

# Gasoline

GASHI

What floor would you like to go to?  
Are you scared to follow your dreams?  
Everyone's scared to go to thirteen  
How are you supposed to be the biggest star in the world  
If you're afraid to hop in a elevator and go all the way up?  
Why are you so afraid? Think about it  
If you see how fast people move on after somebody died  
You would think twice before you care about what anyone has to say about you  
So get on the fucking elevator and press up

Hopped up on the elevator on the way  
Penthouse full of dreams and some silicone  
They never thought that they would see my face (oh-oh)  
I popped up my champagne bottle on 'em all (oh-oh)  
I'm popping, bitches all around me  
Me and my squad, we shopping, she give me sloppy topsey  
I just came on her diamonds, that's why she call me papi (papi)  
All this fucking money (oh-oh-oh), 'bout to fucking drown me

Gasoline  
Pour it all over me  
Matches in my hands now, burn it all down now  
Cigarette between my teeth  
Gasoline (pour it all)  
Pour it all over me (light it up now)  
Matches in my hands now, burn it all down now  
Cigarette between my teeth

I set myself on fire (woo) for these hoes (hoes)  
To keep 'em warm (warm), they don't need clothes (yeah)  
I brought the smoke (smoke), you pussies broke (broke)  
Hopped in my ghost (yeah), then I went ghost (brrr, fuck)  
Flexing while they all in debt (woo), eyes in the back of my head (yeah)  
Always watch my back (back), like I got two backs (flex, flex)  
Flexing on my jet (yeah), icons on my bed  
They thought I was dead (facts), I ain't finished yet (woo), yeah

Gasoline (pouring gasoline on)  
Pour it all over me (pour it on me)  
Matches in my hands now, burn it all down now  
Cigarette between my teeth (oh-oh)  
Gasoline (whoa-oh)  
Pour it all over me (light it up now)  
Matches in my hands now, burn it all down now  
Cigarette between my teeth

Oh, oh

Uh  
I'm paper chasing till my soul hurt  
You either quit or keep going but they both hurt  
Like Jamie Foxx in that movie, had to soul search  
Had to die, come back to see my soul's worth  
Different levels, different devils  
My energy is my currency  
Pick a classic, I got several  
I'ma live for eternity

Thinking 'bout my fucking past  
I remember doing trash  
No one thought that I would last  
Signed to Jay-Z then I fucking spazzed  
And Nima still got my back  
Austin Rosen helped me, I was doing bad  
My first feature, I put Nipsey on the track  
Do your fucking history, man, that shit's a fact  
Shout out to Tuma, RapCaviar  
"Disrespectful" turned me into a star  
My nephews rich if I'm ever dead  
Shout to Mark Pitts and Peter Edge  
Got my momma outta debt  
Couldn't pull a Lil Nas X  
Leave your family in the projects  
With diamonds round your neck, man, that ain't a flex  
Fuck love, I just want respect  
Got my whole country tatted on my chest  
And my country know that I'm the fucking best  
They show love to these bitches 'cause the man a threat  
Fuck your followers and fake likes  
With your fake streams for songs you ain't write  
I'm tired of bitches playing fake nice  
I'ma die a fucking legend, fuck your fake hype  
Heard your album was a grave site  
I just did a show with Sting on Fallon Late Night  
I'm everywhere, you ain't never there  
On this elevator up, watch these haters stare

So when you go up, make sure you don't go down  
[?] that humiliation that you feel inside, uh  
[?] you feel like not being successful yet

And he says, "You're stupid", he says, "You won a million dollar two nights ago  
And you say would nothing [?]"  
And he said to him, never forget what he said  
"It's better to be from down the hill and looking up and telling somebody, 'Fuck you'  
Instead to be on the top of the hill and to tell somebody, 'Please, I'm begging you'"