

Penny for your thought brother, dollar for your insight
I could crash your party, turn it up without an invite
I be on the waves, be amazed how my pin right
I be on that last player, you can call it skintight
Thirty-something years I been known to get it in right
Flows intoxicating like it's Hennessy and gin night
I am not the type just unblock first then invite
You gon' get these things, rap game always in-fight
But I think it's best that we keep the peace
We can all break bread and then eat the feast
All this slick talk, we don't need the grease
'Cause everyone lose and we feed the beast

Competition cause our condition
This man over here is not your opposition
The real opps your oppressors
Leaving pennies on your dressers, wake up

Wake up
Leaving pennies on your dressers, wake up

Fighting over pennies and we fighting over crumbs
Warring in the wars and we fighting over slums
Get my hands dirty like I'm fighting in them scrums
Spitting verse in Nashville, tighten over drums
Take it as it comes, get it how it's given
Gotta be driven if you try and make a living
Highly motivated 'cause they wildly overrated
Did it very different than they do it so they hate it
That's cool 'cause I'm used to it though
They said they OG, got some juice to its flow
Now that's like stacks of facts on facts
This is like abuse to these cats on tracks

But competition causes our condition
This man over here is not your opposition
Listen, the real opps your oppressors
Leaving pennies on your dressers, wake up

Yeah
Fighting over crumbs
Fighting over slums
Fighting in them scrums
Tighten over drums
Get it how it's given
Try and make a living
Overrated
So they hate it
Used to it though
Juice to its flow
Facts on facts
Cats on tracks