

Yeah
Oh, yeah
Shout out my bro
It's the last song of the tape
Shout out Papi
But you knew that
T.A.P. season, for real
Cross my heart

I don't care about your top fives
Your metaphors or the cup size of the babe you swear you're not blaming
Who loves all my punchlines
When I'm right by the front line, attacking my goals like a false 9
What is my consine with rappers half as dope as Simi all looking so one kain
They're like stars in the sunshine, invisible
People used to say that streets ti takeover
But the wait's over
This shitor sure to make you shift your plate over
Food for thought enough to contemplate over
Shit, man, we need to change over
What is that odor smellin' like ether?
Every bar I'm raisin', gasoline meters
Singers losing keys to autotune dealers
And rappers dying off from Afrobeat fever
I swear

You want some ignorance and laughter
Your babe pulled in on Friday quite late
2 A.M. the morning after
I'm bad at pulling out but with really good aim
She might need the morning-after
You wanna try me, that is unlikely
Your family be mourning after

I kill you all dead, leave the message unread
Then a nigga close the chapter
Read it it all Thisday Style
A black boy with an off-white smile
A black boy in all Off-White, there's none like me
And I might just follow back 'cause I'm online now
Yeah, or act like my ego and come right down
To the revival

Yeah, and to my I-just-got-backs
Make sure you buy sense o
You need more than just white friends o
You be chillin' in your own lane, tryna do your own thing
Over here dem no get license o
They just dey swerve anyhow
Everybody on a wave use that word anyhow
Any girl with small curves just dey curve anyhow
I chill with quiet types, man, you know dem guys that don't preserve any lou
d
I hope I've curbed any doubt
The last of a dying breed, man, and the rest don't deserve any crowns (Oou s
hots)
But this is the revival