

Poster Child!

REASON

Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ayy
One-two, one-two, one-two
(Yeah, one-two, one-two, one-two)
(Yeah, yeah)
Yeah, turn me up a little bit
Classic shit, nigga, look

I'm gettin' high, hop it land me close to God
Yeah, yeah, I park my bucket next to whips that I'm supposed to drive
Shit, I'm the overthinkin' dramatic poster child
Yeah, yeah, I wish my granny and my granddaddy both alive
So they can see how far we took it

Hoodie and some Timbs, walkin' through the streets of Brooklyn
Times feel like I belonged there, I done had some strong years
Priorities fucked up whenever my goals near
Still find time when tequila and some hoes near
Never learned expression, I've been fightin' back some strong tears
Think I'm irresponsible, way I keep losin' people
Always pessimistic, lose a homie due to Crippin'
Done seen that shit in threes, now I'm waitin' on a sequel
God tell me there's a plan for me, Iraq got hit, it wasn't even in his damn city
Sit down with Dotty, he gave me tips to be the man, really realized, it's sad
While he talkin', I just wanna take a pic with him to brag
Thinkin' niggas had me twisted like I wouldn't make it here
So when I post these pixels, probably make it clear that I'm chosen, nigga
Old enough to see the shoes I done grown in, nigga
But young enough to still get game from the older niggas
Open time, I never advance
Ain't enough hours for me to touch every single fan
Signed my deal, now I'm everybody cousin
I aim to be the greatest and I put that on my brother, nigga, fuck it

Park my bucket next to whips that I'm supposed to drive
Nah, just let it run
I'm gettin' high, hope it land me close to God
Shit, look, I wish my granny and my granddaddy both alive
Yeah, I'm the overthinkin', dramatic poster child
Yeah, soul

Look, I was raised on College Dropout
I was on a Ye high since I was yay high, we gathered like a seance
Debate time on who the G.O.A.T., Wayne, Yeezy or Hov?
The portraits in which we rose, no heater, we used a stove
Have perspective there since day one
Ken got hit with a bullet, lost his life before his daughter was grade one
He died on impact, I'ma die tryna make one
Opportunity ain't there, but I'ma take one
Real shit, poster child for the hustle, poster child for the feelings
Poster child for the niggas that came up 'round the dealings
Poster child for the niggas associated with flags that never wanted to bang,
but pressure would make us sad
Change dialect, twist fingers, why, yes
Signed to a label that ain't only pushin' violence

No wonder Top experiment, he came up from the projects
No wonder this shit mine, nigga, I blew up off the mindset
We gon' give you hell, nigga, tell us we can't beat the odds
Don't believe them tales, nigga, you can't say I came with Mel was facin' murder, Mel did it
How I keep this drive? Motivation from my L's, nigga
Poster child for ones that know their family from jail visits
Yeah, them portraits wasn't luxury, but gave me a perspective thick as glue and so it's stuck with me
Ghetto, bougie and uppity, treat the block like it's cutlery, they used that shit to eat
Later on I told them tales and turned wealthy pockets healthy, guess I used that for a feast
That cutlery helped my company, was sittin' on up steps, cars rollin' by suddenly
Tinted windows, we don't know the whip and now we duckin' him, most times it was nothin'
But that sudden thought, I may be joinin' my granny for company, enough to make me duck every time
You can hear it in these verses, truth cut from these lines
Make this album, 'cause them haunted moments stuck in my mind

Straight from them Porches, park my buckin' next to whips that I'm supposed to drive
Shit, yeah, yeah, I'm gettin' high, hop it land me close to God
Yeah, I wish my granny and my granddaddy both alive
I'm the overthinkin', dramatic (Dramatic)
Yeah (Yeah)
Portraits

See, these young niggas, they gottta understand that
We all come from somethin'
And that somethin' we come from connect us
Whether that shit gang or, your income, your family
It don't matter what the fuck it is, man
[?], that's what I'm sayin'
That's what we learn from
And niggas gon' call it an excuse
Whatever they say, I'm doin' the same old shit and all, nigga
It's what define you, it's some real shit
No matter how far you try to get away from it
It's gon' be a piece of you
That you gon' carry with you everywhere you go and this is what [?]
You learned your life, you move with your vernacular
Traditions, beliefs, everything, right here, on this porch
You know young niggas call it the stoop
Which right motherfuckers? Hell
I don't know what the fuck them niggas call whatever fuck they sit on
Communicate, Kumbaya, [?] but they got some shit
I ain't know which right, motherfuckers?
But they got some shit, okay
So it's not about gettin' away from it
You can move, you can do whatever you wanna do
You just gon' take it with you, I guarantee you, I promise
It ain't 'bout where you go or how far you try to get away from it
It's 'bout what you do with it, boy