

# Dollar Store

Pell

It's hard to stay loyal when there's thousands who adore you  
Blame it on the business Like I'm really gone employ you  
Spill on aisle nine hard to mask like paranoia  
Knew I shouldn't hit the blizzy, now My boss thinks I'm a hippie  
Would have went to class but I was studying some titties  
DD's the whole term cause I ain't passing on what's tempting  
I was kidding they were C's but at least you paid attention  
Or at least enough to follow my description of an image  
That I thought was what I needed buying sexing from off the tv  
Sprinkle me with rims and Watch the locals try to be me  
Bash me on the web but never say it when they see me  
Swear I never clipped my nails the way I leave these pussies bleeding  
Metaphorically  
Kept on spitting 'til they wanted more of me  
Now this bag boy get more attention than an orphan needs  
Metamorphic forklifts moving weight like its a chore to me  
Then hit the punch clock and act accordingly

You and me got lots of time  
Don't fiend a thing  
The world is ours  
Me and you the same as we  
And both of us  
Can make believe

Put your foot on the gas  
You wonder why you in last  
Too busy trying to do the right thing  
So place your foot on the brakes  
And take some time for yourself  
And runaway up on this night train

My passion is far from passive  
I'm spazzing like ab contractions  
I'm bout to get off at five so I can (lighter spark, inhale, coughing)  
Worried bout where I'm headed I'm blinded by smiling faces  
I'm just tryna make out this mini matrix/ that we living in  
Pissing on Pulitzer how I pencil in my childish whims  
But wasn't always focused them pheromones had me hopeless  
Lily was kind enough to harbor my heart with wholeness  
Not quite sure where I was going, so we just lived in the moment  
Hoping I packed some Trojans but notice that she ain't like that  
But after I text she right back kicking like a right back  
Propped by night stand, on that dresser... yessuh  
She wants some little Pells but lord knows I could do better  
Seeing what I could be makes it way more harder to settle  
And rappers catching amnesia they acting like they forget you  
Give me 15 Minutes? I turn it into forever  
I still ain't clocked off my boss applying the pressure  
Working hard to shift my future to the present  
No more guessing I'm that nigga  
Need that work well I'll deliver  
Told mama this was for me/ I'ma pay back that tuition  
Schooling all my peers and paying management commission  
Sit a movie in my bars/ like I'm wrote this script from prison  
Going off on tangents but I hope the youth'll listen  
Be yourself and nothing different/ watch them haters say they get it

Time is winding down I'm clocking out but back to business.

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Pollute the institution, with some textbook coolness  
Made this for the ones who never saw themselves as students  
The rawest athlete that probably never got recruited  
And the fan who love the artist about as equal as the music  
Got some henny in my cooler, some money in my future  
Focused on the past and the women that seduced me  
Back in 2012, thought professors couldn't use me  
So I thank God for this loose leaf, I'll be writing 'til I'm woozy  
I'm gone, to the moon... and I'll be back soon...

Said I'm gone