

Tunnel Vision Freestyle

Quadeca

Yeah, stop it, rappers, they filling they pockets, don't give a shit about profits, that's why I'm honest
That's why my lyrics the hardest, and, bitch, you will fear 'em regardless I'm on a mission, they not gonna listen, but wanting this shit since a kid was an infant
And fuck my own music, this the new edition, I'm schooling these rappers, they pay me tuition, woah
Give a fuck about opinions, the comment took you 30 minutes, so, who's really winning?
Lyricism with precision, I'll murder this beat till my pen is a witness, woah
Woah, a picture's worth a thousand words, so this is worth a thousand pictures, oh
Oh, gimme the images, I'll put an end to this, I don't need Kanye to finish this
Eight year old watching porn for the first time destroying your innocence (What? Hahahaha!)
If you say you can out-rap me, there's gonna have to be an incident (Yeah)
I'ma have to go block you out of my life, like Trump and some immigrants (Aye!)

When I get up on the mic, they say this shit is magnificent
Really, this isn't shit, rap-game Jehovah's Witness, knocking on the game store (Hoo!)

Elevated to get on my same floor, made money while I make more
Two bitching while I take four, that's (Yeah!) just the shit I've been made for (Yeah!)

I ain't never heard of second place (Yeah!), that's just the shit I've been raised for, damn
Yeah (Aye!), yeah (Aye!)

Swear, that they don't wanna see you winning (Hahaha!)

And I'ma 'bout to do this for a century
I'm waiting till these bitches start to listen
They really need to get they own identity (Yeah)
And I know that I got a big decision (Yeah)
But I don't ever get it, hold my empathy (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
For me, I'm looking with my tunnel vision
And I just want the people to remember me ([?])

They wanna see me go global, so people wanna watch the world burn
Only 16, got some big dreams, you live life on your girl's terms
Teaching lessons till the world learns, you being second, it is clear to me
I'm just waiting for the minute that one of these bitches coming at me lyrically
Motherfucker, I'm ahead of ya', y'all need to cut it, like a editor
I ain't tryna fake-flex money, bitches, weed, and all of the et cetera
Your career's already dead to us, and my opinion ain't dead enough
Tell me why your numbers like erectile dysfunction; you can't seem to get it up
Motherfuckers say I'm lightweight 'cause I don't waste the shit on my plate
One day, Anthony Fantano will say, "Strong seven to a light eight"
They be saying that I clickbait, okay, you's a bit late
Funny how they try to diss me, then hit me up to try and check out they mixtape
Jolie to the Angelina, your lyrics tired, like anesthesia
Oh damn, man, I can't believe ya', you need to get your own damn ideas

Tunnel vision, word to Kodak, all my skills, man, I'm so stacked
Freestyle, I don't hold backs, and now, everybody know that
Yeah

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For me, I'm looking with my tunnel vision
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