

## 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?