

Lt. Dan

Starlito

I'm nervous (I don't know how to hogtie people)
Can you hear me in the back? (I do)
You gon' be on the song
You on there, huh?
This can't be life, can't get right

I don't mean to overstep, I know you don't want no one's help
You can't just put the music out and think it's gon' promote itself
Workin' overtime ever since my partner died a sudden death
Gotta up the score for sure, I don't know how much time is left
I ain't feared a thing but fear itself ever since my mama's belt
I think I can, I think I can, that's right, I know how time is felt
Trainin' like Alonzo, yep, Mourning, they laid down and slept
This can't be life, I can't get right, it might make Jaylen Brown go left
Prayin' on my yoga mat, now I lay me down to stretch
Meditatin', soul searchin', why haven't you found it yet?
Mm (Impulse control), if it was poker, you supposed to check
Just play the game, don't show your hand, but can't say I got no regrets

Pick yourself up
Oh, start all over again (Man, it's difficult startin' over)
If you wanna win in this modern day (Yeah)
You gotta pick yourself up (Get up)
Get up, start all over again (Yeah, uh)
It's difficult startin' over, that's better than goin' back
I been here before
Ayy, homie, you need some help? (Yeah)

Tried to share my platform with him, give back to the village
I done been shot at like ten times, your raps won't kill me
So passionate, but it's still a hobby, I do that for a livin'
And could care less about a casualty, I crash on civillians
I speak on behalf of the brilliant, you better than this, you knew better
He thought it was beneath me, but now I'm too petty
I just left the post office, let's address some shit, I'll start with a few
letters
F-U, like Eminem song, but this goes for whoever
Such a crazy fan that's so easy to offend
Delusional, such a loser, somewhere thinkin' you can win
The truth is, no one can google you, you're just leakin' it to your friend
Keep reachin' 'til all the ink's outta your pen (Little brother)
To the circle of jerks that just be rappin' to each other
Stop gassin' him, and, no, I ain't mad because you love him
Some of y'all halfway talented, but in the absence of your hustle
I might give a stack away and have a raffle for you suckers
Shut the fuck up

I done told y'all about all this good-
ass rappin' y'all doin', and ain't nobody made a dime, hahaha
You ain't made a dime
Run, you son of a bitch, run
Get up, start all over again
Oh, I'm tellin' you
That's what you better do, well