

Studio Ground Rules

Pivot Gang

Yeah, ayy, yeah, ayy
Yeah, ayy
No, no, no, it go- it go like this, look
Hmm

Don't stand out, sit down, shut up
Oh, you smoke? Roll up, don't stand out
Don't call next on 2K, you not next
Don't pop up, be low-key 'til we say you can speak
Don't talk loud 'til we laugh
Oh, you rap? Don't rap for us, don't pass us no square smoke
Don't stare bro, Snapchat or IG
High-key, be low-key, don't come with yo' posse
Be dolo or plus one if we- look, you get it right? Look

Heart on my sleeve like a hoodie
I'm from the hood, put yo' hoodie up
Cops would just put they hoods up, killin' kids for they hoodie
Sometimes I think I'm not hood enough
Hip hop made me feel similar
There's a hood, there's a Zimmerman
But I'm under the hood, rev the engine up
Since Walt was sende up, that could've just ended us
Instead, we protected, now it's multi-dimensional
That's why I really don't give no fuck
About how they be talkin' down like that's just momentum for us
The pinnacle of success is a dangerous point
Plus the same niggas hatin' on you be flamin' your joints
You smokin' weed in the studio with niggas who don't like you, huh?
That just sound dumb to me, and I don't even smoke
Oh, you over rich
Yet somehow your friends don't even post your shit
I'm post-apocalyptic, by myself I'm on some sober shit
I could've went to Oberlin, instead I chose to coexist
Where grass grow on the concrete
How the sidewalk look like forests

Don't stand out, sit down, shut up
Oh, you smoke? Roll up, don't stand out
Don't call next on 2K, you not next
Don't pop up, be low-key 'til we say you can speak
Don't talk loud 'til we laugh
Oh, you rap? Don't rap for us, don't pass us no square smoke
Don't stare bro, Snapchat or IG
High-key, be low-key, don't come with your posse
Be dolo or plus one, if we laugh at yo' jokes
Don't stand out, sit down (Sit down)

Bro, take this reefer while I spit this ether
No, we don't need you, go locate your people
Even after odds we could all be equal
Iron these wrinkles on a track, prolly get a sequel
Sit down, lemme show you something
Although my label straight
Still watch who I keep around my dinner place
Cat still got a fax from the recession back in '08
If you ain't raise your stakes to raise your rates, you need to wait

Proper preparation, you don't feel so out of place
Roll up when you roll up, don't hol' up no session
Crowd smoke impression, never impress
My nigga, I see finesse before I even address
In raps, you keep waitin' to rap, put 'em to rest, yeah

You can't be takin' shit personal
Personality nonchalant, words curve like cursive
They own person personify a few Persians per usual
All won't make it out, shout out my personnel
Invoices pinpoint the surface
My purpose speakin' out like bad kids
Uncle daddy Bernie Mac-in'
Teein' off, no caddy lackin'
Present past tense, how I blend it
Bran Stark, they too see it and can't stand it
Brand heart, I got some feelings on this heat
Couple ceilings I'll exceed
OD my potency, find me on my own 50
I'll get my life rich before I die empty, that's no guts
Oh, you smoke? Then roll up
No skippin' but this paper I'ma fold up, can't sit down

Don't stand out, sit down, shut up
Oh, you smoke? Roll up, don't stand out
Don't call next on 2K, you not next
Don't pop up, be low-key 'til we say you can speak
Don't talk loud 'til we laugh
Oh, you rap? Don't rap for us, don't pass us no square smoke
Don't stare bro, Snapchat or IG
High-key, be low-key, don't come with your posse
Be dolo, no plus ones, haha
Yo