

A WHALE IS ONLY AS BLUE AS YOU IT IS, SO, ITS 2

\$ilkMoney

Check, you go back to your major label
And you tell 'em you want out your contract
If they refuse, then you gon' make bullshit music for the duration of your contract
If they agree, then we cut 'em in for a small percent
Say maybe, you know, maybe the next two years or so, so they can still make some money
It ain't what they makin' now, but, hey
Fuck 'em
Oh, that's some gangster shit, Joe
I'm a gangster in the rap game, baby

I transcend beyond all that I am to become who I always was
Way before I began, then circled back and did it again
Reincarnated, for the god to return, would discern we was all waitin'
As I levitate down to the ground, they applaud greatness
Thank you, thank you
I know it's hard to see how I part the sea from your stained view
Seeing is believing, so I can't blame you
You reanimated after you played it and became Shang Tzu
Where I reigned remained unclaimed for a phase until I came through
Hello, pull up and you'll uncover what's under the rubble
Discover what once was covered in covers
But couldn't get out your own way because of your own stubborn
Blocked every blessing I bestowed in abundance
You know what was coming
You chose to run, but you know that you owe what was fronted
I was gon' phone my bitch and ask the ticket on titty pictures
But the dial tone wouldn't stop tickin', so I clicked it strictly due to my suspicions
Fuck exotic, I need a pound of discontinued dour because I miss it
Grammed out in baggies with the Batman symbols for reminiscence
The cost of a stream is nonexistent unless you mint it with fishes in it
Besides the pittance you pay to mount it to time and attention
Anyways, that's me knee-deep in the pit of my rage
Me and my bitch don't even try
We just exchange pet names and go in for the split for the pie
You couldn't get with the god and if you tried
Nigga, that's bye-bye, you niggas'll die
If tensions is high and the glint in the sky, nigga official get fried
Now you all white like the Michelin guy
You been out the mix, I lost count around 0 and 6, boy, you over with
Couldn't hold onto the cliff
Losin' control of your grip 'cause you was holdin' dick
This shit supposed to hit 'cause \$ilk rolled this bitch
Like I code the script or broke the riff or
Let go of the globe and the boulder slip

You don't know what's going on?

Well, what's going on?

**** is trying to start a major label by recruiting other rap labels

Impressive, he would corner the market

Every rap label would go to him before they would even consider going anywhere else

And then you'll control the most valuable music in the world

Well, I thought country was the biggest (Please)

Well, that's what we publicize

Yeah, we say that because if they knew how much we made, they'd know how much power they have
Something like this would've happened way sooner
So now what?
We cut off the head of the snake