

NOT a Diss Track

Quadeca

If my life is a movie, then that shit is boring, I do not involve with drama
(nah)
But I'm still quoted more than the fuckin' Dalai Lama
This for the white kids who still singing that Thotiana
In the back of they mom's new Honda saying: "Please play the song Mo Bamba!"
This for all the Maury show contestants who really are the father (damn)
This for the bitch with the hydroflask instead of the bottled water (facts)
I don't need a fucking alma mater to make my alma mater (wait what?)
I mean my alma matter (uh)
I'm looking at they angry face mistake it all for laughter
I'm throwing laterals with life, ain't dropped the ball but I just toss it b
ackwards
And in the face of every open door, I'm walking backwards
The signs more encrypted than Stalin's passwords
My enemies must like Kendrick Lamar's DAMN album
The way I got 'em talking backwards, "Please check your DM's"
Nah bitch, I would have to follow back first, it's not gon' happen
But looking back I have fallen faster
Gave so many pages of my life to them that I lost some chapters (facts)
Yeah, they don't want a friendship
They wanna spot on that private jet and they friend's ship
Yeah, bitches see me hold my tongue and it make 'em all wanna French kiss
Want my bread to have some drip, I asked the chef for French dip (facts)
Yeah, I'm hispanic but she fuck me like I'm a French man (Bonour, bitch)
I'm graduating but I act like I'm a fucking freshman (ha ha)
Just to raise they expression when my name is mentioned
I always meet the deadlines, never banded an extension
Never claimed to be anything but great and I meant it (brrr)
The other day I asked God why He made an exception (why)
Or did He rig it like Russians did invading elections?
These my favorite questions
This the shit I prayed and stressed when depraved and neglected
Making impressions, I must've made an impression
I think I stayed for a second too long
Made an impressive new song
Came to collect my dues on
Checking my name like luggage
My plan came with coverage
Yeah, put that shit in a fucking mausoleum
My numbers so high even God can see 'em
I mean God can see everything, but He can really see it
I just jumped into the game, I fucking Philly D'd it
Sorry, I been missing class, I been too busy teaching
Nah, ain't nobody spitting facts, they been too busy reaching
Man, I just went and talked to Genius, dropped a billboard, shot a vid
And hit the charts so you could say it's been a busy weekend
Fuck everybody in the comments who going "Say it faster"
I don't give a shit, Playboi Carti's my favorite rapper
Old-heads so confused by the fucking matter
Invalidate the music, dismiss it as mumble rappers
A SoundCloud rapper, "Not a thought for the art"
Well, check a year later, those rappers at the top of the charts, so
Check the program, old man, time to get hip with it
They still judging my song by the platform used to distribute it
Have I surpassed the status of a YouTube rapper or set the bar?
One of the other, so let's decide what the records are
Can't decide what my message is

Can't provide 'em with every part
Can't define it or align with a specific sound without heading far off
I got stylistic ADHD
This probably the longest I've rapped on the same beat
And when I say on the beat, I mean that shit loosely
I mean that shit moves me, I mean it never gets through to me, it drifts through me
Check the television again
Think I just decided I'm ready to be the man, yeah
Huh, think I'm ready to be the man
Graduating with a mil', I got everything in my hand
I've done everything that I planned, I'm too calculated for calculus
Got you shaking when you fucking dream, I'm sleep paralysis
Since the album hit, I've been stackin' chips tryna balance shit
Really pulling strings, got my fingers covered in calluses
Yeah, think I'm ready to be the hottest
Cop Versace to replace all the skeletons in my closet
Chilling with grapes in my mouth, ain't that divine?
Still got three years before I can legally have a glass of wine
I'm like a tax bracket, I make a class divide
And classify my raps and rhymes as the blood of a mastermind
These artists lack the grind
Don't have the time to write they tracks and lines
I mix and master mine, so before I draw it, get back in line
Try to block my shine but I make 'em look like a bad curtain
Ain't that certain, a fast return, now I'm back working
That's an understatement like saying Hitler's a bad person
Or like Shane Dawson saying he's more of a cat person
Yeah, I treat every single verse like it's my last verse
And I've been carrying so many tracks that my back's hurtin'
I'm back lurking, more awkwardly than your dad flirting
Cutting up a beat 'til it's bloody like I'm a bad surgeon

Oh, shit
That was four minutes of bars