

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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