

I don't like to speak because talk is cheap
Wealthy mentally cause I'd rather breathe
I'd rather relax and sip on my Rossi, and feel the sensation of
what it will bring
What will I bring, envy and misery
Jealousy and suffering to everyone that doubted me
You can't move like me, you can't do like me
You can't see like me, you can't be like me
And everything that's part of me is something that you'll never
be
You ain't competition so you cannot be my enemy
I don't even know you so, we can't even have beef
You can't even flow so, you could never take me
Give a fuck what you think
I don't give a fuck who you know
Give a fuck what you need
I'ma just float like a ghost in the back of the scene
In my all black shirt and my all black jeans, XIII

Figure it out