

The Producer

Labrinth

And they all lived happily ever after
And they all lived happily
And they all lived
And they all grew up

You can find me in the darkness
Layin' tracks just like a railroad
Other world, Versace, Vivianne, you get the message
I designed them beats like Alexander threads them dresses
Ah-mmmm
I be workin' on the Sunday
Mama told me that's a God day
I'm just tryna eat, yeah, I'm just tryna get a ticket
God bless the sin, and no rest for the wicked
Ah-mmmm

Man, they can't tell me nothing (Ayy-ayy)
Fuck yeah, I been on my grind
Yeah
(Yeah-yeah)
Kanye West, they can't tell me nothing (No-no)
Paid my dues and I did my time
Yes, I did (Ayy)

Now
Sold myself so my mama don't have to cry
Wonderin' when is Father gonna take me right back up to the sky
'Cause it's been too long
Paintin' this picture
Watchin' paint dry
I'm the producer
Watchin' these Spielbergs fly, ah-mmmm
All these Goslings (All these Goslings)
With Hollywood smiles (Hollywood smiles)
And I'm just the producer (The producer)
Tryna make a headline, ah-mmmm

I be livin' with the phantom
He be holdin' me for ransom
Tryna climb the ladder, I'm just hopin' and a-wishin'
Money and the power, they don't come without ambition
Ah-mmmm
Mother hung those baby pictures up
Ah-mmmm
I was destined for some shit
But now I'm lookin' at the cuckoo clock
I'm countin' all them digits
Made some plans for life but now he's actin' like a bitch

Sold myself so my mama don't have to cry
Wonderin' when the Father up in Heaven gonna give me my piece of the pie
'Cause it's been too long