

I write songs  
I don't write for the hype  
Don't write for the light type ones  
I drop bombs  
And I ain't stopping 'till I'm  
I'm copping what I'm wanting, motherfucker (we gone)  
We go!  
Y'all know my steelo, hero  
Save my city from them cheese-o, b-roll  
Homie, I'm singing my ass off like I'm Cee-Lo  
Ladi dadi dadi they just wanna party  
But my un-political ass  
Keep on spitting, shit retardy  
I don't rap about generic shit  
Don't rap about Bugattis  
Or rap about rapping circles  
Round rappers, I'm bout it, bout it

Do it for the fans, don't do it for the shine  
Don't do it for the ups, I do it for the grind  
Don't do it for the moment, I do it for the time, now  
You can never really say when I'm in my prime, now  
My uppity ups don't mean a lot  
When I'm diggidie down's when y'all seem to pop  
Without them you'd probably wouldn't be a lot  
Just a normal ass kid who dream a lot  
Fuck boys, don't see a lot  
Keep telling me that I don't keep a G a lot  
Cause I don't talk about giving chicks D a lot  
I guess being myself is who I be a lot

What is real, what is real, what is real  
I don't know, I guess before I leave  
That's something you gon'feel

Whoa  
I said it, yeah I said it  
Whoa  
Shit's epic, yeah the shit's epic  
Whoa  
I said it, yeah I said it  
Whoa  
Shit's epic, yeah the shit's epic

This dream I believe in  
I guess I had my own reasons  
I was cheifin every evening  
Mom callin plus my phone beepin  
I ain't pick it up, I ain't pick it up  
Want to live it really, but I never live it up  
Matter of fact, I've been thinking about giving up  
But my homie tell me that I'm really I'll as fuck  
So I wrote the hook down  
Barely look down  
All it took now  
Was a good sound  
Write the bars, and layed her down

And when I layed her down I just played her loud  
Like

{What if I just told you right now  
Everything you ever wanted, you can have it}

That right there, that's why I do this  
I was gonna be the coolest!  
Now, motherfucker, be the truest  
I wake up in the morning, I ain't gotta be a different body  
Went and turned the mic on, and when you gotta nikon  
Aimin in my face with the flash with the light on  
I'm the one to give a writer something here to bite on  
Say cheese for the cameraman  
You know bro's just rappin for his grandma man  
Got hits like ram jam bam a lam  
And I ain't stoppin til my momma see's a grammy man like  
Hey, extra extra, don't read the text, the performance's better  
You can check the show, and get your critique on  
And we can feel the vibe, and sing it all together like  
Hey, doctor doctor, don't cure my ass before I divide and conquer  
Ex-haters sayin that my flow is bonkers  
You wanted real then don't wait no longer

(It's about time for the tango)

One long day turn to one long dream, dream  
Yeah the show well it ain't what it seem, seem

No this ain't here no party music, but you can party to it  
Everything I do I put my heart into it  
But you can party to it

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