

Standout

Knucks

No days off

Yo

I stand out like a black man in Kazakhstan
From when men get bored at if they ain't have plans
As that stands
I know the ropes like my backhand
Ain't trynna sit here chasing ghosts
Like I'm PacMan
Really from the gras roots of soil
Yard with the hard [?] on the boil
My shawty act rashed
Man she spoiled
I like her 'cause she loyal
Like Loyle
Wrap the nyash up in foil
We actually royal
You're listening to kings
Where the hell is [?]
Listen in the wind
Rappers feeling bad because
They niggas in the bin
But they ain't on business
They was chicken on the wing (Haha)
Liquor to the brim
Blunts in the ashtray
Mind moving slow
I control, alt and backspace
Couldn't fuck with me and Loyle on a bad day
Boiled like a cat, man
A show for your rat race

Bun that, telling them I'm grown
Imma do it on my own (Uh)
I've been heading for the throne
Trapped like the kid in Home Alone

I stand out
Like a black man on a hockey pitch
Treat the rap like I box
Way, I bop and dip
Flip
Like Motorola, we ain't off a bit
A lotta fellas fallin' out
We ain't hoppin' shit
Remember listening to Knucks
Just a couple bucks
Little something for my mums
Nothing from my pops
Rebel bring a little fruit
Bring a couple cups
I used to mix a little juice
Just to mash it up
Trust
We got to duckin' if they started smoking
Blunts, yo
I hit it once then I started choking

(Uh)
They used to buss it on a younger youth
Getting embarrassed
Saying I wouldn't bun their zoot
Q, bun that
Telling them I'm grown
Running
If you ain't coming
Imma do it on my own
(Uh)
Fuck rap, I've been heading for the throne
May the yutes lead the trap
Like the kid in Home Alone like

Bun that, telling them I'm grown
Imma do it on my own (Uh)
I've been heading for the throne
Trapped like the kid in Home Alone