

Adult Swim

Jon Bellion

TUAMIE has developed a new hyperbolic time chamber
Here on Namek, we'll be focusing on the mental
Training starts now, begin

Ooh, I've just been fanning myself, I'm a such a fan of myself
There's levels to the cool like a fan on a shelf
When you blow, they try to gas you like fans at the Shell station
God hands me a full plate, but I handle it well
If they don't feel your thoughts, start dreaming in braille
They'll try to sell you short 'cause their dreams are for sale
They'll say "Get off your podium, life isn't Nickelodeon"
Aren't you so dumb? Kenan and Kel" Wow
The government leaves an animal trail
So I switch to swiss chard, carrots, and kale
So I'll remember my kid's name, dementia is a sick game
I'm silence in the lamb, call me Hannibal Failed, yeah
Financial plans should be handled in stealth
I fight to leave the private life for my family's health
Got some dinner with art collectors, they started drinkin' Prosecco
When they slipped about their level of family wealth
Bunch of actresses downplay how my records have felt
It's not a mystery to decode a fanning yourself
"This man's on fire," I can't pretend I'm not talented
For me to fake humble's a corny way to be arrogant
Drug dealers still on the corner of Madison
Except they push Pradas and Red Bottoms to Madisons
Red bottoms for baboons and radishes
I went to Mozambique and saw a real kind of happiness
So I don't feel guilty when Nike sends me some packages
We still end up in boxes even though we chase packaging

Take this, take this, TUAMIE supply the face lift
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I can't fall off, I got a great grip
Go and find some talent, have a great trip
This Bellion guy's power level's amazing
Uh, take this, take this, TUAMIE supply the face lift
Prepare to fight
My stance here is a band leader is Pangaea
My heart free-er, I'm cold, heater than Cambria
I rock steady, my Johnson's Dwayne-heavy
We just erase heroes, I Stan Lee your remedy, he the
King of Queens, my balls breathe LeBron's Kia
I carry greatness, statements on spaceship, Haitians get lasik
Meaning you dread what comes from my third eye
Blind to the fake shit (Wow)
My tone is gettin' aggressive, I just create for the truly gifted of adolesc
ense
My essence becomes the mystery
I instantly become a Pistol Pete in a sport full of Walt Fraziers
My Kelsey Grammer is something like Forward Ham
Like Alfred Hitchcock with a camera
Just blazin' Killer Cam
Family candle can't handle it
My channel too hot to cancel, my babies drivin' a Mansell
I'm passenger writin' stanzas, I'm holdin' these verses ransom
I'm Hansel Zoolander handsome

TUAMIE supply the face lift

It's all because of (Jesus)
Well done, welcome to Glory Sound Prep
I'm lovin' it all, here with my brother-in-law
Greece is a beautiful place, food is incredible, awe
We just been playin' some games, everyone's pickin' a straw
Who gets the longest has gotta go tell the butler to call
For more alcohol
Wait, we'd told the locals that we'd go and play basketball
But they don't want the business
Plus, I drank from the flask we bought, now everything is spinnin'
Now we laugh it off
Ooh, it's Whoopi Goldberg the way that my sisters act up
They had some champagne, now everybody's laughing
Movies 'bout paradise, and my family got the cast thing
If you dove into the tears of my eyes, you'd hear this instrumental
Jesus was instrumental in blessing my mental
Every time I drove a car, could've twisted the metal
Yeah, all the things on my wish list, God has given in triplets
I'm on an island where opiates go to rich kids
And then they pass away, that's called death over the privileged
Yeah, I never wanna be famous, stop calling me underrated
I'm still pushin' the same whip, I was drivin' in Sachem
Peace in my life, it's awesome, As-salamu alaykum
I'm makin' certain decisions, I'm flyin' under the radar
I really love my life and this music thing is a great job
Yeah, pick up the phone and someone tells me, "Mr. Bellion, sir
Beyoncé on the line, she tryna reach you on your cellular"
She wanted "Fall In Line," but we gave it to Aguilera, uhh
I hope it's the right decision, Bey wanted it for the twins she signed
I hope I didn't burn that bridge, I worry all the time
I'm just tryna show these kids about this slight of mine
I always flex, but I realize that it's divine appointment
I'm a cross between hard work and Jesus-annointed
I hope the ceiling that needed grace is the final notion
For the rest of my life, you'll see me on the L-I-double R
With a Heineken in my bag, on my way to the Gardens
Tryin' to kill your nephews like I been fuckin' with Star
Me lyin' down on the job is not an option at all
On my way to the Garden
On my way to the
On my way to the Gar-