

Vertigo, a feeling of dizziness. A swimming in the head
This shit spooky
Creepin' around the corner
Yeah
Michelle, how come every time we argue
It always gotta be about money?
When I was with Steady B, I had it all
Gucci, Louis Vuitton, gold, Liz Claiborne, I had it all
You ain't giving me nothing

Tap water for a basic bitch (Drink up)
Seen the come up looking at me, probably need to get your Lasik fixed
You need to focus better
We own the deeds to the lot
You get evicted, get hit with a thirty-day notice letter
You never catch me slippin' on the slight
Better chance of gettin' struck by lightnin' twice
I'm in a cinnamon-colored vintage smoking spice
Cop a low price (I know people)
Pop wheelies on motorbikes
And get down on one knee, squat and throw the dice
I'm head crackin', dodgin' hail and raindrops in a lead jacket
Victory lap and saw the finish line and sped past it
With flyin' colors, hit the gas and burn the tires rubber
And play a boat for the entire summer
In Portofino, they call me Sergio
Suede slippers cost a thirty ball
Stare too long and get vertigo
This more than any man can see
I organically push a button and open the door up mechanically
Then peel the skin off of a mandarin, get some extra vitamin C
I'm drippy, I'm a Saks Fifth window mannequin
Tried to stencil the manuscript
Impossible, my face is that of an ancient God etched in an amulet
When I go to break down a beat, I dismantle shit

Uh-huh (It's me)
Got the game on a leash like six special kids with helmets on
Tumble out of limos with leopard on
Bring my own homemade food in a Tupperware to the restaurant
And practice various wrestling moves on a leprechaun
Nothin' better you could spend your shekels on
Thug bitches in Peyton Manning jerseys
She took a bump, now she chirpy
And then I had to stop the car 'cause she had to take a dump, mother mercy
Shit, she must've had the turkey
Thug bitches in Peyton Manning jerseys
Uh, lifted F150's
The way I hit the corner, bitches callin' him Ricky
Say "Baklava" three times in the mirror, man, this shit can get tricky
They'll never find you amongst the hickory

Got a sercond? Yeah
Yeah, this body's probably washed out of the Wishing Canyon somewhere
Haha, no
What's this?
Baklava

You see, the universe is like a giant baklava