

She Called It

SABA

Pistol pop, gun shot
Today I pray for you
Balls and my word, all I got
I won't break them for you
Don't stop, don't stop
Why would he ever do it?
Granny say he'll be good
Yeah
You ain't gotta tell me twice
She called it

This feel like déjà vu
I went home, like A Rod's shoes
They asked me, why we really believe you a success
Read through the lines like subtext
On this, cassette tape
I done said it all, hell, what's left to say?
It was all tears, now my face Times Square
'Cause I do it times two, like times squared
In the crib like it could've been a timeshare
Late, but divine timing it, I'm here
He done seen it all, so it's hard to surprise him
Always underdog but that shit's misalignment
Now I hit defrost in a whip that can drive itself
I just belched
Gas in the current standard didn't sit well

I mean it wasn't like I wasn't doing well
But figure when you quiet, they say they can't tell
They going out sadly
Yeah, I rap, but a bad wrap
Something that I will not be having
I heard your record, it was ass cheeks
Yeah, we Pivot, a collective that's respected as a family
Long live the bros, John Walt, get happy
Squeaky with me anytime you see my hair nappy
Niggas that believed in me before we was savvy
To businesses, is used to who's who
Fools, to who rushed in, are in pools
Of bodies that are buried in black suits
Of course I'ma take my time, I had to
Bet you'd do the same in my shoe

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Power through ain't breakin the glue
Stuck together, now take it or lose
We fell well on our own, I hate waiting the news

Heart broke, my love won't shake me a loose
It's true, déjà vu
Know how many days it'll take tryna shake our roots
They ask if I'm the one like Keanu
But the question getting answered like A.I. shoes
It's true, it's been a few
Pivot, FRSH Water, don't suffer no fool
Took the tux on the road, we didn't buy in a suit
Who done got this far like it was just something to do
And did

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Left a message
She called it
Left a message
Chicago
Left a message
Chicago
Left a message
We called it
Granny say he'll be good
You ain't gotta tell me twice
Tommy said we'll be good
You ain't gotta tell me twice
Squeaky said we them ones
It appear he was right
Apologies to my lady
For the times you told me twice