

# Youtube Type Beats

Sy Ari Da Kid

5:03 in the morning

Everybody in the crib sleep but me

I'm used to that

Yo, I keep quiet 'cause I notice y'all sell noise

I hold my daughter like Logan Paul held Floyd

This grimey industry gon' overcharge, you fell for it

Like damn, they took yo' bag, was you supposed to call a bell boy?

Banks made a classic, I'm just hoping y'all tell Lloyd

Still, I'm steady burning like I'm hopin' y'all tell Roy

Everybody in yo' business

Niggas wildin', bitches trippin' like Chris Rock in Boomerang tryna open y'all mail, boy

Yeah, yeah

Are you not entertained?

Do I really drop my top in the rain?

Do I really purchase coach tickets then try to sneak to first class when I'm on the plane?

Am I still the same?

Like, why would I change?

Deny comforting, smile when it's pain

Guy in the mirror

Still I feel I'm in love with Ivy Rivera

Just bought me a house, had a housewarming

Used to have to turn the oven on to warm up the house, no doubt

Yeah, no doubt

I'm in Houston with Trae, he the truth

Even when he ain't in town, he make sure I stay in the loop

I'm dining in, say my grace on a plate full of food

Crab ass niggas gon' make it feel like a table for two

You too concerned speakin' on who hatin' on you

If nobody hatin' then you ain't do what you said you gon' do

My shit so timeless, I could drop a song recorded ten years ago and fans gon' think that it's new

Yeah, I made this for you, it's true

And the "You" stands for YouTube type beats

And I'm the 2021 new-school Spike Lee

And who knew I'd be

On a new move 'cause you too shiesty

That's facts, them true colors

Ice cold out the island like it's cool runners

Even if you blood, bet he countin' up them blue hundreds

Arms folded, G Herbo freestyle in the "Who Run it"

Who want it? I want it

Do something, yeah

They gon' try to call a draw

We need new judges

Toly my nigga Rick get off that lean, but he don't use crutches

Yeah, that's how you do brothers when you brothers and you love 'em

Yeah, word

Fightin' with my sister got me hurtin'

She crazy I know

The process like ice cream and soda, I'm stayin' afloat

Grandmother died from too much stress and it gave her a stroke

And if that ever happened to my Moms, it might make me explode

Stay on the road, just make sure you payin' your tolls

If not, they'll mail the ticket to you to pay it from home. yeah

And note to all my youngins, don't stay on that phone  
And don't stop growin'  
Even when you start sayin' you grown, yo  
Who are you to avoid to be hated but known?  
You ain't alone, they even hit Jesus' face with a stone  
They ain't gon' miss me 'til I say that I'm gone  
So I'm sayin' I'm gone  
I'm gone