

Intro

REASON

In- in- in the grand scheme of things, like I'm not supposed to
be here, man
I didn't sell drugs, I'm not gang affiliated, I went to college
I'm not supposed to be here
So I'ma be even more eyes
And even if I never even get that supreme confidence, I'ma stil
l these niggas
You know what I mean?
Like I'ma always find a way

I been workin' hard tryna get it (Get it)
Lately, I been stressin' (Stressin')
Every single night, I feel like I'm outta sessions (Sessions)
And I can't even see past my complaints to count my blessin's (Hah)
And I been gone so long, every chick think I'm sexin' on anothe
r bitch (On another bitch)
Feel like this game tryna treat me like I'm Lovie Smith (Like I
'm Lovie Smith)
Been rackin' my brain tryna come up with a summer hit
But fuck y'all, two step
I lose money, lose sleep, and I lose sex
Lose all of this shit but never lose stress (Hah)
Hopin' that one day, I see a new check
Fuck all that complainin' ('Plainin'), convinced I'ma make it
Remember that statement
I got that shit comin' from Pops to the bottom
That's attics and basements
My team on my back and I swear I won't drop 'em (Drop 'em)
I feel like a racist, huh, 'cause fuck these niggas
Really I be like, "Fuck these niggas"
Look, if this shit don't work
Then I'm grabbin' a vest and I'm Googlin' how to create me a bo
mb
Go in to Capitol Records with TEC's and some weapons
And switchin' my thoughts to Sadaam
If y'all don't start playin' my records, I know I'm the best
Just to come out the West
And so this is a stick-up, like this is erections
In order to come, I'ma need me my credit, nigga
Huh, fuck waitin' on a chest, muhfucka I'ma take one
If a door ain't open, I'ma make one
If a shot ain't there, I create one, hah
'Cause this is my season
My heart, my sweat, and I'm bleedin', uh
Shout out Del Amo, uh, muhfucka, this REASON