Neon Lights

Taylor Bennett

Mr. Bennett never finished, you can't miss a call
Me and Supa Supa sold out SOB's, New York
Went from Maggie's Palace probably sellin' reggie out the door
Now I'm thinkin' bigger - motion pictures, foreign cars
Chloe, Jordan, photo texting wasn't here before
Now I hit withdraw, when I hit the mall
Homies from the land poppin' Xans, got withdrawals
Clasp my hands in advance 'cause they just can't get off
I've been given second chances
That shit like my motivation
Just found out I'm sick, I got no time for patience
Tired of waitin'
I know destinations, I don't know locations, I know detonation
Call up Supa, he gon' cook the bacon

Run up on me in the 'preme and I might kill an ape
And still rock Bape and still rep gang
And still throw signs while my niggas do the same
Cause the phony shit contagious so I let my phone ring
I don't like to conversate for conversation's sake
No more girls who stay up late
Just baby girl and me
Got real sisters outside
Why lie when my life's neon lights?
Real sisters down to ride, and they gon' ride tonight
She put some bad-bad magic on me
Girl, you throw that bad-bad magic at me
We're not just tryna stack til a nigga can't see
Maybe break your back til the nigga can't breathe
She put some bad-bad magic on me
Girl, you throw that bad-bad magic at me
We're not just tryna stack til a nigga can't see
Or maybe break your back til the nigga can't breathe

I got held down in a spot over some confrontations
No more conversations, if you wanna link then hit my agent
No more weed, I put that down with all my friends that wouldn't make it
All my friends is killers and robbers, some of them couldn't shake it
I relate with shawties, Aretha Franklin and [?]
Hispanic girls with attitudes be them great debaters
My work's a basket, my flow fantastic, this shit's a classic
I bumped the classics that beat the masses
Then preached to masses
I used to roast over roaches until they burned to ashes
And now I'm so far from me, I feel like an open casket
They want the new Taylor Bennett, my posts is post-traumatic
My flow keep goin', you're cul-de-sac and we'll blow ya backward
My clique assassins we're always packin' and never lackin'
I called up Supa for magic, Garçon, you gotta have it
You're bottle cappin', I'm model lappin' with chicks that's athletes
My reach Jurassic, my shoes ain't matchin', they Easter baskets
I got some twins with me, Nina, Marta, and that's the backup
Some real shawties tell lil' shawties to put some racks up
My money longer, ain't done evolvin'
This shit's a classic
My money longer, ain't done evolvin'
This shit's a classic

Tsk, tired of niggas talkin' 'bout "this is the way you got to do it"
And you go to respect this type of person
And you got to listen to that type of person
Fuck all of that shit (uhh)
I'm doing it the way I wanna do it
Look, I'm (Lil' Boat!) tired of these niggas hatin', and tired of promoters flakin'
So pay me in pre-advance
And if I forget them, book again (check)
I'm up, up and away
And I'm so loved by the white people
That they could approach me in the back of a dark alley with a black hoodie (true)
It's as real as it gets (true)
It's as strong as a pit's bit, I mean pit's bite
When she walk around in her black tights
Made my jeans tighter
Made my jeans tighter around the crotch area
It's gettin scary to old heads
'Cause Hip-Hop changing each and every day
And I'm the nigga pickin' out the clothes
I used to sip the fours and I used to fuck every hoe (true)
I still fuck every hoe (true)
I used to plot on the globe (true)
I used to be called a joke (well), I still get called a joke (fuck 'em)
But I'm so rich that my ears they only hear ching-ching
My eyes see bling-bling
And everything in between is out the seams all the time (yeah)
We whoop ass, and then we send a get well card
Then we swipe our black cards
And we don't have backyards (Lil Boat) 'cause we stay on top floors
And we get maids to wipe up all of our marble floors
And we fuck five star, top model class whores
And we still teens, but nigga, we don't do chores

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