

Acts 1.5

SABA

Yeah

Might pull up to a party, Junya Watanabe, the flow'll body anybody's

I am highly prepared for the kind of affairs that superstars go tta embody, need the audience ears

I've been slept on, and stepped over, the less noticed

Steppin' up to bat like the Mets at a Met Gala

That is high fashion, high art, high talk

You should notepad or voice memo when I start

I might have lost niggas when I stopped to demand mine

My record so good, if I lose, about damn time

But that'll never happen, every verse is a classic

Every word gotta matter 'til every Madison Avenue bus get to pl ayin' Saba

The blue line ambassador

Could've said green, but that train's too hazardous

I'm not phased, nobody's out-rappin' us, it's laughable

I should get online, start addin' folks

But the list is long, so I won't go down the rabbit hole

But know that I make nigga's favorite rappers sound like average Joes

And the beat is by the actual G.O.A.T

Y'all get so caught up on hype, y'all gave the Grammy out to-

I belong here, don't confuse me if you had it wrong

Comparin' me is like comparin' Mike to José Calderón

This Pivot Gang, I'm never out alone

You signed the same deal you could've got in school if you took out a loan

I'm Al Capone fresh out the womb, I'm 'bout to fuck the street up

Mike Tyson a microphone, I'm 'bout to fuck the beat up

The only nigga that is stoppin' me is Jesus

My God black, his afro like velcro

My car black, the climate changed, Al Gore

I'm 'Bron headed to Akron, I'm goin' back home

That's where they hop out in traffic without a mask on

And get you for everything that you have on

But I move off of love, not fear still

Wish a nigga would-y, like Buzz Lightyear

I done bubbled up and caught a buzz like Bill

Buildin' this, swear you would think it was IKEA

I'ma tell you how it really was, my dear

'Cause I'm afraid that it ain't really nothin' I fear