

# Lemons (Lemonade)

Nasty C

Al, l ah, all over the track  
Uh pardon me uh, as I comeback!  
Al, l ah, all over the track  
Uh pardon me uh, as I comeback!  
Al, l ah, all over the track  
Uh pardon me uh, as I comeback!  
Al, l ah, all over the track  
Uh pardon me uh, as I comeback!

Ayy, More life  
Peng ting, a sight for sore eyes  
Dark days friends were few, it's alright  
Turned that pain to fuel and survived  
Ooh, ooh, now I'm stronger  
Backstage in the coupe like Lorcía  
Spin moves in the paint like Jordan  
Girlfriend on her bullshit, that's Taurus  
Star signs, pull up and shine at Nostra  
GALXBOY, that's culture  
I've been on top for a long time  
Champion chips, ama big corn bites  
People say "Hip hop died", that's nonsense  
Thank God they showed their true colours  
Switched up piano like vultures

All in my feelings, I can't conceal it  
I take it all the way  
I'm playin' hard to get  
This life is different, it's risky business  
Lemons to lemonade, lemons to lemonade

Tracksuit Versace, pull out the set  
Zip up the Off-White up to the neck  
Turn up the A/C, it's hot in the sec  
Call up the slay queens, pour out the Ace  
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Zip up the Off-White up to the neck  
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Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, baby  
Ooh, ooh

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Zip up the Off-White up to the neck  
Turn up the A/C, it's hot in the sec  
Call up the slay queens, pour out the Ace  
Tracksuit Versace, pull out the set  
Zip up the Off-White up to the neck  
Turn up the A/C, it's hot in the sec (Yeah)  
Call up the slay queens, pour out the Ace

Keep a-  
Nice ting with the lips and the curves, in my corner  
A ten on my lap, Maradona

I'm givin' her some class, Cabernet Sauvignon her  
When I made her gag I was goin' for her tonsils  
When I met her dad, I told him I'm an apostle  
Damn, that nigga's a fossil  
Now everything is alright (Everything is alright)  
You see my new car right?  
I pulled up to the show and they was sleepin'  
The energy was weak, I gave them some Morvite  
Zaba Zaba Zaba Zai Zaba Zai  
Always out the country, guess I'm a Zai Zai  
When they pull me over, I'm black I might die  
No SAPS, cool drink, high five  
SA, what a place to reside  
Tides, Durban, the ever-great side (Side)  
Livin' on the highway, pepper steak pies  
But black don't crack so I bet I age fine (Age fine)  
Got a little thing called ties (Yeah)  
Rolled a little thing called dice  
She roll her little things called eyes  
Wrote a little thing called rhymes  
Never told lies, you just couldn't see it with your own eyes

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Ooh