

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