

Prince Akeem

Mike Posner

(David Banner)

Good mornin'
This that alarm clock song
I made it for you to wake up to
Ah!

You know I came to rip the scene apart
My whole life is a piece of art (Oh)
And this is just a brush stroke (Oh)
I made it in the biz they said was cutthroat (Oh)
I'm gettin' where I wanna be but honestly
I can't even tell if that's really where I wanna be
I'm not a commodity, I am on an Odyssey
Used to be a wannabe, now I'm what I wanted to be, woah
I'm an underdog, dog, I'm Ralph Naderin'
Followin' my intuition now and that's a major win
I'm Taylor Swift mixed with Ruth Bader Gins'
Liberation is the flavor that I'm savorin', it's mmm
Fake breast and make-up they don't turn me on
Life is a game and yes the journey's long
Growing my beard was just like me puttin' my jersey on
Coach K saw the light in me early on

(Oh, you don't believe?)
(Mike Posner, boy, is he talented, I mean he's so talented)
(What up, Nolan?)
(John, go get 'em, woah!)

We 'bout to take it to a new level
Even when I'm sad I give 'em hell, I'ma Blue Devil
Her boyfriend wrote a book, I was unimpressed
I don't care about her man if it wasn't Hesse (Oh)
I might do Everest, you never know (Oh)
It changes like a metronome (Oh)
I never read the "Untethered Soul" (Oh)
I already got an untethered soul (Oh)
I wasted years tryna become better known (Oh)
Right when I gave that up is when I became better known (Oh)
Oh, this is that Michigan December flow
I got two lifetimes worth of ideas in my Evernote (Oh)
Bozo, Fender Rhodes (Oh)
Complimented outwardly now from my inner glow (Oh)
And since I've seen, I changed my look to see who really loves me
I'm Prince Akeem

See when I was comin' up
I was always one of them niggas who did what the fuck I want
Smokin' weed on TV wasn't even cool
Now that shit legal
So back then
From causing trouble
To right now
I'm a motherfuckin' businessman

Uh, too rich to ever fit in
You wait the front, I get in

You talk too much, I listen
You blind, I got the vision
The day I worked for myself, that was the best decision
You living' check to check, I check to see what checks I'm gettin'
You get no respect until respect is given
I live with no regret, you regret where you livin'
Still got the yellow car, we in the house chillin'
You think the air is on, I'm heir to the throne
So many diamonds people stare when I put 'em on
But they don't walk up, my pockets thick like Ms. Parker
And I got the Benz parked, sparkin' up
And I got a '64 that's hard as fuck
But don't get in over your head
Supposed to be stackin' instead of spendin' most of your bread
Don't get in over your head
Supposed to be stackin' instead of spendin' most of your bread