

# Lately

Pell

You know we've been waiting  
But we might get impatient  
So don't play us  
Tell us where you been at lately

Play this for the homies back home  
That remember me  
Run my thoughts on tracks, cause its time to jog they memory  
Before I'm dope as ketamine  
With pot to piss, and kettle steamed  
Aroma strong vanilla tea  
So I could could belt these melodies  
Play this for the homies back home  
That remember me  
Run my thoughts on tracks, cause its time to jog they memory  
I know I'm forgetful  
But I can't forget you

I was living

I was living crooked no castle  
Dream no hassle  
Spinning more than tassels  
In a cycle so shallow  
Recording by the shed, on my never hit you back flow  
Jazzy NOLA rascal, the rap game Satchmo  
They called me nice on records, but real life asshole  
Until I broke the rap code, and slapped it with some shackles  
Getting service fuck some wifi, even though I'm bashful  
Tobasco might be the hottest you ever seen  
Tobacco know they addicted I nicotine  
Don't bash folks, only showed love still they ain't feel it  
Until them tickets my witness, long flights to show I get it  
Out to Vancouver, swim in something like Cuba  
Hit LA later that evening, reminded of why I do this  
For homies back round the way, inspired by all the music  
I'm praying on top this song, for proof that we all grew up  
Flooding every day, that rain don't go away  
I know there's more to say, I know

So I'm spitting that hope shit, hope you stay focus  
Hope you got a job now, hope you ain't "hoe-less"  
Hope you feel hopeful and hopeful you feel chosen  
Hope I see results so I could have to stop hoping

Hope your girl ain't pregnant, unless he be my godson  
Hope your deals be hand be handmade, and all my niggas got one  
They don't have to sign just reminders when we come  
To bust this game up, so hard they play our re-runs  
They play our bloopers, cause everythings golden  
The journey's forever just know that you got one  
And vibe like it's high schools  
Pop beers and shotgun  
Reminisce days when I cared bout a condom  
I call it love now, the call me conscious  
I call em groupies unless they unfollow  
Call you mañana unless I'm on tightropes

Maintaining balance until there's an encore