Victory

SonReal

This this right here, is is a seven-letter word,
SUCCESS, unreal, that Son superb,
Never gave a f-a what you feel,
Did it on my own, no dough, no deal,
Never had ish given to me, never took ish,
Never cut corner, I earned this,
Good morning that's the introduction
Signing new me at the intro bumpin',
Is he from the hood, do we keep it real,
Do we call out other rapper, do we pack still,
Na-a, that clean-cut nudo,
Fresh from school so we tied with the new dude
Fully qualify-qualify the teacher,
Simple things in life, like pleased to meet ya,
Please and thank you,
Excuse me, bless you,
No I don't time, but I will impress you
And that's how I roll man
Here from the north, but I don't do snow man,
Don't drink coke neither, gimme a milk though,
Rappers in my city trying to do this to milk dough,
'Till they figured out that you're lucky to break even
Where the part of rappers scatter and start leavin'
Ain't that that funny,
I'm a stack that money,
Like is backpack money,
And I ain't really trippin' on no competition,
Catch they trippin' on the observation,
'Till they take a trip a trip up all my station,
Now they wanna buck me on a trip vacation,
And all inclusive, the Kidd exclusive,
No one knows it, I'm news to new shit
I've ordered a couple on the double to boost it
Now these dails like who is he,
Independent innovator, yup, that's me,
No I don't work for the company,
To company me, so they dumpin' me,
Now I'm a business, yo what is this,
Check the scene, we're the best in the District
W and W, but never your eldo,
Is he just another one of 'dem boys, hell no!

Victory is mine, so I'm on my way,
I've been on my grind so my dues are paid,
I'm rollin' (I'm rollin'), I'm strollin' (I'm strollin'),
And there ain't nothin' in my way to where I'm goin' (strollin' strollin')

Check it, I've been strollin' for a minute now,
Got my own sound, own look, own biz that I lock down,
Got my own shirts that I rock now, got many towns where I touchdown,
Touch many many in the crowd, so loud, voice taught the deaf,
Words breathe hope in the sinners' last breath,
This is a victory anthem, what we got left without us, is a sad situation I guess,
God Bless,
As told by a man Fresh West, I was born in the East, Son railin' the West,
And we don't sprint, we don't race, we don't jet,

We stroll over the track, and that like two vets,
Our truth, nothin' watered down that you're fed,
You get it? We gonna get it this year, then break leg,
Got a cross on my neck,
New fair respect for myself and my eyes, what's next?

Yeah, I wanna thank y'all for tunin' in,
I call this year the Stroll, Welcome

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