

Bakery

Stalley

Uh, yeah, yeah
Uh, yeah, yeah
Uh, yeah, yeah

You know all my struggles, you know where I come from
Whatever it comes with, just know that I won't run
I'm battlin' demons like I been stuck in the dungeon
You only get one bullet and me, I'm the top gun
Nah, ain't no stoppin' 'til the feds come knockin'
Get the bread, turn this bitch into a bakery
Nah, ain't no stoppin' 'til the feds come knockin'
Get the bread, turn this bitch into a bakery (Correct)

Footin' straight and my traction good
My weed stink when I pack the 'Wood (Pew-wee)
Move with my niggas like a pack of wolves
All white like a pack of doves
City to city in the packed-out bus
This was our dream, they used to laugh at us (They used to laugh at us)
How assumin' it was to think of us as failures
Now it's six-figure deals over emails and cellulars
Can't even reach me on phone unless we talkin' millions
Or ways to make it (Or ways to make it)
'Cause I been jaded off of small talk and conversation
Complacent, how can you be that comin' from a basement? (Never)
I used to want a Grammy, Oscar, and a Naismith
And all the accolades from workin' hard and bein' patient
Then I realized bein' patient wasn't the road to greatness
That was basic thinkin' basically caught in the Matrix
The optics of illusion of success don't fall in your lap
Wasn't sittin' by the phone, I wasn't callin' it back (I wasn't callin' it back)
I was out goin' to get it, I'm just callin' the facts (I'm just callin' the facts)
They said, "Wait your time," I told 'em that time don't go back
I move forward in laps
But the world move so fast it's like my brain is in lapse

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My holy sanctuary is the bank of trust (Bank of trust)
I used count out love used to bank on lust
Bankrupt of emotion, dry eyes, never shed a tear on devotion
And never made a fuss
About pats on the back or my ego gettin' stroked
I know you heard of the black sheep, well, I'm the black goat (I'm the black goat)
The pariah of the pack, the lion in the back
When you king, you ain't never gotta express that you that (That you that)
Your moves show everything you stand for

And everyone knows the difference between a god and a sambo (They do)
God, family, and morals is everything I stand on
Make money, give back, that's everything my brand on
Blue Collar Gang is the handle (BCG)
Every day we in the field just like a bunch of Rambos
I put that Jesus sandals and Jewish candles
Tryna get over these humps like I'm movin' camels
I scramble these words and try to give examples
Of the feelings and thoughts trapped inside of this landfill
I call my mom (I call my mom)
So watch where you step 'cause explosion comes at any time
Isn't it sublime how the mind works? (Sublime how the mind works)
Times fades and days pass, what a design, Earth (What a design, Earth)
Sometimes every minute can feel like a divine curse (Like a divine curse)
Depends on all how you see it
Your legacy will be determined only how you leave it

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