

Payback

Kojey Radical

Uh, payback, the beat payback
Dark and bullseyes, the dress code black
Count my money up, I need my racks
Sellin' a dream, but I'ma need that back
Back, back, back, the car go back
Dark and bullseyes, the dress code black
Count my money up, I need my racks (Uh)
Sellin' a dream, but I'ma need that back

Ayo, I'm tryna make that new age money
Dark night, boosway money
I swipe out, do change on me
Move like Dushane and my crewmate Sully
When it's on top, boy, we had to move straight dully and that
Like, I hope you've got my money with that
Yeah, it's funny till the front door come off the latch
Took the U-turn and then we spun it right back
Funny how we coloured, but we covered in black
Baby, it's all covered, smooth, yet I move so rugged
Twenty seconds to go, so solid
Or was it twenty-one? Forgive me, I was young
I was twelve making riddims while they twiddling their thumbs
Who in they right mind would leave the biscuit for the crumbs?
Been here since slums, niggas fiddlin' the funds
But I multiply, then I triple up the sum
I told them "Are you finished or you done?"
Dickhead

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Speak a money language, can't spot the accent
Poetry in motion, my pen look like a MAC-10
Moving like the 10-10, prove it like I'm Tintin
Rap my freedom like a gift, and I ain't seen the trap since
Long day, no sleep, I was doin' mad trips
Mind doing backflips, crease in the Stan Smiths
Plenty other fish in the sea, but they catfish
Not even in a bank we, trust, it's in a mattress
Walk up in the office like you know me now
'Cause every other record got that Kojey Sound
Black lists, black skin couldn't hold me down
A black queen gave birth to a golden child
From 1993, I've been fucking up the narrative
Man, it feel good to be black, there's no comparison
Don't let the ivory towers come distract you
Until we multiply, black wealth, fuck a statue

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Ayy, ayy, dresscode black
Oh, ayy, ayy, need my racks
Oh, ayy, ayy, need that back
Ayy, ayy, dresscode black
Oh, ayy, ayy, need my racks
Oh, ayy, ayy, need that back