

# Self

Noname

Maybe this the album you listen to in your car when you driving home late at night  
Really questioning every god, religion, Kanye, bitches  
Maybe this is the interest before you get to the river  
I had him before the heathen no reason for you to like me  
Maybe this your wifey just wanting a clean divorce  
The baby ain't really yours  
That's really for babies teething, the chicken wings under-seasoned  
Y'all really thought a bitch couldn't rap huh?  
Maybe this your answer for that, the crack era, the Reagan administration?  
And niggas are still scared of, nah actually this is for me  
This one for TT at the lake serving the mac and the cheese  
This one a small apology for all the calls that I screened

Mr. money man, Mr. every day he got me  
Mr. wifing me down, Mr. me love, Mr. Miyagi  
Miscellaneous, Mr. molly inside my saki  
Incredible, incredible emptiness in my body  
Heaven's only four-feet tall, I set my ringer to it  
Fucked your rapper homie now his ass is making better music  
My pussy teaching ninth-grade English  
My pussy wrote a thesis on colonialism  
In conversation with a marginal system in love with Jesus  
And y'all still thought a bitch couldn't rap huh?  
Maybe this your answer for that  
Good pussy, I know niggas only talk about money and good pussy