

Made Man

PRhyme

What if I told you this my nigga
You can sell your tape without takin' no L or loss
You can date chicks like Janelle Monae and Tracee Ellis Ross
You can make it

But if you flagrant when you walk over answers
Your chance some of them can civil and fashion over passions
What's worse than being one of those sayin, "We were those"
I'm tryna drink Cuervo inside of Philippe Chow while being elite
With a freak with a body like Bernice Burgos
I think you niggas see where I'm tryna go
I been around since Moschino and I seen palm trees
The D-Town don who will spring for them cream Don-Cs
I ain't no hypebeast though, I'm a mic beast bro
I don't recite these flows, I homicide these hoes
I got the leg of your baby mama and fiance tremblin'
Show up, kill it, then disappear like Andre Benjamin
That's 'cause I'm straight swim in 'em, Aston Mart base bendin' 'em
Basketball play, pinnin' them, massive heartbreak, minimum
Y'all are woke 'cause it's all our hopes
I went from eatin' oatmeal in the mess hall to doin' dope deals to Holland O
aks

I've seen alot of evil things men'll do (men'll do)
Shit I mean I did a thing or two (yes sir)
Can't nobody tell me how to wear my shoes
Plus they too big for you to use, you lose, you lose
Ain't much no one can say about me, I done made my way
Took my losses, it's safe to say
That I'm a made man, a made man
I'm a made man, a made man
Ain't shit y'all can say about me, I done made my way
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Krizzle! This here was God given
I'm the design of a black man, I defined by hard livin'
But how I whip that old school slowly out the gutter
Pass them haters and bitches that wouldn't fuck with me
Sometimes being a ugly duckin' mean that you'll grow up to be
The player of the ball and Louis slippers had to do 'em
My bucket list was livin' good and goin' to hell and I'm halfway through it
Slide me a check on the side 'cause I don't halfway do it
I make the kinda moves that pay to win got me provin'
I'm a made man

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Fresh out the belly of the beast with my niggas
We live by the gun and we die by the trigga
You never seen me digress even when I had different problems
Everything's a work in progress, even my bitches' bodies
Niggas in the streets aim terribly with that full clip
Turn into a marksman when it's time to miss me with that bullshit
My new religion, that bottle not a thang to me
I'm tired of you niggas like I'm tired of watchin' them slave movies

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