

Unusual

Quadeca

Ain't nothing usual 'bout me
Said ain't nothing usual, I live in the studio
I'm clocking in like I work in a cubicle
The kid is unusual, my bitch is unusual (huh, yeah)
Ain't nothing usual 'bout me, said ain't nothing usual

Ain't nothing usual 'bout me, I put that on whoever doubt me
I'm going manic, she calling me Fousey
But nothing delusional 'bout me (facts)
Sometimes I talk 'bout my music
They tell me that I need to cool it around me
But look at my numbers, then look at your numbers
Like, why you refusin' to count me?
I'm like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, she never wanted to pick up on my line
I was too awkward, I acted like Einstein
Tryin' to put together the pieces in my mind
Too many hours on internet, faking my intellect in my bed
Making a universe with my time (huh)
I'm livin' life auto-pilot, 'cause I'm so fly and I'm not even tryin' (huh)
Ain't nothin' changed but the cosmetics
Defense mechanism make 'em all jealous
If they ain't gonna listen to me (huh, ooo)
Guess they gonna listen to the Margielas (huh)
I hope that when they listen, make it all better
But that's a big ask, in some tall letters
When I'm needin them most, I know they gone either go ghost and then switch
up on they colors like the fall weather
Ok
Back, back, back, back, back
See me in the back of the class when I rap (facts)
You be on the Snapchat, chat, chat
No filter like the water on the tap, tap, tap (huh)
I've been movin' way too fast, I'm just tryna make it last (yeah)
Tryna get my aiming back, sorry that you came in last (yeah, hol' up)

Ain't nothing usual 'bout me
Said ain't nothing usual, uh
But can you blame me, I'm crazy
God already scheduled my funeral (yeah, yeah)
The kid is unusual
My bitch is unusual (huh, yeah)
Ain't nothing usual 'bout me
Said ain't nothing usual (B. Lou!)

Ain't nothin' usual 'bout me
Clear as the vision, expensive the mission
I am not Kim, but I did the impossible
Drop me the addy, that's where I'mma hit
I got the sticks, I'm sendin' up blizzards
Just like a blender, leave your ass mixed
Ain't nothing usual, designer my fit
I keep a .40, Glock, counter full kick
B. Lou a diamond was formed under pressure
Feel like olympic, I'm winning a medal
Want me to fall, but a nigga won't let up
Everything usual, hunnids my paper
You got the check, cause you gotta pay me

Run up the digits, add up the money
Bitches wanna love me, kick it like rugby
I got the hunnids, count 'em in public

Yeah I stay true to myself, saying we gucci
Better stay true to your belt
Fuck all that shit, never knew how I felt
Plaques all in gold, I got two on my shelf
Yeah I'm 17, how you 45 tryna' fuck in my mentions
Bank got so many commas
Shit's looking like a run on sentence (yeah)
Yeah, ayy, that's some unusual shit, huh
I mix designer with 2010 new balance
That's an unusual fit (huh)
Car got QUADECA all caps on the plates like that's an unusual whip
Ain't nothing usual 'bout me, I'm an unusual kid

Ain't nothing usual 'bout me, said ain't nothing usual
I live in a studio
I'm clocking in like I work in a cubicle, uh
The kid is unusual, my bitch is unusual, uh
Ain't nothing usual 'bout me, said ain't nothing usual
Yeah