Every now and then a snake sheds its skin
But on 7 different days you're still the same snake
A lot of people call you "brother" for the name's sake
A lot of people gonna love you for the fame sake
I bet you argue with your woman, play the blame game
You're in jail, she fuckin' out, oh that's a shame shame
I bet you took that shit to heart, oh you're a lame lame
I see feds in the cut, I gotta vacate

Fuck this, I need a vacation Who's really on job? What's your vocation? Who's real? I need a translator I mean a translation Or someone who understands me in this Wicked adaptation I'm doin' more with less and I don't need no celebrations I'm eatin' all these rappers, like a box of Celebrations I 'on't like nobody who's just dyin' to be famous I was trappin' in my hood, I left my hammer at Mikayla's I really been somebody in some places that are dangerous Careful you don't put that fire in the wrong hands She want a R&B singer with some long bands I fucked her in my Off-White hoodie, true I'm on brand And in my hood, I'm somethin' like Ross Kemp on gangs That's Grant Mitchell, who really palmed pistols Round here we sell crack, we don't sell crystal Round here we sell dark and it's all dismal My nanny knew I was a different type of individual But I couldn't hope for this if I was bein' wishful I 'on't rap about my pagans, but I got a list So who's sellin' all the waps? Cuh I need a list full The last one who bucked me, he got done abysmal The way I put him on my blade, it was sacrificial I'm sorry I done all them years and that I had to miss you Maybe that's what fucked me up and really that's my issue I gave you everything you wanted, like how fucked up is you? How the fuck you steppin' for me? I was comin' with you They hate me 'cause I came up off substance misuse And you never thought I'll ever make it out, did you? A thousand carats in my chain, I could build a igloo We got the same 110's but mine wouldn't fit you And this colour weighs different I can't give you my opinion without wisdom

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