I've Cooked Crack Before

Prof

Am I losing my mind?
Am I the only one who hasn't sold they soul?
Am I losing my mind?
If you can disagree with me, then let me know
Am I losing my mind?
Am I the only one who likes to lost control?
Am I losing my mind?
Talking that shit, I'm like okay, bro

Sick ghost rider, that's a nice stove
You cookin' crack now, you got some nice hoes
Hope they having fun, but I bet they not
Too concerned about how they fucking look
Up here, we still do everything by ourselves
Brush our own teeth, raise our own hell
Would you believe that I write my own rhymes
Tie my own shoes, fight my own fights?
Call me crazy baby, but I think I'm onto something
People got they hands up when they know that they ain't offer nothing
Riddle me this bitch: who's really earning?
Who's in makeup? Who's in person
I've got something you can't have
It's not dabbing, it's not swag
It's not alcohol or crack
It's confidence with eye contact (woohooo)
I see douche bags up in the strip club
Scrounging up loose cash
It's so lit, so turnt in this place
Y'all act like you never been punched in the face

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Oh no, they worried about how they look again
You can ask for work while I put it in
I was sacrificing when you should've been
That's why you're on the outside looking in
If you come to my show you gon hear my voice
I don't rap over vocals I got no choice
Just like I would never let a dude mow my lawn
I would never let a pussy write my songs
I pick my team, I hustle hard
I ain't got a stylist or a bodyguard
No one tells me how to act or look
Or sing, or fight, or fuck, or maybe rap, or cook
I would feel like such a pussy if I was rappin' bout
Cooking crack but never did it when they lookin' back
Let's have a mandatory draft and put the rappers in the kitchen
And see who goes missing

Keep it real, keep it real

Anything for a deal, tell me how you feel
Keep it real, keep it real
Anything for a deal, tell me how you feel, lil buddy
Must be so tough, lil buddy

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I mean, I don't know
There's no such thing as real rappers or fake rappers
You know I'm saying?
There's nothing more real than a rapper lying about everything
You know I'm saying?
I know how insecure you are
I know how tough you wanna be, know I'm saying?
You got goals
Come in here give me a hug, lil buddy
I'm here for you, got my arms wide open

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