

# These Days

Silas

These days all I got is money on my mind  
Late night walkin' down the street, it's never fine  
When we hit the stu', they say, "Your boy one of a kind"  
Maskin' my emotions, baby girl, say what you find

Yeah, boss up, boss up, boss up, boss up, like I'm 2 Chain  
Kung-fu, kung-fu, breakin' records on my Wu-Tang  
She just danced that Magic City, sippin' D'USSÉ  
Industry like Russian roulette on a Tuesday (Wow)  
Remember when we used to dream about crowds?  
Now on my free time I'm movin' through clouds  
Feedin' my fam and I'm holdin' it down  
What is you losers gon' talk about now?  
Say that I'm winnin'  
Been prayin' since kiddie and times that I really just wouldn't go finish  
I think of my actions and wonder 'bout passion  
I'm livin' the realest, I think that I'll ghost  
I'm movin' coast, you do the most  
On the Gram, and yeah, we flow  
Like I suppose, you boys a joke  
Don't get too close, we keepin' notes  
Have mercy on my soul, on my soul like  
Hey, how does it feel when you walk in a place?  
Bitch, it feel great (Great!)  
How does it feel when you pushin' the wax?  
Never be late (Late!)  
They waited for checks, waited for Nikes  
Waited for less, waited for Silas, waited for Post  
They waited for this, I'm bringin' the hits, the fuck off my dick

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Got a lot up on my mind  
These days they don't fuck with you unless you press rewind  
Switchin' up the 808, we bouncin' all the time  
Racks inside my backpack, that's your girlfriend on my line  
These days all I wanna do is press the line  
These nights workin', and you know we 'bout to fly  
Lately I been thinkin' 'bout you when you on my mind  
Shawty, come and fuck with me, and I'ma make you mine (Ayy)

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Tell me what you know about dreams (About dreams)  
Tell me what you know about nightmares, nothin'

Know this life ain't always what it seems  
No this life ain't always what it, what it, ayy

One time, two time, three time  
Got a lotta money, but I got no me time  
What I need?  
Balance, balance, what's my balance?  
25 million, need a new challenge  
Up late night, met The Roots on Fallon  
Everybody wonder why the boy stay wildin'  
Never give a damn, no I never give a damn  
I'm the man with the plan, yeah, you know who I am  
Walk up in it and everybody know who I am  
Now they wanna show love, now they wanna be fam  
But I told you in the beginnin', I never give a damn  
Money so tall, I'ma need a rubber band (Ah!)  
Too much to count, too much to count, too much to count  
Tell God I'ma need another hand  
Too much pussy in the world, goddamn  
Baby girl, know I love you, but you need another man  
Mind on my money and my money on my mind  
Feelin' fine, one of a kind, been ill with the rhyme  
Silas from the 'Burg, from the home of the Terrapins (Woo!)  
Boy blowin' up like a terrorist (Goddamn!)  
That don't mean that he gotta speak Arabic  
World so PC, I'ma need a therapist  
Mama! Ayy, look at me one mo' 'gain  
On top of my game, yeah, that's word to my kin  
On top of the game, yeah, that's word to my gan  
If I had a opportunity, I'd do it all again  
Comin' for the head, buckshot, I win  
I don't play games, I star in 'em  
That's word to Naughty Dog  
That's word to Last of Us  
Bobby Boy slow it down, rappin' too fast for us, I'ma keep goin'  
I'm knowin, I'm passin' the torch to the boy, now go in!

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