

Prada Process

Guapdad 4000

If I let go, call this off
Would I be normal like the way I was?
'Cause even though, I'm all alone
I'd much prefer to live the way I want

Yeah
You think I like having to do this to you niggas?
You think I like pullin' up and hurtin' feelings?
You think I like crushin' egos?
On niggas tryna reload, because I know they not shootin' niggas
Look at what I had to do with' us
How you fail Bandcamp? You could have blew with us
Elevated since way down and move 'em up
You doin' right but we don't care, we call that doin' Russ
Take the "N" out of munch 'cause you not eating much
I got my bread in the crunch like I'm eatin' dutch
Yeah, the waves started micro, we heatin' up
I left my Left Eye open, niggas creepin' up
I got chilly, I was rappin' in bars in Atlanta
Pulled up in a uber, J Cole he took the Phantom
Goin' Ghost on a buster, my Goyard is mustard
The Cartier crow, rich creek, I'm eatin' custard
Flew a bitch from Buffalo, my Cartier is buffalo
My wing sauce is buffalo, I'm way too hot
I work the dough like at Domino's
They spotted him like dominos
And knocked him down like dominos, his ass got popped
On my Mama, I been doin' different
On my Mama, I been tryin' my fuckin' best not to be out here trippin'
Come from immigrants, I'm livin' different
We was foolin' with them cards, we shoulda been magicians, ha
What don't I get about saving money?
I know I made money, so why the fuck is it I can't stack up?
My little brother like to toast, something like a Lil' Boat
When he hit you with that Yachty, bet you niggas act up
Like, period, City Boys
Gotta buss, makin' noise
The little shit is all progress
Just gotta trust the Prada process

Well, I'm finally here to talk some shit
Well, I finally get to say some words
The way I speak so direct on these songs
It's like I didn't even make a verse
I get paid for my play on words
In Indonesia, walkin' and connecting with the people
I done spent a lotta money and we still not equal
I flex by givin' back, 'cause that other shit I could do
But wouldn't sleep well, real nigga, so true
But, don't excuse me from the vices
I take care of business first, and then I'm swiping
I'm in the club looking so undelighted
You in my section looking so uninvited
You sendin' bottles but you talk shit in private
I see the future, baby, I'm just being honest
For every time I thought I was ready, I had to find out that
God was on the sideline, yelling "Time out", yeah

Now my Rolex gold, with diamonds around the rim
Lookin' for some more shit to put some diamonds in
Might put 'em all on a Koolaid picture
Just to let 'em know where I came from nigga
I remember when we was burnin' steaks on the stove
Now it's medium steaks on a lake in a boat
My bank called, said you're making progress (Yeah, yeah)
You just gotta trust the Prada process (Yeah, yeah)

Are we good James Delguapo?
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