Lute

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Don't really care 'bout the numbers
Slept on the couch for three summers
I get in the way of myself
I gotta keep that shit humble
I gotta keep it a hunnid
I gotta keep it a hunnid
Let's keep it two Virgils: been duckin' some hurdles
But I gotta keep it a hunnid
Don't really care 'bout the numbers
Slept on the couch for three summers
I get in the way of myself
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Times change, people change
You don't go through the pain for nothin'
It's yours for the takin' so don't get complacent
'Cause you gotta show that you want it
If you get it, you got it
You flaunt like my daughter do money phones wit' the hunnids
I don't do shit for the looks so fuck you
Pay me when I'm booked 'cause I ain't got time to be playin'
I'ma keep buildin' my brand
Turn my dreams to a plan \,
Show my niggas that we can; sorry, not sorry in advance
'Cause I wouldn't change if I could
But I'm from my neck of the woods
My posse like look at my son; that nigga said that he would
Get everything that was meant to be
I grind hard for what's meant for me
I be protectin' my energy
Some days, it be me that's my enemy
[?] my time and it's finna be
Don't really care 'bout who disagree
My only comp is the enemy
I just connect 'cause I'm [?]
Don't really care 'bout who feelin' me
I hope it's love that you sendin' me
Fell down 'bout, like, six times
Picked myself up 'bout eight
Copped a crib; big back yard
Like, "Damn, nigga! I'm straight."
Blessin's never come late
But at the moment, I ain't got time to wait
I'm in my own lane, takin' my time
Doin' shit at my pace
I get in the way of myself
I just gotta stay outta my way
I'm on a wave
I'm on the way
It's in the way
I got the fate
It's in the way
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