

# 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 c  
ontract  
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  
Losing' 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