

Take me back to Seattle in the '90's
If I could hide back in time that's probably where you'd find me
Grunging in a dungeon with a punching bag
Finding rappers to indulge
I'd probably eat my lunch like that
Viscous, yeah you probably been a punk like that
Breaking backs on these kids, when I dunk like Shaq (oh)
Listen to the way the funk is back
A lot of highs in that tiny little junky bag (yeah)
A lot of hair on that crazy head
A lot of blood, yeah, that's some crazy red
I'm sickening of the people that know me
But fuck 'em
Because every time they see me out they're whispering to duck him
They see me then they hug em'
They leave em' and then they cuss em'
See, I've grown accustomed to loving just when they snub em'
Knuckling down, you better buckle up and take the ride
Cause I ain't going nowhere, but I know how to hide

I said, you know the way that I hide
I said, you know the way that I hide

Can't we be perfect, and call ourselves the Kennedy's?
Up in the drop top, I'll take a shot for the enemies
Nah, they won't let us be the images
She'll die from the pressure if her man get's into it
Moving as a syndicate
Just a kid with some wind in it
No sail to keep me moving, I'm falling, I'm Jeremy Lin-ing it
No nixing this, no Nixon either, won't resign from this
How they gonna knock the kid rapping up in his prime for this?
A little lime for this patron, spends his time for this
A lot of people find the time to confide in his confidence
I'm robbing banks metaphorically when I spit this money
I'm still 19 and hustling to get this money

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