

Hear Right

Spose

Look, look
When the dust settles, I'll be here, right
They said they're comin' for my crown
Where are they now? You're the future?
Sorry, I must not have hear right
Those are empty, empty threats
I've been sleepin' good up in my bed
Man, you must not have hear right
I'm the only one, I'm the only one who want it 'round here, right?
I just swerve around, swerve around it

Let me guess, aye, you up next, you the best, why?
Wanna give me props 'cause you know I'm on top
Lead the way, lit the torch on the quest, you
Hungry? Man, that's great, woo, don't believe me, just wait, uh
I seen this one before, bro, don't let the door
Hit you when you see me eatin' all the cake
I'm red like rare steak, I'm special
I sized you up when I met you
You a pop fly, won't catch you
Saw your ceiling where you won't get to
I seen 'em come (seen 'em come)
And watched 'em go (watched 'em go)
When their family members and high school friends
Don't watch the show, they self-implode
And nobody got the work ethic
Everybody's scared to risk it
Even the ones who aren't scared
They're missin' somethin' different
I can't front, I've been scared before
Thought a young buck was gonna take me out
Now he's sniffin' yayo on someone payroll
Fifty cents in one bank account
Blabber 'bout me at the Tabber
But I work by lantern
See, I figured out this pattern
I'm the only one with the answers
So you can rattle swords, drop some bombs, win awards
Hit my throne with some pebbles, but

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They're comin' for him
You, him, and hundred more
Gonna take out Spose, got somethin' for him
Hm, I heard this one before
I know how this ends
You and all your friends
Talk it all the way up

And then fall back down again
Go back to your job
It's that real shit, so you're not involved
You're a little employee tryna come talk to the boss
That's how you get laid off
Gettin' bitter
Twitter fingers at their home
How you feel on stage
That's how I feel alone
I'm the, perennial all-star
I always get recognized in Walmart
From "Gee Willikers" to "All R's"
I pack clubs like a golf cart
Oh, oh, who? You're the new dude?
With the views on the YouTube?
Gettin' loud on the SoundCloud?
Blah, blah, blah blah blah, blah
New heat, check it out now
Pst, bunch of chipmunk bitch chumps go to war with me
The only way to hurt my feelings be if you sold more than me
Ooh, here they come, here they go
My first album, ten years ago
You hope that shit was a miracle
But nah, it was on purpose

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