

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!