

Yeah

Yeah

Taking bottles to the face like Tony Parker
Half a million dollars, that can't be your only offer
Writin' 'bout the truth, hope I'm not the only author
Talking to this girl, feeling like her only father
Running shit like fugitives
Take my hammer to these MC's cause I'm too legit
No ones rapping for the passion, y'all just do this cause it's
lucrative
Foolishness, that's why y'all barely make it to your debut
And never see your second, man I hope these minutes save you
Cause our time is limited
Hope you start something and finish it
Run that fucking marathon, shoutout to Nipsey spittin' it
Momma told me sign a deal, I know she's been waitin' on it
Labels tryna' gas me up and break me but I ain't breaking on it
Imma' wait it out and exercise my fucking patiences on it
Verses hit you like a shot, hooks, like their laced with chroni
c
Not to mention all the beats you've swallowed, Imma' make you v
omit
Too ill, too real
This is what the truth feels

Like Mike, 23, by the time I'm 23
Imma' have some accolades that blow my brain like Kennedy

Five on five, Inside my mind, it's feeling like this ten to me
Hope that I can make it, to the day, where these memories
Fade away to long, I hope this ride Isn't the death of me
Cause I got duty to make these fooly rappers lemon squeeze
Emmys please
Oscars maybe, Grammys that's a definite
Imma' fuck the game, present the body just for evidence
Platinum albums on my wall, somewhere In my Bungalow
Universe is my judge and my jury, yeah I'm under oath
Got the weight, in my work, yeah I got a ton of dope
Money so clean it feels dirty, that's all I fuckin' wrote

That's all I fuckin' wrote
Man
I just came to vent
Yeah