

Letter To The City 2

Tory Lanez

Uh, soon as you here this verse, I'm out the record deal
They cheated 12 albums, 4 years, and that's a record still
Head to the sky like Emmet Till off the stepping wheel
And minus all the sex appeal, your boy about to flex for real
Rolls Royce Cullinan, 4 doors 'cause my son in it
I'm driving down the garden to Toronto home city
With 2 tings that I partnered up, playing putter and possum
Then I puff with my girls like Buttercup with a Blossom
Excessive needs for pussy, power, and SUV's
That drop us to the back-door entrances, stress relief
And no less indeed, the shooters is pressing like refugees
And the fee at the entrance way too high just to let 'em free
What can't alarm me is whose crew's finna harm me
My little dudes move like new recruits in the army
And all they see is food, shrimp, scallops, and calamari
I galavant at a Barbie while they gather back at your party, uh
Should let the women I fuck raw an unprotected
Like fuck if you get pregnant, I'll keep it
Keep a secret only in town for a weekend
I'm dating women knowing I'm cheating for foreign reasoning
Fuck y'all niggas throwing y'all beef in
I'm going vegan with Heaven's timing
Shooting and set designing
Then moving like I sold 10 million records in record timing
I did, then I kept on climbing
I started at 90 and ran the plays and private agendas
Tryna get fly but niggas tried and I kindly reject 'em
They ran my name through the mud, but I'm finally respected
This here out of the plan, this more of a God purpose
This here out of my hands, this'll never feel like 2012
Signing to Sean Kingston for clout and advance
I'm still proud of that man, know I fell out from his hand
He didn't do me worse than... and all of his friends
Them niggas out of this world, they came out of the sands
I'm still bout it my mans, thought this shit was mad love
Till I seen my album advance
They took radio from me, I stayed proud of my stance
I kept slapping the world with hits like I powdered my hands
I would've been 10 times bigger if...
Wasn't being bitter and doubted my chance
Threatening to shelf my whole career for 5 years
As if he wasn't taking money from out my advance
I got out by a chance
Them nights was like the Superbowl watching out from the stands
God don't make things happen by chance
And it's some things you gon' have to experience
I'm dapping up the board of office and passing the clearance
He always makes a corny joke 'bout my rapper appearance
Then I do a fake laugh that he catches like pass interference
I fly back into Paris, blunt smoke, ash on my terrace
My competition's just an empty ass class full of chairs
Talking to myself, it's lonely minus the fact that I'm here
I'm tryna see all of my niggas blossom
Mariah selling shows, Coachella her first year
And minus all the times we disagree, I'm still here
Pierre, Papi you're 'bout to be a whole millionaire
Davo coming out the cut with a chick with Sicilian hair

Mansa dropping next month, you niggas should be in fear
Watching Melli do the numbers like she running track and field
Plus we just got Kaash in here
And it's all Umbrella army, I'm full attack mode forreal
New Toronto 3, I'll leave it at that
And ain't nobody fucking with me, folk, I'll keep it at that, yeah
The next move is going fully independent
And any label offer under 100 mil' is just offensive, I promise