

# Way Off

Tom MacDonald

Streets and trickey (Streets and trickey)  
Way off  
Way off  
Way off  
Way way way off  
I ain't into making friends  
All the time that I spent by myself gon' pay off  
I hope you don't take offense  
If you mad about a thing  
Y'all should fuck way off  
Yeah

They been fucking wit' each other, they ain't playing wit' me  
Boys that wish that they were brothers ain't related to me  
I'm the motherfucking man, they all babies to me  
I been faded in some places you need paper to be  
I jus' kick 'em out the section like, "Go, go, go!"  
I ain't even stressing like, "Yo, yo, yo!"  
They tryna cause a problem like, "Whoa, whoa, whoa!"  
And the homie come an' solve it on the low, low, low  
I mean, really, they been tripping, that ain't nothing to me  
How they day-one snitching, man, that's something to see  
I go back a generation up the family tree  
Cut it off at the roots, watch 'em fall like leaves  
I just watched a couple strippers take their clothes off  
Then they over at my table like, "I know y'all!"  
I'm like, "I ain't even doubt it, I been so raw"  
Here's my number, I'll ignore it if you hoes call  
Yeah

I've been scheming by myself  
'Cause I don't need no help  
I've been chilling all alone  
I've been living in my zone, yeah

I ain't into making friends  
All the time that I spent by myself gon' pay off  
I hope you don't take offense  
If you mad about a thing  
Y'all should fuck way off  
I'm not tryna make amends  
If you tryna be a man  
Understand and lay off  
When I'm laying down my head  
I got money on my mind  
And y'all gon' stay off

Way way way way off  
(I said "Way off!")  
Way off wit' the drama, boy  
Way way way way off  
(I said "Way off!")  
I'm that motherfucker, you are just a mama's boy  
Way way way way off

(He said "Way off!")  
Way off wit' the drama, boy  
Way way way way off  
I'm that motherfucker, you are just a mama's boy

Me, myself, and I, y'all don't fuck wit' the team  
If you feel like you can, then it's not what it seems  
I'll run up in your crib while your family asleep  
And you'll die in real life, you alive in the dream, though  
Oh, I'm the bro, bro, bro  
If they talking shit, I'll let 'em die slow, slow, slow  
I ain't tired, but you know I'm on a roll, roll, roll  
I'm a diamond and I made it outta coal, coal, coal  
I'm in Compton and a homie got a vest on  
If you living on a prayer, he gon' bless y'all  
Put a cross on your chest, then he press y'all  
Leave you all over the table like a mess hall  
Bunch of people in the north tryna fuck up my night  
And I ain't going back 'n' forth 'cause I know that I'm right  
I've been out in California and I'm living my life  
For real, I tried'a warn ya, but I guess it's alright

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'Cause I don't need no help  
I've been chilling all alone  
I've been living in my zone, yeah

Every finger got a ring, though  
I'm just tryna do my thing, bro  
Smoking weed in the Range Rove'  
Making fun of these lame hoes  
I'mma let the phone ring, bro  
I'mma try to take the king's throne  
Yo, we are not the same, bro  
I'm not in it for the fame, though

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