

'95 Bad Boy Logo

Skyzoo

The agenda don't ever change much, the same from when we came up
It stick with us now, to fit a crown without fucking your fade up
You double down on your way up
Up on your way, up for the day til the day done
Night turn to drop jeeps and Alize runs
The soundtrack to it in the back where the weight's tucked
The baselines cover bass lines til the tape stuck
Fast forward to the B-sides where the tape run
We kept the drop jeeps but turned the rest into Spade runs
Running for chart space
Running like if we was running off of a court date with a gun in the door sa
fe
Red bones at the light, fuck with this car chase
Bunch of Lorel's got it looking like 4 Faiths
Drawn to the light post, right so
Rightfully hypefully know that we just want the allure straight
Playing BYOBs up in Kum Kau, like y'all don't sell Privilege
So we just brought it with us
And we just want the finals to not feel like a scrimmage
It ain't about the title its who you bodied to get it
And anybody can get it, word to a Sean Combs remix
And whatever Sean Combs did, we did
Same rule applied like summersaulting a key out, key in
Shit is ordained like a prefix
All we really wanted was a '95 bad boy logo
On the back of a letterman, backstage at letterman
Fitted over my brow like I was Mason Betha in
Patent leather 11s and, the band play the record and
Puff screaming how we won't stop while I get settled in
To the swing of the record and, then the swing of the record is
Tryna mimic this St. Laz piece over my neck and I
Get to swinging this rhetoric, Fulton street benevolent
But rap like a clip off the waist before the sedatives
OZ orchestra, theme music for peddlers
But back to the scene and the stage that I was setting and
The feeling of a Hitman record gets
Higher than Branson, or fly as a Vanson
Or fly as BIG buying keys outta advances
Fuck up a bag and run it back or run it round
Rollie's in the sky, bet nobody brung 'em down
And when he told you "t-bone steak cheese eggs and welches grape"
I grew up between Mikes and Country House
Mikes is better, the lights is better when you underneath
You light up whoever when you wanna eat
Looking up to a logo of a toddler with his fist in the air
Or letting the lama rip in the air
Because all we really wanted was a '95 Bad Boy logo
On the back of a letterman, backstage at Letterman
Fitted over my brow like I was Mason Betha in
Patent leather 11s and, the band play the record and
Puff screaming how we won't stop while I get settled in
To the swing of the record and, then the swing of the record is
Tryna mimic this St. Laz piece over my neck and bet
That I don't gotta loop this no more, you get the messages right?