

Dear 2017

King Los

I had to remember who I was
I almost forgot how special I was
I had to change my way of seeing things
My way of feeling things

I'm sick of all your bullshit
You gone make me fuck around and find a better you
You gone make me fuck around and find a better you

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Whatchu smokin' on
(I'm smoking la la la)
I'm on my grind what can I say
Don't waste my motherfuckin' time fuck up my day
(I'm smoking la la la)
Whatchu smokin' on
Whatchu smokin' on

Last night shit was mad fly, we got mad high
Keep it movin', let 'em pass by, no more bad vibes
Oh I'm anti, actin' like a giant I'm, so sorry you can't fly
I'm all across the whole damn sky
When shit get hard I hold hands with God
Like imma need the whole answer dog
That's the thought, that's the art, that's the darkness talkin' to you
That's the spark that often move in all maneuvers
Connoisseurs from the sewer, fuck your sewers
What the fuck did you do to movers
Heard you been talkin' that shit, we in love with the beautiful rumors
I gotta house with some beautiful rooms
When I need space I don't pay these niggas no mind I'm a cheapskate, said yo
u was gone take me out, well nigga I'm a cheap date
Your bitch know I like to eat grapes, Ya'll niggas so fuckin' crooked, Ya'll
can't even look at me straight, Kobe should've studied these tapes, came ba
ck and made the east great
I should make you little motherfuckers walk to juniors just to get me cheese
cake, (oh lord one of these days)
I'm way to lit for how niggas is livin', when I'm on this mic all you niggas
is Pippin, who the fuck told you this shit will be different, I beg to diff

er, I said the difficult things, I held the culture down, no lyin' when you
got pride you gotta kill 'em here come the vultures now, pass that smoke aro
und say who got the dopest sound
You could search the fuckin' sky and never get the ocean ground
15 mixtapes hold It down, man go give lil' bro the crown, this shit almost o
ver now my metaphors is over nouns

(Know its going down 2017 yeahh)
How we pretend I'm not the fuckin' king
The year is 2017, dear 2017, dear all ya'lll queer rappers fear 2017
Niggas on the bench and I be comin' with a vengeance yeah
I'm straight up out the hood my nigga runnin' through the trenches
Thumbnin' through the Benjamin's ain't many men make it this far
I son sun then I shit stars out
When I'm pissed off that'll bring the big dog out
You a lil' pup pup, this a big dog house
You a big dog now, we some G.I. Joe's
See the G ya'll see ain't the G I know
I know your whole MO you a GMO
OMG, I'm the CFO
You a skateboard, I'm a UFO
Damn, King Los, what you do that fo'

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