

PROM / KING

SABA

This remind me of before we had insomnia
Sleepin' peacefully, never needed a pile of drugs
Everybody was college-bound, no dollar amounts
In God we trust, senior year my prom ain't had no party bus
My cousin hit me on Facebook, like "What shorty you takin'?"
I'm lyin', I'm playin', I'm sayin', "I got one to take," and I'm waitin' on
her response
Wrote her a 3 page letter, it's 3 days later, never hit me back, she broke m
y heart
So now he I'm'ing me shit like, "Yo' is shorty bad?"
I pretend not to be depressed, she never wrote me back
I hit him back like "Yo', well fuck her, it's on to the next"
I wrote that message thinkin' I'm awkward, prolly' would never have sex
You know in high school, 16 you prolly late
My cousin hit me back, "Don't trip, bro. I got you a date."
So he sent me this link to some girl I had never seen
He said to call and tell her "Walter sent you, you with me."
I think about it for a minute, like what's his intentions?
I mean, we never really got along or used to kick it
In fact, if I remember vividly, he picked on me
He used to beat me up and take my sneakers every family visit
I'm skeptical to let her know I'm Walter little cousin
What if this shit all a joke, then again, what if it wasn't?
Would I really risk the chance of me potentially fuckin'
On some stranger daughter 'cause I barely know if I can trust him?
Prolly not
I finally called her, tell her Walter sent me, "My name Tahj"
She asked me what's the color scheme that we gon' wear to prom
I'm actin' like I'm not excited, tryna play it off
"So what's the car we're takin'?" "Worst come worst, my mom can take us"
I'll call Walter, thank him, he said don't trip and just wear black
He said she cool and they go back, if any problems, send him back
I never had to, but now we're in tune
He Facebook messaged me like, "Sorry not to be a nuisance..."
But he like 30 dollars short on all his prom suit shit
I'm like, "I got you, cause. That's the least that I can do."
He tell me send him the addy and he'll slide after school
I'm like, "Ok, bet," never knew where he stayed at
He walked down the street, hella surprised, "This where y'all place at?"
Uncle Carl, Auntie Deborah, my cousin Rena
And I'm surprised too, my family knew, kept this a secret
Me and cause stay down the street, living different lives
Everyday he on the bus, me, I get a ride
I gave him 30 on the porch, he never went inside
He tell me, "Thank you," then he walked back home with a smile
He tryna hide it, but I see his dimple
I'm thinkin', "Damn, that transaction was simple"
I'm talking shit, I know he hoop, I'm like, "Aye, where the rim, bro?"
He like, "Tomorrow, if you free, you prolly weak as shit, tho."
I know my brother not
So all 3 of us went to the park and ran some niggas off the court
I'm hella passive, I was passin', I ain't have to score
The next day the prom, I couldn't sleep, I stayed up
My granddad gave me a condom then walked away, didn't say nothin'
She hopped out of her car and said that her name was Jada
My heart's racin', I'm focused, I'm tryna keep it playa
Gave her the croissant, or corsage or whatever the fuck my mom handed me

And said, "Now put it on her hand, Malik", family ties
My grandfather taught me how to tie up a tie 'cause my dad lived in NY
That's prolly why I was shy, so self-conscious
Took pictures on the porch, and then we headed for the prom and
Walter went on prom the same day, but to a different place
So he text me like, "Cause, this the spot. Let's meet up later
And bring Jada through," prom flashed, I kept it cool
We show up to the function where she brought a change of clothes
I'm lookin' around like, "Damn, I don't know nobody"
We at this party out West and Jada left to get dressed
I'm fakin' like I'm sendin' text
Some stranger get really close, I swear that I hear his breath
Then he put a knife to my neck
Gave me the run down like, "Jada my sister
And if you hit her, fuck her, make her miss ya, I'ma kill ya!"
At this point, I'm just exhausted
Wonderin' where the fuck's Walter
He shows up like 30 minutes after our altercation
I never mentioned it to him, he kinda overprotective
And I know if I tell him, that he'll beat this nigga's skull in
Turn his body a skeleton, and our night'll end terrible
I exhale and say, "Fuck it", and I just chose to let it go

(Said you're used to getting everything your way... this not how that happens this time, just gotta fuck with your boy?)

Walt went to St. Louis, had a full ride for his hoopin'
Him and his coach got into it, now he back home doin' music, aye
I was at Columbia, a damn near straight A student
I had one B in a hip-hop class, I thought that shit was stupid
He transferred to Robert Morris, always living down the street
My class let out at 2:40 and his class let out at 3
Mama asked me where the hell I been and where the hell I be
"I'm with Walter, mom, I'm safe" I keep walkin' in here late
I might fall off in your bae, I get girls now, I get laid
I get caught up followin' Walter, I'm a product of my age
He talk to erry' girl in downtown Chicago
Wingman, I cannot fly though
He was in Cal with Impala, he was that nigga in the party
Awfully popular for someone that they barely mention
Plus we from the part of city that they barely mention
Just logged into Twitter and somehow we was barely mentioned
We signed our names on the open mic list and then they skipped us
And then they skipped us again like a week later
Like, obviously this fuckin' host can't read the paper
Hella' intimidatin', the big guy didn't have to flex
So Walter walked to the host and said, "This the name you callin' next"
Bullied our way to the stage and then overstayed our welcome
An apple never get too far from the tree that it fell from
Just like my father tryna do music and hope I make it
Walter joined me for the journey said the city waitin'
PIVOT

Walter invincible, dodged death like a mad magician
More times than a mathematician
I'm in LA workin' on Bucket List Project, I get a call and get a fishy feeling
Normally Walt joke on the phone, this time he over serious
My heart droppin', I'm like, "Yo, what is it?!"
He say he with T.Y on the highway and some niggas just tried to kill him
Emptied the clip on the car, but somehow they didn't hit him
Sometimes I fuckin' hate Chicago, 'cause I hate this feelin'
Innocent niggas get shot at, in the broad day, the A.M

I asked him for a play-by-play of how their whole day went
He said he went to XSport, and they ran a full court
And I can not retort without thinkin' that this can't be the reason
"So what else you do? What about Ty? Is he still cool?
Where you on your way from, and where you on your way to?"
He say he just left for dinner at a friend crib, and that's it
He say "Ty don't do shit but smoke, honestly Saba, that's it"
Give him sympathy, another case of mistaken identity
The news prolly' gon' run this, as two gangs from different streets
Police questionin' him like he just shot at a trooper
My boy walked away unharmed, and we did Lollapalooza, yeah
6 months pass by, everyday we celebrate, everyday a better day
I just dropped Bucket List, Walter 'bout to drop a tape
Everything goin' perfect, couldn't paint a better way
PIVOT gang is on the way, we just sold out Lincoln Hall
Then I went to talk to Sway
I got back home and got back on it, 'cause Walter was doin' tour dates
Sendin' me links to songs that he made, Kid Cudi, we are not ridin' no waves
, aye
Grandma made us blanket plates, we played 2K, that's just a day before
Fatimah got a show tomorrow, he text me, "Aye, we in that hoe"
I went to the barbershop, the first thing the next mornin'
Then I got up with Legit, we supposed to do some recordin'
10 minutes into this session, I got a call from a number
That I don't got saved, but I answer anyways
She says, "Hello, Malik, have you or Squeak
Talked to my son today? He was just on the train."
We got in the car, but we didn't know where to drive to
Fuck it, wherever you are my nigga, we'll come and find you...

Just another day in the ghetto
Oh, the streets bring sorrow
Can't get out today with their schedule
I just hope I make it 'til tomorrow
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