

# Platinum

Spose

Hey, hey  
I always outwork 'em, they wish I would take a vacay  
I've been grinding for this shit since I was in the eighth grade  
I remember running out of money before pay day  
Okay everybody on the right side of the class  
Say "I can't be stressin' 'bout things I can't control" since I'm ten years old  
I've been tryna go platinum  
Since mister Peliquin had me read my shit up in front the class  
Knew I'd get the plaque platinum

Look I orchestrated this whole shit  
I know you wish I would go quit  
I had this mic in my tentacles since I was ten years old  
Get off my whole dick  
I am a beast, you could be our guest  
Sick of writing checks to the IRS  
I'm self made off rap what's next?  
You should let me go and spit it off on flex 'cause  
I'm 'fraid I might leave it in 500 pieces  
Divided from speakin' 'cause I am a demon  
I'll rhyme and my reason providing my people  
A chance to unwind when they drive in the evening  
My Spotify climb while my checks sublime  
My [?] of time is often high  
Good for you, I'm exercised  
When I'm [?], don't ostracize  
Who's next in line? Huh?  
I ain't leavin' this spot  
I just wanna take it somewhere  
Where we take it to the top  
I just freestyle this part  
'Cause this flow is fucking easy  
I'll be in the state of Maine  
If you motherfuckers need me, yelling

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Okay now all the ghosts of the dead students say  
Everyday has been a quarantine since I was 14  
'Cause I was tryna go platinum  
Now I ain't seen 'em in who knows how long, when I see 'em I tell 'em  
I'm still just tryna go platinum

I just filled my house with plants because I like 'em more than people (Way more)  
I'm living too fast, a digital dash, I take the corners with a speed boost  
Can't live in the past, but isn't it sad? If only you could see you  
I've seen too many split from their soul, I call 'em cheap shoes  
But not me though, hot chicks used to let me copy though  
'Cause they knew my name, but yet I rap like they forgot me though  
I need my dick sucked at my desk while she cookin' gnocchi slow  
And she say "are you free later?" It's a probably no  
Nothing's cheap and just to speak, you'd never find me broke  
I need champagne spraying and a marching band before I start to stand

The definition of persistence is me with my art in hand, bro  
Just keep looking, just keep looking, just keep looking

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Okay everybody on the right side of the class

Say "I can't be stressin' 'bout things I can't control" since I'm ten years old

I've been tryna go platinum