

## 2016 Was A Bad Year

Quadeca

2016 was a bad year, yeah  
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And even though we've grown from our past fear  
'16 was a pretty fuckin' bad year, yeah

Well I guess that I'm back here  
Got a feeling that it's that clear  
So much change, I been feeling like a cashier  
Man, this last year was a mother fucking trap full of bad peers  
Well looking back, then I guess I laugh at it  
Just kids making trouble in their math classes  
Just kids making trouble 'till its past savage  
And they turning into fat addicts with some bad habits  
I'm too concerned with fat asses and rack-stacking  
Tha-that's just the material bullshit I put on my rap album  
Tryna chase the feeling, gotta fucking trap-n-pack em  
We got glass matching and I'm thinking "How does that happen?"  
Kid brings his fucking backpack and I'm like "That's Massive"  
Bottles, I can see the bottom with the max glasses  
Act natural, Got some fucking grass patches  
This shit's a whole new world  
I'm like Aladdin  
Damn, Its a straight up double movie  
Man, this shit is so unruly  
Damn, I'm feeling hella groovy  
Feeling hella stupid this is hella boujee  
Getting to escape from it all  
That's just the way that you ball  
Yeah getting to escape from it all  
Well, it feels great 'till you fall  
They be saying "You the man!"  
This is dope bro  
I'm like "hell yeah", but I'm thinking 'bout what happens when I go home  
To my family and know that they don't know  
Shit that's a no-go, guess I'm going solo  
But now I'm getting paranoid  
Look at what I've fucking done to go repaid a void  
Thinking, what if my parents really got to know  
Go silent, here a knock at the door, Shit

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If ignorance is bliss, I guess I pretend to be ignorant  
I guess I'm an idiot  
We live in a world where people pretend they ain't different  
Shit is getting ridiculous  
I won't spite you for tryna rock to somebody else's drum line for a spot in  
the lunch line  
But we gotta draw some line  
So many lines to cross, I see god in my Tees sometimes  
And I ain't even religious  
The power of these words is as real as existence  
Man, I feel it from a distance  
Fake friends leaving in an instant

I guess it's plagued me for a minute  
I guess it's changed me for a year  
I guess it's made me who I am and I ain't gonna quit, frankly I'll stay right here  
Underrated, I haven't been respected  
Putting all this work and still be in the trenches  
Funny how rappers claim to be independent  
When their album got a hundred names in the credits  
Doing it by myself  
No co-signer  
Better bars than these rappers with their ghost-writers  
Who's gonna be famous? Well I'm the most likely  
But the city people don't like me, so they go bite me

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