

Tropical Bars

Quadeca

It's a new year
Got a new feeling
I'ma do some numbas going through the ceiling
All these supervillans
They need supervision
Tryna use my vision
To improve they rhythm
But they off beat
I stay in the pocket
Like a bitches wallet
In a business office
Man I put it off and they're ain't no limit stop it
Tryna finish projects
Fore I'm in a coffin
Called a legacy
I got so many things waiting ahead of me
Tryna be 17
Feeling like 23
No one can get to me
I'm tryna blow they mind, before they mine Kennedy
Blow some rhymes, before they're no lines left for me
Open mind so they can all shine next to me
And when I make it out or alive
I doubt I'd inspire
But when I'm always winning
Man I don't mind jealousy
You know I gotta stop all the bragging shits
So many haters SMH the acronym
Tryna get a couple OMG's
Or a WTF he is so sexy!
I got no Bently
Beat is so deadly
Walked up to the rap club no entry
And I feel little like I won't get see
Because I'm so white
What if I don't get me
Cause I'm coming at this music with a different set of ideas
Tryna build my own crib like it's Ikea
Here's a pro tip
Take no tips
From people who ain't pros yet
Bitches always so stressed
Cause they tryna find the greatest gay nation
In dreams we're all tryna stay awake
Everyday I'm getting up to 808's
Day to day household tryna pave away
People with the problems
Have the most advice like
Why don't you sort your own life
Don't come close to mine
I'm mostly fine
So please leave me alone to whine
And next time you talking shit please bring me an open mind
Cause people locked in they own ideas and straitjackets
I'm David Blane's magic
I'm helping you break past it
I'm tryna raise havoc

Not 'tryna stay savage'
Trying to make balance
While finding my great passion
I'm climbing to get up this
While witnessin' in-justice
By people who in 'love with'
Or based off of skin colors
This shit is so dis-gusting
I'm seeing it in public
I'm tryna make sense of it
Here in the dis-cussion
And I close my eyes and go to sleep
Waiting until they notice me
Waiting till my creation are making everything so complete
My-
Thoughts are scattered
I find-
Lots of patterns
I try-
Not to let it get my
Plots and ashes
The system is giving them a two pads
Like choose that
I'm turning my bruise back
Say fuck it to boot straps
I'm wearing my own shoes, through that
Huge path
Ahead of me
One that I'm trying to pave with that
New rap celebrity
Sometimes it's superficial
And something that's so enticing
Something that's so inviting
I gotta show when it's biting
Yeah

Tropical bars man
Yeah
That's all I really needed to say
Yeah