

Rap Dollar\$

SABA

I'm that loser that they let sit with the cool kids
This my past on a record, and I reckon like a western film
Like Lazarus, I resurrected rap. Clear?
Like resuscitation, bro I brought it back
To Life, To Light
Till I die my hair turning gray
My bills never paid on time
This the life that I chose
Getting choked up on the stage at 15
Is this really your scene?
While Pops was singing
While Mom unemployed
Why Uncle locked up?
We on Massasoit
With a 4-track and more raps
And more rats in the basement
I wish I could build me a spaceship and fly
Towards them

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Say, did that blog post you?
Pro tool, hard work paying off
With a call from an A and R
And a coffin to your old life
And the cause of death's a larger check
Doctor check his pulse, is he ok?
Or is he too far gone?...
The Drake
The traits
That he got from his pop got him popular
He popping now, consider dropping out
Cause school the opps
With no illusion, all these obstacles is optical
The sight 20-20, if I ain't on when I hit 20
Are you still rocking with me?
That's all I ask
That's my concern
See me to my turn
Bandwagon bad rappers
You can see my gift, like a bad wrapper
Sab fans is family
This for grammys and them

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This for all of y'all
Who always had to hustle hard
This all we know
This all we are

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