

# Unscripted

Quadeca

Yeah it's really me  
Playing in the league  
I haven't seen you ballin'  
I just see you falling  
How it really be  
I am off the script  
You can't hold me back  
I'm independent  
Do the mixing  
And the selling  
I control my path  
Getting it online  
Don't care if the money ain't on time  
These artists ain't really artists  
If they care about the bling more than the hotline  
Yeah  
I am off the script  
I am off the script  
Remembers to my voice  
This shit is my choice  
Damn I got away

No I ain't a bird in the trap  
Working like that  
But I have been searching the map  
Trying to find another fucking person that raps perfectly fast  
With beats that's certain to slap  
If you know about the way I work on the track  
Then you know that I will always finish first that's a fact  
Everybody laughed when they heard that I rapped  
Until they heard me rap and confirmed that I'm stacked

Fuck the bay I'll put Earth on the map

Got the highest numbers like the nerd in your class  
I'm the only one that's coming in and curving the stats  
The words that I craft come in first 'cus I'm mad  
I've made mistakes but at least I learn from my past  
Play the song your headphones turn into ash  
That's what happens when I'm burning the track  
It like rappers who submurged under mass  
Or who look for validation from the shirts on their backs  
Friend accuse me of spending stacks on clothes, but the shit that they was wearing was worth more, in fact  
Ain't that a blessing  
I earned all this crap  
So now, I like to flex in reverse like an ass  
Running circles and laugh  
All these rap clowns think they in the circus or act  
It's absurd and it's trash  
But I'm sure that it hurts to be served  
And this crack and cus I'm coming up to get it  
I ain't turning it back

Uh

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