

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
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Aight (Yeah)