

DISTANCE!

Presence

Distance, distance
Turned my music to a business
They didn't listen
Now they hitting up my phone and they so persistent
But I do not got the time
Dial my assistant

Member back then made minimum wage
Now I go five star dinner my dates
Can't pick up cause you hit me too late
Cry me me a river, J Timberlake
Singing on the record, but this for the mixtape
Put me in a box, I'ma do it my way
Spitting so hard
Feel it in the ribcage
I wish you could your see yo (face, face, face, face)
I got what I need that's (paid, paid, paid, paid)
They was laughing now they (ain't, ain't, ain't, ain't)
Now I'm laughing to the bank (ha, ha, ha, ha)

I need you to keep your distance, distance
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I got what I need and what I need in life is getting paid
Used to laugh at me
Now I'm laughing to the bank
Member when nobody even asked me for my name
Now they telling stories
We don't tell that shit the same

Lotta long nights I ain't get no sleep
Lotta people looking at me for peace
Lotta people looking at me to eat
Barely gotta enough left here for me
I've been up 5 whole days
In a psycho phase
My tank ain't got no E
Giving up my old ways
Let 'em die today
Look to God say RIP

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And you just keeping your distance from me

Keeping your distance from me

Now we don't speak just subtweet

Got everything expect what I need