

Still Him

Merkules

Yeah, ayo, turn me up
Took a little bit of a break
I was told I'm not supposed to do that though
Still here, still hungry
Some things'll never change
Still him
(C-Lance)
Look

Just take a look at all these pictures I painted
I kept it real for so long that I don't think I could fake it
You made the same song a hundred times, that shit is outdated
I make the type of shit you turn up just to piss off the neighbors
I'm sayin'
And I know that you thought you caught me slippin'
I'm avoidin' all distractions, I'm just out here tryna get it
If you can't stand the heat, then get the fuck up out the kitchen
You claim that I'm delusional, but I'm just optimistic, listen
You mimicking the mainstream, I'm out here tryna do Cole
'Cause I put all the work in and you thought I found a loophole
Don't measure my success by no Grammy or a Juno
I'm just happy that my family doesn't have to use no coupons
That's a lot for y'all to chew on, so savor the flavor
I'm makin' it major, just breathe in and take in the vapors
Oh, you call that shit a world tour? I say it's vacation
So if I'm happy and I'm healthy, then I basically made it
I'm sayin', it's Merk

Aren't in my phone unless it's gonna benefit me, my music, or my family, you
feel me?

Can't nobody do it like I
They can clip my wings, but I'm still gon' fly (Still fly)
Can't stop, can't lose, still win (Still win)
Still hungry, still here, still him (Still him)
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I heard they lookin' for participation trophies
Get your girl out my comments with the kissy face emoji
Lots of labels at the table, but they really can't control me
I'd rather be myself and have to get this paper slowly
Homie, I don't wanna be a slave to the trade (Uh-uh)
Made a career off bein' honest 'cause y'all made me this way (Facts)
So if you feel some type of way, then say it straight to my face (Right here
)
Been runnin' shit for so long, I wound up breaking my legs
Ouch, bitch, I better have insurance for that
'Cause I've been carryin' my city and it's hurtin' my back
If you put me beside a goat, I bet we'd perfectly match
Now all my friends that I lost have turned to permanent tats
Yeah, so all I care about is makin' 'em proud
No fake shit allowed, there's nothin' you can say to me, pal
I've been pacin' around anxiously, just waitin', and now
It's my turn and I'm takin' the crown, play with me, baow

Everybody just takes, takes, takes 'til it's nothin' left to give and then y
ou're the bad guy
What's that all about?

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