

# Quiet On Set

MAVI

Yeah, yeah, alright  
Yeah, yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

Sometimes I feel like the director, other times the actor  
Most times, me and the ladder  
The beat being collateral, I see my treatment ratchet  
Up the fare, went with it  
I'm only moving with my guys, they won't let air hit this skin  
I told my niggas I'd feel lame we miss a game like Ripken  
Don't dodge pain now, sit with it, scrape my change up, discipline  
Throw a change-up out in front, change the pace, my bidding  
A fiend for freedom, wring it out, this forced-on language, drip by drip  
And baby girl, you slicker than me  
Distanced from me, motivating different interests from me  
Your mission complete, least in your terms  
But willing still to bend it for me in the short term  
And tell me that I'd get more results if I let the world turn  
Was it really worth it? I know I can't be sure  
On Jesus Christ, I popped another tag on every night of tour  
You the type to see your guys wide open and still try to score  
We in this 'til the end, bust out a window, we can't find a door  
But we gettin' in, though  
Teenage me hated it, all I want these days is the friend zone  
Acquaintance bringing hating shit, that part be all pretend, though  
We stayin' independent, we gon' see what this shit hittin' for  
We'd make more off of indo  
It'd mean less if we spoon-fed, spoofed ourself for a quick slope  
In school, the sharpest student, I moonlit with different friends  
It's just complaints and money falling out, the bank been at crescendo  
Only nigga improvising, protagonist with no written role

We rolling, yeah  
Golden, we needed motion  
And so we stole  
To my family, I'm beholden  
Everybody else, I don't owe shit  
Run my own sprint  
The gates of Heaven close quick  
So we rolling, yeah  
Golden, we needed motion  
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Aight (Yeah)