

Atlas said he's dropping the world tonight  
Think we deserve a couple of days  
People wanting diamonds and pearls in life  
I guess he couldn't handle the weight  
Who do you run to when the world beneath is gone?  
Cause there's plenty good homes for the wicked here  
And money does grow on trees  
And the people looking up for the answers here  
When the truth is lying at your feet  
All that's here is you and me

Michelangelo did the Sistine  
2Pac is living down in South Jamaica  
When I'm gone I know you gon miss me  
They like how you gon say that for you even make it  
How you gon dream so fuckin big  
Who you the fuckin savior  
You need a lover or a hater either one could tame ya  
You need some hard time in a school  
You need some pharmaceuticals  
You need somebody who ain't you to come swoop and save ya  
I need that fuckin bass up  
I need that James Blake up  
I'm out here singing like a rooster I hope someone wakes up  
I need some earmuffs when I hear you say go get that paper  
I'ma get it anyway but I ain't tryna hear that  
I don't do them cliches  
I don't do them replays  
We don't do what you do  
Cause you follow with we say

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But as soon as that sky has fallen  
I'll be the first to drop down to my knees  
And see if there's something more than you and me

There's people running to they loved ones  
The freeways packed with empty cars  
There's people crying in the churches  
But they ain't as crowded as the bars  
I found my hope inside this music shit  
I'm on a hill just writing bars  
I think it's crazy I'm not losing it  
I ain't look once up at the stars

Have no fear, no fear  
Still here, still here  
No fear, no fear  
Still here, still here

Dear God we're full of size  
Give us another sun  
Maybe we'll hear it over all these drunken lullabies  
I burned my cash this morning  
Nothing but rap this morning  
I even posted on the 'gram so I can act important  
No one left to honor us  
Can't check who the designer was  
Looking cold as hell but all that ice is shinning, blinding us  
We the ones that lie to us  
The shallow man is gone  
Say he was draped up in Versace when that nigga died alone