

Hahaha
Vinyl Days 3, bitch
Kyle off the guitar, remember that?
Yeah, here we go
Ay

Ayo, last album on DefJam, now where the fucks at?
Independent now, smear they face in my nutsack
College Park next, bitch I saved it for the fans
I've been grindin' since before I could afford a pair of Vans
Recorded this album before they gave me my advance
Sign with another major, nah, no chance
It's like Chicago with no Chance, not a chance
This beat that you're hearing is a primary example
Of some shit you can accomplish not worrying 'bout a sample
I had to clear it, now again hearing spirit
Hit the homie Egon, he send a hundred vinyls
Fuck mixing an album, two track that's the final
Bobby Campbell and Jerry prolly smoking the ounces
Some shit I can't even pronounce
That's my homies, that's my engineers
Many platinum plaques made over the years and many more to come
I feel it in my blood, Paul Dano
Feel it in my bald spot, Anthony Fantano
You plaid-shirt-wearing-motherfucker
Ayo, ayo

I used to hate you cause you shit on my music
But now we homies, I take your criticism and use it
I used to fantasize about murdering you
Choking you to death and watching from your point of view 'till we go
t friendly
And I realized you wasn't never tryna end me
One night, midnight
2020 on the phone
You said the wildest shit that solidified me to stone
You said, you said I built an amazing fanbase and career
I'm successful and I'm fuckin' worthy to be here
In your opinion, it's just your opinion
It doesn't matter like your lesion of fuckboy minions
It meant a lot, friend or not
Honesty is everything, it's fuckin' everything
I remember 2 Dope Boyz and Fake Shore Drive
I remember performing before this virus was alive
I remember commenting on rap Genius threads
I remember arguing over the Hip Hop Heads
Way before I was famous and criticized
I was just a member of the community in they eyes
And the craziest shit, I'm still the same kid I was
With a love for Hip-Hop, now it just got a bigger buzz, what's up?