

## Still Freestyling (Outro)

Lil Dicky

I joke a lot, I know  
The voice inside of me is twelve years old  
Yeah, I need guidance  
I just turned thirty and I'm still freestylin'

So this how YOLO beats doubt  
And hope breeds vows  
I won't be proud 'til I'm crowned  
You holdin' me down, or you holdin' me down?  
Will I break out or will I break down?  
I'm calling my shot, aww  
This is my plot, aww  
Just let me be not wrong  
Everything is right in front of me  
So I don't see what's right in front of me  
I'm only seein' what it's gonna be (Two, three, four)  
I never had a ménage (No), I'd rather get a fiancé (Ayy)  
Mom up my ass like a prostate  
She thinkin' forward like blockchain  
But I'm sittin', thinking 'bout the fourth grade (Woo)  
I was hittin' on the Macarena  
Visualizin' all the packed arenas  
I ain't had shit on my hands except Cheetos, that was the top  
Back when Dwayne was the Rock  
Back when jerkin' off used to be the motivation  
I would come racin', tryna beat my mama to my crib, get naked  
I'll go on Maxim.com for the pictures, put the shower on while I'm still gettin' print outs  
In the shower while usin' steam, and I put the shower head up on the massage settin'  
What the fuck was that? How was I usin' stills?  
Now when I use my thoughts the women turn to sand  
The women blow away  
That's why I take Adderall every day  
Fifteen milligram, time release, I pray to God it doesn't kill me  
My generation a test (Yes)  
I can feel my heart race in my chest (Yes)  
Takin' what it takes to be best (I do)  
I met a nice girl out West (I did)  
But I wish she was more East Coast (That's true)  
Guess that's how the story goes  
Doesn't matter how I far I go  
Fuck it, I don't even know  
Lot of surfaces don't need the scratch  
A lot of matches haven't met a match  
There's a lot of women in my phone who last name is Bumble, Tinder or some other app  
On a date, I can't wait 'til I talk about work  
If they sleep over, I'll get 'em a shirt  
I don't do synagogue, I don't do church  
I don't know exactly what I believe  
I don't know exactly what we all need  
Homie, this shit is a doozey  
We all used to writtin' in loose leaf  
I just want someone to use me  
If you can't be used, you're useless (Uh)  
I'm just so lucky they be doin' me (True)

Been privileged since birth  
Now I gotta pay that forward  
How we gonna change that world?  
I know I'm different, I'm comin' out and I hope you'll listen  
Time's runnin' out and I know I'll miss it  
I could fail but I can't do what-ifs  
I'll give you my heart and you'll still want a pic  
You in or you out, yo, what you gonna pick?  
I wanna be what I wanna be  
(What's wrong with me?)

Order, they bring out the lobster before you eat it  
And have you look at it in its eyes  
Anyone?

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