Normal (Uncut)

Skrapz

Everybody's asking, "When the album's coming out?
What you rapping 'bout? What's the album called?
Who you got on there? What you got in store?
How much tracks you got? Ten of them or more?
How many with Nines? Are you doing promo or surprise?
It's been a long time, you ain't dropped nothing a while
These rappers are dead, you're better than all of them by a mile
They all sound the same, there ain't one of them with your style
They flow like the Thames and you just flow like the River Nile
But music aside, hope it goes well when you go to trial
The life that you live, I don't know how you still crack a smile
I know you got money stacked up in piles
But the streets need some new Skrapz right now."

Skrapz is back baby, everyone calm down
Three-fifty snub, loaded with six rounds
I'm rolling with bloodhounds
I send a bitch LA, all expenses paid
Made her come back with ten pounds of some Gelonade
Life gave me lemons but I never made lemonade
I planted the seeds and the trees started generating
And fuck the rules and regulations, I'm regulating
I went from sitting in a cell, now I'm celebrating
I'm meditating in the morning, I don't wake and bake
I put some fruit into the blender then I make a shake
And even though them niggas hate, they still have to rate me
'Cause all my pockets full of money like I'm Lil Baby
I hopped out the coupe looking like I play for Chelsea
I got your baby mother telling me I'm looking healthy
Please Father God help me
All I'm doing's playing with the cards the world dealt me
I told my daughters there ain't nothing that they can't tell me
I told them niggas that they're pussies so they can't help me
They got me moving like a ninja so they can't jail me
Plus I'm rolling with my spinner so it can't fail me

You can't chat to me directly, gotta email me
Catch me in the city where the sexy females be
I heard some niggas tryna green-light me
Tryna catch me slipping but that's highly unlikely
I'm in a very good position, thank the Almighty
Rightly so 'cause I been through the rain, sleet and snow
And I been through the highs and the lows
Take a L, bet it back's how it goes
It's like my heart's turned cold
But I never let my soul get sold
Tryna live to see my kids turn old
And if I touch the road and come home and I've gotta burn my clothes
Then that story will remain untold
I can't wait to do shows again
Me and all my niggas on the roads again
Plus the Spartans and the soldiers them
Can't tell me nothing 'bout lyrics and flows, I got loads of them
These niggas salty like sodium
Standing number one up on the podium
Gold chain hanging 'round my neck
It's buss down and it says "The One and Only" on

I got a call from my nigga in pen
He said, "You've only gone and done it again."
I said, "It's normal."

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