

PACE

Marlon Craft

Yo

Uh, shoot my shot like I'm Craftovic
Ain't gon' do nothin with the rock? Well then pass the shit
My chick a dimepiece like ten pacifists
I'm on the pier with a beer, I'm bumping classic hits
They dressed to nines just to whine, they just having fits
Rather not make the Hall than be there with an asterisk
This the story where the greedy lose to the passionate
Never applauded street shit but knew people who would clap your shit
So fuck whoever that I might offend then
You just catalyze my rise like a flight attendant
It's in my blood to deal with pressure, I got hypertension
Precise intentions, spite incentives, leave 'em quite defensive, yeah
Fuck a billionaire, I really care
They don't know your market value when you really rare
Bells work, I could show you how up at Hell's church
All of that crypto can't buy you self-worth
Uh, Sway told me have some fun with it
Some higher power gave me heart, so I'ma run with it
Under it, hard to stomach shit, fuck it, bitch, I'ma carry on
Heavy this luggage get, but I'm very strong
Youngin', if you gon' wed the game, know it's a marry-thon
So many people called it very wrong with me
Take it all with me, nothin' but gratitude for their platitudes
I just woke up to the sun, good afternoon

I been movin' boulders, workin' on my shoulders
I been tryna finda a pace
I been gettin' older, they been gettin' over
Tell me when that's not the case
But I got a little pace now (Yeah, yeah)
Said I got a little pace now (Yeah, yeah)
I ain't in a race, that's a waste, tryna castrate my faith
Cat's straight, we good (Yo, uh)

Then I keep a note with me
Buck fifty slicin' through the tape, I came to play
Know that they can't really fuck with me
I been crushin' grapes, every word gon turn to fate
I done learned to discern a friend from a face
Some niggas ain't gon pull you up unless you drownin' in the lake
But every sword that stay with me I keep a crown over their face
Heavy value like a bounty, pulled this nigga out the county
No one around me keeping pace, first place, never drowsy behind the brakes
Never lousy behind this laptop, I hit they brain like I'm crack rock
You into fame in these lanes, I ain't in the games of the backtalk
And the pain is my match, I don't care for niggas that fast talk
I dissect it like what is you sayin'? You niggas half-off, rag-bound
Nod behind the glass with a pretty flick in the background
Red just like them classic cartoons, you know I come back round
And settle up the question wonderin' if you wack now, man, uh
(Yeah, yeah)

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