

Waterfall, Pt. 2

Silas

They been sayin' since a youngin you a fool bro, uh
'Cause your skin color fed by silver spoon, oh
You can't touch my dreams been tryna touch the moon, oh
You can't run then go and sing the blues bro
Baby momma trippin' when the ass coming through though
I been in the kitchen w-w-whippin' silver spoons so
Scottie Pippen with the layup, AR, we about to wait up
No debatin', who the greatest, wordplay going Super Saiyan, uh
I don't give a fuck like uh
They can't fuck with us so uh
I don't play with runner up
Uh, uh, uh

No money, no fans
Give it up, give it up
No money, no fans
Give it up, give it up

Man I woke up from that dream realized I had nothin'
But It's nothing all I need
They'd rather roll a couple rellos while I perform in Coachella
Shootin' shots like Mello
Mothafucker get the deal, get yo business up
Get up out yo feelings, I been chillin' on a low
Try to get it where I'm livin' at
Lately, I been lookin' to the stars tryna figure our god
Figure out this live I'm livin' and why it's so hard
Or why I'm so lost so I need to get out the flaws
So why I gotta fuck yo bitch, since I'm Hugo Boss
And dude you lost or, do you know laws
Or do you know the price that it cost to be the boss
I been homeless for a week and I can't get a job
But, gotta zip it open, climb, tell to get off
What you expect me to do?
Go hungry while this place I'm livin' in is a zoo?
I don't know, would you?

Waddup dawg
You ready?