

S.A.D. (Shit Ain't Deep)

Problem

The first time I hopped on a plane to handle some BI
I probably had my headphones on playing some TI
I probably pinched your girlfriend's ass up in the VI
Word to my other self, it's like I could predict the future
I taught them own your masters, they say I'm just a rapper
Rich niggas with attitude, my lifestyle y'all adapted
Yeah, this another chapter, cleaner than your pastor
Pimpin' Ken on the microphone, my pockets fat
I made this one from scratch somewhere between the hi-hats
When I leave, she say come back
All blue hunnids, but the car is matte black
That's if we speak in facts
My stage presence known to make pretty women collapse
That wouldn't be the first time, not even the last
The government set up Tupac, he was pro-black
So I'll be going hard until they tell me it's a wrap
Y'all give us guns and make up laws, no wonder it's called the trap
All blue hunnids in the car is matte black
When I pray now, I say thank you for all I have
Way too invested in this now to go outside
Don't need interviews with Vlad
Money talks. Get a bag

Another day, another problem, bro
Shit ain't sweet
Get money, stay ready though
Shit ain't deep, for real

Another play, a couple commas
Still ain't hit our peak
Get money, stay ready though
Shit ain't deep, for real

Coffee sippin', rolling up to Lailah Hathaway
From the city from where you judged by ghetto accolades
Who shot who, who fucked who
Who wears red, but maybe once before wore blue
It all depends on who wearing the jewelry at the campfire
Shining like sapphire, using nigga satire
To lighten the blow to get their real shit off
Each one teach one, even the real can get lost
Floss killed like liquor that's spilled on clean shirts
Only things I pay attention don't pay for bitch purse
Mecca from the section, remind them each first
Extra with the extras get spent, you play turnt, buddy
But I don't even really want to do that
Moronic ignorance ain't even where my mood at
I'm trying to be the one that finally brought the truth back
Mean every word, and boy, I'm down to fuckin' prove that
So take a trip on the right side
Slightly high, eating bolognese up at Nice Guys
Watch the small flex, no jewels - yeah, the right kind
Fit check, chick check, it's looking like our time

Nothing comes easy, gotta work for this life
Word of advice, now I'm about to turn up tonight
Toast to the sky, pop Ace and pourin' it out

Celebratin' when we never thought of makin' it out
Thrivin' through doubt, and they say I'm drownin' it out
Couldn't read the room until I started soundin' it out
Bank account negative, but started balancin' out
And all I did was believe in myself
I'm reachin' for stars
Brainstormin', reaching for bars
This time I'm taking it far
They like, Osbe, keep going, you hard
Hoods love me, and that's who I keep doing it for
Build a rapport, be good, and then keepin' the score
Pray to the source, now the valet open the door
Battles with life, but I've been winning the war
And coming for more
All I wanted to do was soar
Surrounded by real ones on the same accord

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