

# 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