

What's Next

Mark Battles

Uh

Look

I never said it would be easy (No), I just know my babies need me

And every word come from the heart, I hope that you believe me (Uh)

Just put me with the Wheezies, the Kenny Coles and Yeezies
The Drizzy, Pac and Jeezies, whoever I'm competing
Freestyle in passing period, would leave them bitches leaking
I'm comin' back for seconds, need more blessings, am I greedy?
I want it all, no freebees, bro, watch your back, they sleazy
And cock your straps if y'all gon' trap a lot and catch is greazy (Yeah)

We ball like Michael Beasley, then cook and keep on feasting
Impatient ass, she want it so damn bad that she can't tease me (Uh)

This fame shit make it easy, more money mean less sleeping
More problems but less creeping, more heartbreak but less weeping

Might drop your name in my next song, I'm gone, baby, good evening

Phone just keep on ringing, DND while I'm dreaming
Soul searchin' for meaning, wrong person but greetings
Hello again, you know it's him
I birthed you niggas, fallopian (Ha)
The cars is foreign, European
Headshot (What?), no scope again, pow

Damn, I get respect (Yup)

From the rookies and the vets, from the suburbs and the 'jects
I love this shit for real, I'm not just cashin' checks
So I gotta have it next, here, take this bassinet
Y'all sleepin' on the kid (Kid), so it's no more baby steps, ayy

Let's begin, I'm checkin' in (Uh)

And set the win (Yeah), so rest my friend (Right)

Gotta keep a Smith, ESPN

These nerds'll learn don't mess with him, baow

Damn, I get respect (Uh-huh)

From the rookies and the vets (Uh-huh), from the suburbs and the 'jects

I love this shit for real, I'm not just cashin' checks

So I gotta have it next, what's next? (What's next?) Yeah

Battles

Yeah-yeah, yeah

Ayy

Ayy