

## Classic

## Songer

Classic, you know when it just says classic  
Music can feel like magic  
It's hard to beat like Crystal Palace  
Own that shit like my names Steve Parrish  
Sometimes life is savage  
Not all about finding the baddest  
The vision gets blurred like critical damage  
Soulful, music can make your soul full  
Man telling me that I'm old school  
Coming like man-marking and not zonal  
They wanna break for a hit so I'll call that a snowball  
Well it makes sense in my head  
Word to specs there's no rules  
Yes I sip red red wine, does that make me a mogul?

I don't wanna take like 100 pics  
Radio doing up pumped up kicks  
Cigarette smoke and bourbon whiskey  
Songs like this they're accustomed with  
Bredrin tryna give me buns on spliff  
I'm stressed out, fucks sake look at what COVID did  
Got man sweating at small stuff bun that  
Give me that potent shit  
I don't wanna look at myself anymore  
Got me feeling like I don't even know this kid  
Not in a sad way just spent so much time on my ones that I loathe this kid  
Locked up hitting new lows and shit  
Feeling like everyday my goals'll shift  
Everybody wanna try and ride this wave but never wanna act like I own this s  
hit  
Intelligence only ever stressed man out  
Oblivious ones are the blessed ones now  
Technology is not improving the planet  
We're told that it is but it's upside down  
Man gives illusions that shits improving conditioned to think that we're mov  
ing forward  
But, humans are more polluted than anytime the ships been cruising  
I just want money and sex  
West Hams players I'm doubling czechs  
Couldn't care less if you like me or not cause my bredrins do and my mothers  
impressed  
Sometimes quiet and others I flex  
The type to spend 600 on creps  
Only when I got 20 g's in my bank  
I ain't tryna go broke by tryna impress  
Something expensive to sip with dinner  
Old version of me is a distant figure  
Been fucking with cole way before Born Sinner  
Some bars just make you think and sit up  
Hear a man spit like what did he say  
40 to 1 I was on him each way  
He paid for the beat that I'm on on this day  
Sometimes it's luck that'll stop a mans pain  
Thomas Tuchel I can never concede  
When I bar Steph Curry how every thing freeze  
Then it's straight out my pocket and everything's p's  
Every expense yeah, everything's me

Sometimes you've just got to let a guy breath  
Never gonna know when another life's peak  
I was doing me tryna stomach my grief  
But the world kept spinning  
It don't go at your speed

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