

## Bald! Remix

Jpegmafia

Yeah

Fuck that, whoa, uh

Fuck that bitch, I changed the plan  
Switch my style like I switch hands  
Block the witness, take the stand  
Fuck out the way bitch, back it up  
Shit better get played in a palace (Word)  
I can't treat niggas like big deals  
Why put up a front? I'm callous  
Bald (Ha)  
I look like Ray Allen (Real)  
These niggas make beats on big wheels  
Yo' files is not a challenge (Nah)  
Boy, you can't rap for shit  
Shuttlesworth blessed me with talent  
Hairline proof God needs balance  
Bald

Yeah

My life was written already so I was gifted already  
And with this God-given talent I knew the Devil been met me  
Can't compare me to Jesus because he ain't Noah's father  
He told me, "Please, be still and see that steel is revolver" (You right)  
'Cause in my hood, these niggas poppin' mollies and shootin'  
I'm stressed the fuck out, that's why I must commence to get zooted  
I'm trapped in my head, between the thoughts of health and my wealth  
Right next to bein' selfish and just bein' myself  
The fast spitter, slash, clash, ghetto pass, sinner sippin' bad liquor  
It's the nigga you may know, I'm the GOAT  
To them clout chasers and them 'bout whatevers and them wave riders  
Told them that my life is not a boat, you can't float (You right)  
Call me Zeltron when I'm rappin', call me Denzel when we fuck, ho  
You're allowed to touch me but I don't wanna keep in touch, though (Wow)  
Say I'm livin' comfortable because I'm makin' much dough  
But I wasn't happy, cut my hair and let the sluts go  
Ever so softly, suicide has cost me  
Did I lose my mind? I feel my head been lost me  
Been a couple years and haven't spoken to Lofty  
Haven't seen the family, only been with the posse (Skrr)  
Couple gold plaques, scratch that off a gold list  
Cold shit is gettin' diamond plaques by stayin' focused (Yuh)  
No whip, I won't let 'em do me like Jahseh (Yuh)  
My mama say that I should pray 'cause demon comes in different shapes (Okay)  
Got that Stray Rats on my body 'cause Maurice don't fuck with BAPE (What?)  
All these bars that I be writin' make it hard for you to relate (Damn)  
Hesitate, I rarely do when fuckin' these hoes I barely knew  
Overturnin', startin' new, can't act like a jit by thirty-two  
I'm twenty-five, though, dreadlocks had your boy like Sideshow Bob  
Can't complain about too much because I'm on my job  
Switch my look, I got 'em hooked, they call me Young Heartthrob  
I am (Bald!)