

## Outro

Taylor Bennett

Tessy out the garage, static shocking down the E-Way  
Is it what I'm driving or how I'm sliding, I don't know these days  
Text in from my exes like ashes they both smoked  
Made money plays with people you don't know  
It's only one way for niggas die broke  
Prada shades cover my high like blind folds  
I been making way too much money to let go  
Had to learn that's a feeling they don't know

Work out + water mixed some marijuana  
Yoga done turned my BM to Sarah Conner  
But I been loving her since a kid at McDonald's  
I've been having cold ice since winter Chicago

And you know it's a problem when you always the problem  
All the shit that you bought them and it still ain't resolve it  
How they talked down to me that's the shit they've forgotten  
How I bossed up on 'em that's some shit I was plotting  
Ask any of the Gang Bitch I'm really from the projects  
Only difference is logic, I blacked out on all my projects  
Backed out of stacked up garages  
Gang banging, 40s, revolvers  
Shorties thats fade before barbers  
Abandoned raised by the Carters  
Tunechi & Jay like they fathers (Wooo)  
They always late with applauding  
So out the door I'm revolving  
I'm always great with evolving  
To wake and bake in the morning  
Solving substantial problems  
That only a boss could harbor  
Then hitting the streets harder, smarter  
Yesterday I was Michael, tomorrow the Godfather  
I'm just rocking the Prada, the project swag is much harder  
I was raised by the smartest, nigga, fuck some ballers  
I'm talking Scholars and Martyrs  
Presidential relationships with the Family and daughters  
Blame it on how I was brought up  
That I can't go tear the mall up  
Put every dollar in project, projecting me to go harder  
Feel like I'm Jay in the start up  
Picture a nigga soaring  
Take off looking like Jordans  
This EP popping like Michael  
Got you leaning like Eiffel  
Typhos get met with these rifles  
Delightful, repeat this project in cycles  
Buy it on iTunes, if you really fuck with the vision  
Cause I done had it since high school

I've always felt hidden, a mental cell prison  
With no fair witness, where's my decision?  
Sign my petition, always asking for permission  
Either I'm asking for a favor or I'm grasping for attention  
I'm a firm believer every artist should make a difference  
Tell Prince, Michael & Sam Cooke to send down the wish list  
Independently, infiltrating systematic installations

No occasional stargazing with spare change, I'm block-chaining  
No more maintaining, AKA emulating the simulation  
The internet has made it more apparent than ever that control and freedom have  
no correlation or connotations  
I am who They were and We are forever  
We fight, We fall and We fly together  
This tracks has been "Coming of Age" since "1845s American Slave"  
The word is still alive