

# Rent Due

## The Game

Okay, Duke

I'm feelin' a way, I ain't been shy since I went in with Ye  
Fuck a minimum wage, I'm rappin' to pay off my financial aid  
Pardon my ways, it sound like I rap with a part on my fade  
If I even engage, I'm shootin' my shot, goin' out in a blaze  
Move with intention, my nigga  
These niggas, they play with extensions, my niggas  
Got tools, no hammers and wrenches, my nigga  
Go at it like they're in your mentions, my nigga  
It's somethin' like fishes, my nigga  
So pick a side, don't be on fences, my nigga  
We tax 'em and write off expenses, my nigga  
Got bills like I'm one of the Clintons, my nigga  
I'm in it, I'm winnin', a million, feelin' like Finneas the way I need a bid  
dy like Eilish  
I'm in it for all the adrenaline, know I'ma sin again, I'm runnin' through y  
our city, I'm stylish  
I see the vision when I close my eyelids, I know the assignment is down to a  
science  
I'm fly as a pilot, if you down to ride, then stop burnin' the tires

Ask me why I gotta rap like this, it's 'cause the rent due  
Stomach empty, 'bout to put some rappers on the menu  
You don't know the half of the half that I been through  
Nigga, I'm just tryna chase a bag 'cause my—  
Nigga, I'm just tryna chase a bag 'cause my—

Realness in my DNA  
Stackin' these chips like it's Frito-Lays  
I need a ticket, no meter maid  
Runnin' up the score, you can see the play  
Time is money, I ain't free today  
'Cept to ask Nas, "How is 'Ether' made?"  
I'm in the light so I can see the shade  
Niggas insecure like they're Issa Rae, okay  
Takin' it higher than G5s  
And I stay in their head like I read minds  
Any card that I pull don't get declined  
And they're spillin' it all like it's tea time, I'm  
Really no pity and we got it litty, no really, though, should get it on vide  
o  
I feel like Gillie da Philly, that Milli Vanilli, I'm sittin' pretty up with  
a pretty ho  
I got motion, workin' with stars, starrin' in motion pictures  
Only 'cause a nigga flow is vicious and my verses like holy scriptures  
Twist the ignition, ain't out of gas on the road to riches

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Rent's due  
Your rent's due, motherfucker  
And don't be pullin' that fallin'-down-the-stairs shit on me, you hear?

Are you conscious?