

# Profound

Skizzy Mars

This that Pope church Sunday with your kids flow  
And I'm the hottest nigga out if you didn't know  
I'm a bad, bad man with a big flow  
I got the fans in the back on they tippy-toes  
We let the kush burn methodic then we rip it slow  
I got a main bitch, also got a nympho  
Told her, "I love you" but I lied  
Like A Raisin in the Sun, I'm just not a nice guy

Look, I'm just chilling in a penthouse, I'm living life  
And if you want to, baby girl, then you could spend the night  
Sleep on my shoulder in the cab, marvel at the home I have  
And then I clap and we wake up to fluorescent lights  
Now you could find me at Ferragamo with Salvatore  
One page ahead, homie, I write original stories  
I'm in the house, yeah nigga, Corey  
At the club celebrate like I'm not the father on Maury  
Papa Skizz says I'm always on my BBM  
And the apocalypse is when you'll fucking see me end  
I'm graduating, tell my friends I know we going separate ways  
But the Grammy's is where we'll probably meet again

And now the top off like thugs when it's hot out  
Everybody trynna avoid me, NBA lockout  
Looking for the future, man, I see it in the mirror  
These other rappers should go home like Tia and Tamara said

Tipping valets, Camel butts in the ash tray  
Last night was a shit show, passed out in the taxi  
Girls at shows who claim they are not hoes  
I tell her lines at clubs, now we never standing those  
Look

A white-black kid from uptown who chose  
White-white kids from downtown, how profound  
So drink something, smoke something, fuck something  
Try to make it, fuck the underground  
Sorry Harriet Tubman  
Yeah

I got fans cause I'm hot  
Get it?  
I got fans cause I'm hot  
I got women on speed dial, they say they need Myles  
And they saying my music's crack, my lyrics need vials  
Look, I told my bitch I never regret shit  
Cause assholes and douchebags create the best shit  
I leave school and walk a couple blocks to Georg Jensen  
Shopping at places that for you are way too expensive  
Shits depressing  
And me and Yaz working hard  
Both destined for greatness  
Good things come to those who wait and we both are being patient  
And Casa Nova killing it  
I'm trynna make a million  
And Luca could put me on with some models that are Sicilian  
Writing songs, fully focused on music

Cause changing music, I'm the next one to do it  
Champagne glasses and liquor flasks  
No need to ask, I'mma keep writing songs up til I pass  
Look, did you want the Filet Mignon or the pasta?  
Well, she's a trendsetter- she asked me for the lobster  
Aye, Ranko told me when you make it, make sure you save some groupies  
I told him I'll get diseases if these bitches all have cooties  
Haters hate me like alarm clocks on morning Mondays  
Monday mornings my name ring bells like church Sundays  
And all my girls in their fashion, we be working the runway  
Got a H on my belt, and we ain't talking Hyundai

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I'm getting love but I try to take it humbly  
Cause now just three songs got me buzzing like a bumblebee  
High up, waving at all pedestrians under me  
Never get cocky, got to stay Ethiopian, hungry  
Well, fuck it, I'm too ambitious  
You just sticking to the block, dawg, you're too indigenous  
Said it's getting bread, pigeon shit. I son all you bitches  
Yeah, illegitimate  
Fuck the dope game, I'm just trynna be dope as fuck  
Haters hope I break a leg, but just say I wish you luck  
And these haters are the bullies holding on to my lunch  
Standing up for a cause, like like I'm Rosa on the bus  
And if I sound like Drake, Cudi, and Wiz combined  
I'm the greatest rapper of all time  
Infallible, invincible, living without limits  
Making music til I meet the man in white linen  
Yeah