

Black Scorpion

Islander

Stackin' benjis till the rubber band pops
Sippin' lean till you feel your heart stop
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Too busy taking bars never writing 'em
Too busy flying first class to get high again, getting high again
Too caught up in the bankrolls to see you ain't the most, no you ain't the goat
Now you lost your flow just to catch the snow
But the ice ain't cold as it was before

I know, I know this ain't really you
I know, I know

I wanna know who you really are
I wanna know who you really are

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Sippin' lean till you feel your heart stop

Ahhhh the bass still drops but you're not as hot
Too busy cashing bank checks no matter what the cost
You ain't the boss, no

I know, I know this ain't really you
I know, I know

Was it worth the flex when you stacked the deck
With them aces high and still lost the bet?
You can't pass the test, you can't find respect
I ain't trying to hate
Now it's off my chest

I know, I know this ain't really you
I know, I know

I wanna know who you really are
I wanna know who you really are
If we take your mask away, will you even have a face?
I wanna know who you really are

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