

Rule Number 1

Toosii

Listen. Do you remember when you were like three years old and you really thought you were Superman?
You used to run around in your underwear, your cape from Halloween
You really thought you were Superman because you tried to fly over my iron and you burned you leg
And then you tried it again a few years later
"Mami, look. I am Superman. Watch!"
And here you come flying over off of my 16th-inch TV on to the couch
Well, I just wanted to sum it up and say I'm so proud of you because you are really a superhero for many
You soar high across the world, changing lives and making so many people proud
And I wanted to tell you, you are my Superman
I love you and as always remember to say your prayers and be safe

The world gets scary and [?] fucking take it
I know that great love takes some patience

Real shit
And we on
TikTok live recording this shit, you hear me
This the rule book
My three rules and shit
Y'all tell me what's y'all three rules

Rule number one, never give a girl your heart
'Cause she gon' take it and break it
Rule number two, youngin' just play your part
When it's time, you gon' make it
Rule number three the most important
If you listen I think it's best that you record this
Put God first and when you leave the house grab your rod first
That's unless you fine with tryna ride hearse
Tote something that cost a semicolon
It's a pause before the notice
I was broke and down ain't think you noticed
Yet somehow I'm floating, coping to ease the pain
Before you ever try to beef with me it's best stay in your lane
Life's wild, but wild is beauty
I smile but truly
I'm down to go catch one 'cause I get down and groovy
Feel me
Hope they don't think that hate what's gon' kill me
Sitting on top the throne where I'll still be

And I say pray for me
They hating please believe it
Don't trip, you know they hated Jesus
And I say, I cry so much my eyes started bleeding
Moment of silence 'cause it's a real nigga grieving

Slowly, slowly but surely
Upgraded my price and making sure you can't afford me
Spinning and get to hitting with nothing less than a forty
No cellphones, black mask, stolo in case you try record me

And I can't sleep without you

I'm talking 'bout that fye
I keep it on me
My love been died
Real shit