

Twenty Nineteen

Mark Battles

You gotta chop the hot dogs up in the pork and beans
That was the cuisine
Came here from nothing really started as a dream
Took off like a rocket with no Hardens on my team
Just my daughter as my queen
Might assassinate me cause they target all the kings
Body everything don't put your artists in the ring
Porsche 2019 I can park it on the street
Hustle like Bill Russel barely party in between
Y'all should know that I ain't through yet
Clever as a sweater cause I'm going at your crew neck
2 Glock nines they harmonize like a duet
Wicked thoughts on my mind head darker than a brunette
But my soul pure everything is kosher
2019 the year bro I'm so sure
Yeah I'm so sure
Sick as full blown aids bit there's no cure
J. Cole mixed with Hov but I'm something newer
Every neat I go dumb need a fucking tutor
These rap guys lost they drive call a fucking Uber
Feeling blessed hallelujah, still ducking shooters
Momma said "boy be careful who you roll with"
Never take advice from a nigga who ain't done shit
Don't lie and say you love her understand what that come with
I feel bad for y'all chasing after one hit
Fuck the industry, fuck your websites
Want me to tattoo my face and bleach my dreads right?
And I ain't winning till I'm living on the edge right?
Driving 125 with no headlights
Wow, they wanna see us
You really sold your soul for an extra buck
I think it's time to run a play so I'm screaming "hut"
Nah fuck it end the game I done seen enough
Huh I broke hearts and I told lies
I been trapped in my own mind the whole time
Apologizing late hope you don't mind
Perfect version of a person with a closed mind
I'm still feeling fortunate
I obtained a little bit there's plenty more to get
It started off good then the story flipped
Bring them lines back together on some Tory shit

Haha you Get it? You know the nigga Tory Lanez got the hair plug and shit. Brought his line back ahaha. I'm feeling so damn fortunate right now, you know? I'm here doing this for everybody.

Here to give the world a piece of my mind
Too many young kids lost need to reach em in time
We ain't seeing eye to eye I gotta speak to the blind
Vasi chains for gang so my people can shine
Hope the seats'll recline
And the porsche big body like a hippo
Boutta make moves stay tuned for the info
Nigga signed a deal and he barely had a demo
Now you getting fucked all the time like a nympho
Bimbo, label made my turn up the tempo
Got you making pop music, hoping people rock to it

Sell my soul for some gold I will not do it
Yeah I heard your last album it was hot sewage
I'm not stupid, we all got the same problems
I really hit rock bottom no Dwayne Johnson
Broke some different hearts with the same promise
And i learned a great lesson just remain honest

I'm fortunate, too fortunate
Its' Fly America!