

Back In Office

SABA

Young Sebastian back in office
Slipped out of the back in a flyin' saucer
"Christelo where we at?" declinin' offers
I hear niggas rappin', can make salsa

Tomato, tomato, it's all sauce-less
This feel like Drano to y'all faucets
Superhero, this my negro, sauced this flow
They hear my shit, and then adopt it like a foster home
My granny workin' hard, the main person I call upon
Gold chain hang from my collarbone
I was the same guy in her college dorm
And I ain't never had a college dorm
Body like a bottle, and that skin tone terracotta
I'm from Chicago, we invented mobsters
Some call me "Saba", others call me "Saba"
As long as it's love, it's not a problem
I like I'm Óscar de la Hoya
Fuck is y'all lookin' at?
Hot potato, oil, I can fry the game or boil
They like "Fuck is y'all cookin' crack?"
Got niggas askin' "Is it jazz? Or is it rap?"
I'm a bit imaginative, I'm where the ribbon at
In the sky I can write like Jack Kerouac
I can say anything, it don't even have to match
I can wear anything, it don't even have to match
When it comes to rap peers, I don't even have a match
Like a smoker lookin' for a light, patch in they jacket flaps
Raised by the old schools, G-Pop in they Cadillac
That's-

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This is for the amateurs, this is where the master rap
Some of them not amateurs, but next to me they sound like that
My city like Gotham, but no, I am not Ben Affleck
Turn your head into a fraction, yeah, they will take half of that
I am not a hunter, but I grew up in that habitat
Life a uphill battle, but for me was more a avalanche
Stackin' up the bread, now I need everything I haven't had
Milly after milly, they gon' hit me like I'm Bangladesh
Cole passed on this beat back in 2009
I was but a young lad waitin' to have my time
Knew that one day my story be celebrated
I guess I'm still waitin', so fuck it, I'ma take it
Love myself enough, I can dodge through the stunts
Actin' like a ruler, but can never measure up
Knew myself enough, I never questioned what I was
Manifested paradise and I was in the hood
Ten years plus now I been this good
Honey on me now, she heard about the buzz
Signs should say "Keep out", the dawg's on the hunt
Label try reach out, that's every other month

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I hear niggas rap, tell 'em "Take caution"