

A Layover

Mick Jenkins

Yeah

Find a plug we in town for the night

5 am flight, despite

We make them bring an ounce

Hotel trying to kick us out

'Cause the flower tend to bring the noise

Silver spoon, I don't need no clout

I just let that nigga hit the joint

Took my last drag, you can have it back

Hop in the Uber, I'm in customs in 30

They held me back, I had a water in my bag, its just a habit, b
rah

Won't you let me through this motherfucka

5 flights this week, I do this motherfucka

First class, got 'em looking like, "Who this motherfucka?"

I lightly say drummer before rapper

I like to say writer before both

They won't give me my respect

Its more smoke they request

It must be

Covertly concealed and stuffed deep

Pack in my napshack, she think I'm musty

Told my girl, she think I'm lucky

I'm overseas in alternative traps

While these niggas quote alternative facts

I rarely watch the news

Still watching niggas like a fucking hawk

They judging my steps they don't know my walk

Hopscotch ain't the only chalk we seen on South Side pavements

Outline resemble Keith Haring's imagination

I'm off of Cottage Grove and we just landed out in Charles de G
aulle

The driver hit me with the "enchante"

I think he know we eating good like them small ass plates

If it sound like hate, don't bring it my way

We 7 hours ahead, nigga all y'all late

How you have the mask on nigga all y'all fake

The driver hit me with the "enchante"

I think he know we eating good like them small ass plates

If it sound like hate, don't bring it my way

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