

December 17th

Left Boy

They want a mixtape alright
I've been working on this mixtape all night
I've been working on this sound for my whole life
Just to get it where it is so it sounds tight
And the time's right
But they don't care
'Cause I got a record deal nowhere
I know where the rainbow ends
There's a pot of gold there
But it ain't my friend
'Cause daddy's giving me all the money I need
And I'm spending it on YSL and weed
And how the fuck are you gonna succeed?
I'll figure it out, don't worry 'bout me
I'm not another hummingbird on a tree
I'm just a fly kid that will shit on you
And I spit six-sixteen bars
While I'm sitting on the moon and looking at the stars

On December 17th in 1988
I came into this world with a purpose
Make no mistake
I won't stop 'till I'm great
When I drop what I do
It'll redirect fate
I'm in a bad state
But I'm coming back quick
'Cause tonight I'mma roll with a really bad chick
The pants are tight
But the pockets are thick
I'mma call it a night 'cause I'm sick