Look through my IG you see me just tryna get fits off Put a lil herb in the air man it's time for a liftoff Came at me crazy I showed you what time it was Just like my Steve Apple wristwatch The kid be meticulous and kinda finicky Honestly we just don't miss much Spokane raised me to Simba L's on Monday but on Tuesday we win some All in my pack-a-back tryna stack M's up Bench press Bench press I'm coming up Don't look at me like that homie promise This ain't what you want Keep sitting that sippy cup Ain't lit but I simmer bruh Hold you up do me cold I'll drop you right back down to December bruh Yeah, yeah You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle You tally regrets I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle You tally regrets I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through I like riding in the backseat Rolling up something Light it but don't pass it Covid outside I ain't tryna catch it Again, I had it past tense I survived but it sent Uncle Pappy On to his Glory I hope that he's resting Last time I saw him he taught me how to work the fish pole We caught some cat and an eel His country ahh talmbout we finna skin it And toss that thing right on the grill I'm laughing, happy that our last memory's forever classic I'm reminded time is always going forward Never backwards It's currency come and it go But with it I'll never live reckless You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle You tally regrets I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through Yeah You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle You tally regrets I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through Yeah

Somebody would love to have a nigga bad days Back when me and homie used the back way

After class he had a blue rag A hell of an imagination for the path he chose He never brag or boast I'm in the back I'm over this Shorty keep asking me questions I'm antisocial hit the pack I'm rolling with em I'm into stacking a flip I be investing my time I am outdoing myself You are not changing my mind Eastsiders made me this way I would put that on my mom And I would put that on my life Then go and put that on the line Look both ways 'fore you cross me My flow dangerous caution Some niggas made for a war Most niggas made for a coffin I feel mortality often All of these presidents dead What is the chain in command I'm keep that shit in my hand

Yeah, yeah

You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle
You tally regrets
I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through
Yeah
You in your feelings I'm all in my duffle
You tally regrets
I'm tracking all of the goals that I run through