

When I turn 18, first thing I'mma do is buy a pack of squares  
I never smoked before, so why not get prepared  
For the real world, that my teacher keep talkin bout?  
I'm trying to buy a planet, she talking bout a house  
Fortune 500, y'all buying vowels  
And eyeing spouses, but I ain't bout that  
I'm about to blow up  
And they'll just be like so uh...  
Remember me from high school?  
No actually I do not (no)  
We all wanted real jobs  
And lil nigga you thought you was 2Pac  
But the days at Joes is long gone (long gone)  
And I got my own songs (own songs)  
Turned it into a mixtape  
And stepped outside of my comfort zone  
Like the black pinocchio just tryna be a real nigga  
Oxycontin picking popping, I'mma field nigga  
Cold as hell oxymoron  
I see dead people, Shyamalan  
You think you'll blow, you atom bomb?  
You epic fail. You babylon  
You out ya mind  
And you need to be in it  
So here take this joint and sip this liquor  
Listen to your counselor cancel your dream  
And tell you everything that impossible  
Even if you believe  
And you conform like a bitch  
Wear your uniform to the stitch  
Oh your favorite player was Tmac?  
Impossible don't exist?  
Remember that?  
Bravo bravo, give him a clap  
Encore encore when he end his act  
Download download if he in a rap  
With utmost respect, better tilt a hat  
Kill a track  
Condolences  
Doberman doggin  
No folding, I'm all in  
Badu, I'm evolving  
Til school year next august  
Hopefully by then I'll be talking  
You are in  
Comfort Zone