

This That Shit Kid Cudi Coulda Been

Jpegmafia

Alabama to Maryland
New York to Japan
JPEG stays true

Yeah
This the life of a rap nigga
This the life of real life trap nigga
This the life of the JPEG
Coins in the cup, shed a tear for a bass head
God damn, I hate feds
Head shot from the outside, no Jessie Ware
Black hair, black beard
Said she don't believe in love, she the black Cher
I told her take care, baby, no Drakes here
'Cause we face fear, we don't like fakes here
Real nigga since Space Jam, daycare
Same place they sold crack, I played there
Let the sink ship, nigga, this a shark tank
Kevin O'Leary gon' have to walk the fuckin' plank
They wonder if I'm donkey or a elephant, shit
Just know that I never fall or never fail

Ya'll know I keep it funky, motherfucker
Better get it right, get it right
Better get it right, get it right
Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm
Ya'll know I keep it funky, motherfucker
Better get it right, get it right
Better get it right, get it right
Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm
And I'll be rockin' along zoning, yeah
Fuckin' with the 12 there (Yo, ho!)
This that shit Kid Cudi coulda been (Oh!)
But that nigga wasn't built to win
So I'ma do it for him

Ayy, ayy, futuristic brown man ready to get down
Spit rhymes, steady aim, enemies sit down
Lit now, don't trip, I ain't the one
Oh damn, law man got a badge and a gun
Enough about pigs and carsonages
They close to the dope, it's so intimate
If I try, I can die slow if you into it, but you not (Yeah)
Spend all of my tips on expensive coffee
My phones been tapped, tell the feds to get off me
Now every time I speak, somebody listen to me talkin'
Look over my shoulder every time that I'm walkin', ya
See this hipster
Don't blink to the pity, they off me
Don't think your harm can bother me
Look out for the cops like my father taught me
Lotta arms expected, went to save the block
I'ma slave to the day, and these clocks, they haunt me
Lock me in a room so I can burn the broccoli
Record and release 'til I start to feel cocky
Somebody try to stop me
Can't live with delusions of persecution

Try to stay grip to the earth that I'm losing
My brains strange trying to maintain my A-game
Stay sane but boy you don't play games to play gains

Y'all know I keep it funky, motherfucker
Better get it right, get it right
Better get it right, get it right

Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm

Y'all know I keep it funky, motherfucker
Better get it right, get it right
Better get it right, get it right

Mhm, mhm, mhm, mhm

And I'll be rocking along zonin'

Fucking with the 12 there

This that shit Kid Cudi coulda been

But that nigga wasn't built to win

So I'ma do it for him