

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