

Been done ready to have the last laugh
But where the fuck was any of y'all ass at?
Pity and apologies? Nigga, we past that
You won't hear me ask that, hit me on my CashApp
We finna let the blood flow out the wine glass
We finna let the blood flow out the wine glass
No more selling off our trauma just to eat trash
Or letting you deny the past to swerve the backlash, every day
I've been raising up out the mud
It's because I had to clean up before I work all of you niggas
Get all y'all together, pull the shirt off of you niggas
Taking y'all for all y'all worth, you fucking pilgrims
We've come for our percent
The return on the investment
Don't act like that we ain't met
Nigga, I'm talking reparations, do not try to fucking play me, nigga
Nigga, you ain't no threat
Nigga, you ain't no threat
Nigga, you ain't no threat
Nigga, you ain't no threat
Fuck what any muhfucking nigga said
I said nigga, you ain't no threat
Write the shit backward on your forehead
Look at your reflection and say it one more again

So broke off these loans I'm licking hot sauce off the back of my hand as a snack
The stomach pains feel the same as every panic attack, but I know I shouldn't talk shit about all that
So self-aware, such empathy, trickle-down, indie rock loves trap
White DIY is a fucking dead end path, and y'all can have this bullshit back

Emotional assimilation
Emotional deprivation
The deadest ass depersonalization
And I'm skipping class in social situations
And all these intentions are an intervention for all of that appreciation
The depreciating weight is just drops in the bucket for me
When I can carve my own space from what your bodies will leave like

But when will you look up from your feet as you're crossing the street
Into oncoming traffic just to keep from passing me?
What will you do to validate the space that you take?
Or claim? I, I can't quite relate

Goddamn it, we did it for the culture, just like we did it for the scene
And who we saw most of all was a bunch more niggas talking about, "Well, what about me?"
Get my young nigga Marquis free, and everybody best believe
That I'd take myself off this opening beat and show that though he's a teen,
that nigga better than me, like

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Nigga, you ain't no threat
Say it one more again, like

And from whose hand is he even supposed to wrest an opportunity?
It's not like Stereogum, Fact Mag, or Complex are posting visits up in PICC
And for our own resources, of course, online magazines be forcing us to compete
Meanwhile young nigga could be any-fucking-
where in the state now that he's 18

All while I have in hand the castle's keys
Nigga, rest in peace