

## Thus Far

Hi-Rez

Yeah  
Uh Uh Uh  
Rez  
Thanks for listening to me thus far  
Thus  
Who the fuck says thus?  
Uh, uh, bigger and brighter things look  
Check it

Yo, yo, yo  
My boy Nick told me give a shit, Sobers have a funeral  
Roses, graves and a coffin  
Black clothing man it's so beautiful  
Making music daily never stuck up in the cubicle  
Nervous as fuck, biting my nails down to the cuticles  
Fuck the game up, busting out the semen  
I'm a demon, I'm fiending to get to beating these beats  
Till they fucking screaming  
In class I was sleeping, I was dreaming  
Fantasising of my penis inside Serena and Venus but  
Huh? Pants wet then I wake up  
Momma told me to shape up, bullies told me to pay up  
But I was concerned with music and getting my cake up  
Used to not have friends but now in the halls they say wait up!  
Uh, but I guess it's just the success  
Bring hoes who blow me off, not the same hoes I'm texting  
Shows every weekend, microphone testing  
Everybody Google me type in the next best thing  
Yeah, I'm not Mac Miller believe me  
Champion on the mic, find me on a box of weenies  
I dare you to compare me to Mac, I'll take a PC  
And shove it in your ass until you're spitting out your faeces  
Uh, and if that don't stop the comparisons  
I'ma take every MC and just embarrass them  
Every fan was staring and watching me whilst I carry them  
To the cemetery I'ma motherfucking bury them  
Uh, but enough of all this violent shit  
I'm kicking back with a joint and a Heine Fuck!  
Uh, I can't spit it again  
I'ma grind until I die or on Twitter I trend  
You wanna learn to spit, rewind it back and listen again  
Get a couple of notebooks and like five or six pens  
But just know I can't be copied when the mic's in my hand  
I said just know I can't be copied when the mic's in my hand so look  
Uh, man at this point I'm just rambling  
I got a date with destiny but she don't feel like answering  
I don't know how much longer I can go without this counselling  
She's the reason that I smoke until I look like I speak mandarin  
Uh, and that probably sounded racist  
But for my future sake let me apologise to Asians  
I want a taste of good life, this one I'm eating's tasteless  
And my mumma's a nurse but unlike her I ain't got patients  
Uh, so hurry up it's an emergency  
Since them days in my nursery I was ripping it verbally  
Personally, spitting these metaphors and hyperboles  
I suggest you get your ears checked if you ain't heard of me  
Because I do it perfectly, the furthest from your average teen

Maybe that explains why all these sexy ladies adding me  
Asking "Can you rap for me?" but they just used to laugh at me  
I'm not a rapper, better call me an artist painting this masterpiece

Uh  
I'm always on my fucking grind  
A Walk To Remember  
Remember that shit  
What's up  
I'm out  
Bitch!