in the store that sold then get told that you owe money
Years of the road, drama gonna traumatize fairytale homecomings
You ain't never had it hard or the heart to catapult into a star from a broke
home body I did bitch

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