

#BadMemory

Token

Cocky son of a semi-automatic (Whaddup)
Your body language is too loud (Shut the fuck up)
So funny would everyone would try and run up
I used to get laughed at for bein' different
Now I get paid for it
That's the come up I guess
They used to yell over me
Now they say it under they breath
You ain't impressin' me
You pressin' your luck
Your luck is depressed
Some of my friends, come for success
Don't even improve, suckers just said
They love me to death
I'll see if that's true (BLAT)
I'm seein' right through you
Demeanin' my new tunes
But streaming my You-Tube
I shake my head and they bet
They ain't hearing my loose screws
Talkin' to myself you'd think
I'm speakin' on Bluetooth
You'll pretend
No skills so you use your ego as your ornament
Such enormous heads that I can orbit them
Spend years lookin' for that key to success
But when they find it they realize that there
Ain't no fuckin' door for them
This is my shit
Hop up in the cockpit
She might wanna hit the tropics
I might take her to Boston
Tell her baby, you know the rappers who act like the shit
And the ones who are the shit?
Well, you've met the hybrid

Goals, rap goals
Who are you? I don't know
Come up like: you had been a friend to me!
You have to remember me!
My bad, #BadMemory
And I ain't changed shit
They just tell me that the numbers change
The competition shall remain nameless
'Cause I forgot their fuckin' names

God dang, they mad at my grind!
I laugh when they whine
Legends turn to Olympic runners
When they pass me the baton
I catch it with pride (yep)
I'm the prime example of making an example out of your prime
Ask about me
But when producers bring a track around me
Tell 'em I don't conversate with people
Who wanna work with me then brag without me
'Cause I ain't satisfied until my dad livin'

Like he cashed a bounty
And my mom can't keep track of house keys
'98 I came out of the box
Thinkin' outside the box
Supply them with the tightest noose like "how can I not?"
I kill 'em, kill 'em and what not
Fuck a God amongst humans
I'm the deicide amongst gods
Must-watch
I spit 'till my tongue drops
And sprint 'till my lungs stop
And live 'till the guns [gunshot]
Rappers on pedestals now
I sit there and just watch
I convince 'em that they're fly
Just so they jump off

That'shit that's goals, rap goals
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I stay at home and don't leave until I innovate
And I come back the second I see 'em imitate
Everyone is competition
I ain't got no friend to make
I ain't spazzin' enough 'till their passion and love
Disintegrate
I don't live by the rules
Kids comin' through to kill all of you
Bing bada boom
Bitch, none of you is exciting (nope)
I hate artists who complicate their lyrics
More than the ones who simplify it
Open your mind
I don't see the grind. (nope)
You control your destiny
When I'm controlling the sky
(When the sky falls down)
Better hope you don't die
I haven't smoked in three years
And you blowin' my high!
They say the grass is always greener on the other side
I'm 'bout to take a fence
I hope they don't take offense
I'm about to change the world
Just to see the change in them
But wait 'till they approach me like "Ah shit, what was your name again?"

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