

# 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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