

Man, I don't get it
Why's everybody in a hurry?
See, there's a big difference between being hungry and thirsty
We know what we want, we just go about it differently
The hungry person work for it, the thirsty want it instantly
But they should know first that shortcuts don't work
Word to Miley Cyrus and her fucking hairstylist
And no, this ain't no diss it's just a simile
Cause if you think this about her, then homie you ain't really listening
I hope you're getting it
I'm talking to these artists that spending they money boosting they numbers up on the Internet
Y'all got it twisted, we forgetting what's important
People buying fake fans, man I'd rather get some Jordans
And rock 'em for the real ones that's coming to your show
They yell and say "what's up" when they see you on the road
Let's get it in perspective for a second
If your followers are fake, then who the hell gon' buy your records?
Nobody, nobody, nobody

And understand that I'm sticking to my plan
Now I'm feeling like some royalty
Yeah, got me feeling
I swear to God, got me feeling like some royalty
Yeah, got me feeling
I swear to God, got me feeling like some royalty

I had a dollar and a dream, that was all I needed
Went from sitting in class to shows every weekend
Kept my foot on the gas, and now you know I'm beasting
Believe that
Working hard so my mama and father can relax
So give me the mic and watch me kill this shit
Staying up through every night just so you feel this shit
Just give me a listen, it ain't no gimmick boy, I live this shit
Couple bad bitches cooking up dishes where my kitchen is
Oh, what a feeling bitch
You gotta hate it
Invited to the VMAs and I ain't try to make it
Cause I ain't going till I'm motherfucking nominated
Only regret is I didn't get to see Gaga naked
And now I'm saying "fuck a blogger, fuck a genre, and they limitations"
Fuck they meetings and they events and they invitations
Cause I don't need that
No, keep my mind where my feet at
Ain't nobody gon' stop me
Nobody, nobody, nobody