

No Chance

Quadeca

Yeah

My past music's kinda old and the album's stale
Now the way I do it's magic like it's dragon tales
Now I got this shit locked down
It can't have no bail
They sayin' free Tay-K
Imma send 'em back to jail
(Get back to jail!)

I be writin' letters like I'm Abigail
This shit's historical
I'm scorin' goals like Gareth Bale
Yeah my shit's so fire for (fear/free?)
I do not need to have no sale (No)
Yeah
I make my bars and my basses so fat that they crack the scale
Yeah
They try to stereotype me but I ain't no average male
I got asthma but I can spit 32 with just a half inhale
Listenin' to my music all the newbies, they askin' what that entails
(Uh...)
Well, bitch, I ain't gonna rat myself out
Man I ain't been no tattletale
(Snitch!)

Yeah
I just keep snappin' like pop rocks
I'm a sushi chef cause I got chops
I will keep makin' ambiguous statements to brag
Cause what else do I talk on?
(Who am I?)
I can't party anymore I'm too stressed
So please do not invite me
Better get a new guest
Say I do it for attention
But I tell 'em "Who guessed?"
Who's next?
So you're trying to do this
It's a huge mess

(Damn)
I got this [?]
Tryin' to make sure that I get it on camera
(I'm recording)
Because when I can't post it all up
I start apologizin' on camera
(I'm sorry!)
Damn I feel like the man
But I think everybody says that I'm a scam
Cause they loggin' on, seein' all the fans
No way he did that
No chance

No chance
Imma just do my dance
To the sass
Everybody tryna do the trance

No chance
Somebody get they mans, please
Cannot stand me
I'm just bein who you can't be

Who woulda, who woulda thought
Quadecca would move to the top?
Who woulda, who woulda thought
Now I been doin' a lot?
Damn

No chance
I might just fly to France
Girl in the UK keep askin' me to make plans
I guess I can
I guess I'll do what I can
I'm a god
Lookin' at me like no chance
No chance bitch