

Masterpiece

King Los

In love with the hustle, divorcing the bull shit
Not attracted to subtraction, misfortune, or forfeit
Ambiguous amateurs fear the push in my vision
Amazing ambiance, it's hard to ambush my ambitions
I'm on a mission, miss me with those misappropriations
You can't diss me, my disses is disassociation
Leaving niggas in the dust, thus far
To match me is far fetched when you just sub par
And its fucked up dog, when the fellas that stepped with ya
Don't want you to ball, like Cinderella's step sisters
So the guts colored pumpkin in that black sedan
It looked like I lit the guts up, like a jack-o-lantern
The rules is meant to be broken, my nigga watch me bend them
While covered in diamond cavalli shades and versace linen
Not to mention I earned my spot, you should watch and listen
Nigga stop the bitchin

All the things that I've seen, All the places I've been
I can hear the whispers saying I won't make it and I grin
I was born to be a king, got the struggle in my veins
But this passion in my heart got me stunting on them lames
Ay, ay, ay
One for the time they told me that
Two for the top, where I'm gon' be at
Three for the G's that hold me down
What I look like, letting clowns hold me back
I'm painting this picture, something you have to see
I bring it all together, call it a masterpiece

My exhibition's excellence, I'm exquisite with math
I execute extraordinary decisions in graph
Though the progress was slow, and the living was fast
My denim was [?] cause my vision was vast
Each arm tree long
You ain't in arms reach of me dog
Be calm, I'm a phenom
Dope tracks, I should write my raps on a fiend's arm
Cause I could spit crack or give you something you could lean on
Now shawty vibing in the ride with me
Flying down the [?] forty fiving in that five fifty
Pull up in that new edition, shut the lobby down
Cause the pipe smoking, grill slanted like Bobby Brown
Real bosses bounce back from a awkward fall
[?] bright enough to get a scholarship at Harvard Law
Condo covered in cashmere, carpet from wall to wall
Motherfuck all of ya'll

All the things that I've seen, All the places I've been
I can hear the whispers saying I won't make it and I grin
I was born to be a king, got the struggle in my veins
But this passion in my heart got me stunting on them lames
Ay, ay, ay
One for the time they told me that
Two for the top, where I'm gon' be at
Three for the G's that hold me down
What I look like, letting clowns hold me back
I'm painting this picture, something you have to see

I bring it all together, call it a masterpiece