

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-