

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 that's 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 ha
ve 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