

## Breeze

Prodigy

Them niggas got trash, I got quality  
If you only knew, really you should follow me  
Your fave rapper, he scared  
I'm catching all this breeze, nigga, I'm out here

I've waited hell of a long time to get mine  
Right now I'm in a position to shine  
You could tell from my posture, I don't give a fuck  
You could tell from the watch, when I clean up  
Now that's good taste, my shit is all that  
New York style, with the Al Capone hat  
Upscale sex, I have big fun  
You're just a hater, you mad you can't get one  
I got 20/20 vision, and my 2021 Ferrari, banging this shit  
Real turned-up, and my trunk don't rattle  
I'm not cheap, you get what you spent  
Nigga spared until you broke, and money ain't gon' help you  
But that's another story, now where were we?  
Oh yeah, getting swervy, and this ain't nuttin'  
Look, my rap more wordy than your prayers, my shit stunning  
I'm alcoholed out, I can't even drink orange juice  
Cause it remind me of the gin I was swimming in  
Thirsty bitches trying to get a quench from me  
Then I remind them this is Don P you're dealing with, bitch

Them niggas got trash, I got quality  
If you only knew, really you should follow me  
Your fave rapper, he scared  
I'm catching all this breeze, nigga, I'm out here

Shortie, you ain't gon' make it now, I tell you right now  
You either gon' do life, or you gon' get killed  
Yeah, your options are real slim, when you got contemporaries  
Like the Perignon, kid  
I bring a lot to the table, all you wanna do is take greed and larceny  
I see it all in your face, I hear it all when you speak  
Who you think you run the game on, you trying to con me?  
Put yourself up in a world of pain, though it's nothing like Earth  
I'll get you there right away, begone  
Fuck, that was blowing my high  
Back to the real life of rap music's most fly  
My Timbs with no socks on, basketball shorts and a T  
In the Bible Belt, blowing mad weed out the windows  
Of the Prevost, on stage at Baton Rouge  
I stop the show to give love to Lil' Boos'  
Got a flight in a couple hours, let a nigga sleep  
But everytime I'm about to doze off, my phone ring  
There's no rest for the wicked, get plenty when I'm dead  
Get paid while I'm alive, and live to the end

Them niggas got trash, I got quality  
If you only knew, really you should follow me  
Your fave rapper, he scared  
I'm catching all this breeze, nigga, I'm out here