

Door Closed

Kid Quill

I used to rap with the door closed
Used to work at Party City, now I tour those
The flow sick like a sore throat
And we mean business every time, yeah, sport coat
It's getting harder to reach me, everything peachy
Yeah I braid my hair like Khaleesi
I done did it by myself, ain't nobody to teach me
Who you know that make it look this easy? (Huh?)
Man it's the music from the soul, type to never grow old
Yeah the smile went platinum and the wrist went gold
Got a couple good stories that'll never get told
I don't want to die young but I ain't tryna get old
Man, fuck it, I'm bout to run up the budget
I love the game like I'm kissing and hugging, but not in public
Homie, this the one they been waiting on, damn
I ain't met a rapper yet that doesn't fuck fans
Yeah this the one that'll make you real good
I mean real good
Still friends with the kids in my yearbook
I ain't shaking hands wit' you 'less the deals good
This time it's personal, it's so personal
If I don't fuck with you, you gone be the first to know
And they mad cause they don't rock the city like I do
Every time I step out it's "Hi, how are you?"

Well I'm good, thanks for asking
I got fans, that's fantastic
These internet rappers so fake, they plastic
I just took the cards, I was down to learn magic
And if I do a deal with the Devil, I'll come back with his head
They been waiting on my drop, dog, I feel like Zed
The old school with the new, I could sell a cassette
And we just tryna make music they won't forget (Hold up)
Yeah, I used this the most
Y'all already know how this thing goes
Don't make me clear my throat
If you're drunk in Paris, just make sure they don't
I got the same number since flip phones
Same friends since the Flintstones
And they like, the higher the fall, the higher the climb
I just came to give them Goosebumps, like R.L. Stine
I'm gone

Real one from my neck to my feet
I get played the way I'm blessing the beat
I'ma be around forever, the flows antique
And the album so fire, I don't care if it leaks
I keep my real friends with me, seven days of the week
I wake up, write a song, eat dinner, repeat
I ain't giving out my number, you can DM or tweet
You can hit me on the snaps, I don't really do streaks
I heard these rappers getting signed, hope they keeping the receipt
Cause the label bout to drop them when they hear about me
I'm a little hot-headed, I ain't got two cold feet
Oh-ee, who he, I ain't never bought a beat
And all these other acts sounding fishy like tofu
Yeah, I like soul food, little bit of whole food

My favorite mix drink is tequila and pro tools
And God might forgive you dog, but I don't do redos
It's showtime