

Super Human

Vin Jay

Yeah

I been feeling like a
How can I say it?

I been feeling like a superhuman
Music booming, get a beat then abuse and bruise it
Losers fuming
Got 'em mad, dude's improving
But the truth is you've been
Falling off and that's not my problem
I just play the hand that I was dealt
Hating on me won't get you commas
You should probably focus on yourself
If you want to get paid
Better get on the move when the rent's late
Man I've been broke too till I made them tunes
And I got that loot from the pen game
And I won't go back
Aim and attack anybody in the path who hold me back
I don't bite my tongue I'ma write these facts
Till my hands go numb or my sight go black
All for the fans
All for the folks
All for the ones that never lost hope
Even in the past when I was dead broke
Till I found my way and became the goat
Remain provoked
I got 'em all big mad
Rich off rap I really just did that
Album dropping, brace for the impact
No lobotomy, it'll blow your lid back
Y'all been a mess though
Dirty as menstrual
Cycles, I'll show you how I keep it fresh though
No matter the stress load
Give me the bag and I pull up like presto
Houdini
Move like David Blaine you can't see me
Have y'all disappear from this game and I make it look easy, bitch

I'll stomp you out in my Yeezys, bitch
New god flow, this my bible
So now I lead my disciples
Instead of just following the cycle
I been so ten toes down
They started comparing me to Michael
Jackson, Jordan, Tyson
Either way know I'm coming for the title
'Cause y'all know
I never lose, never in the mood
I don't even gotta think about it or pretend to do it
I ain't even gotta pull it outta me, I inner view it
Know that this not rehearsed
I got a gift that just occurs
Write a hook and universe
They like "How's he so down to earth?"
Lemme show 'em how magic works

Look Expelliarmus
Let's be honest
Y'all shoulda known that we keep it on us
I shoot for the stars and comets
Here for the commas
Not for the comments
Here for alignment like I designed it
Cut from a (cut from a) different cloth and garment
I'm a fire emoji, I'm a Scotch bonnet
I'm a flame thrower, I'm a lost pilot
Running out of mileage
I'ma break the silence with a head on collision
I don't fly by it, I abide by it
If I'm not top 5, I'ma die tryin'
I'ma highlight it and fight to climb it
Look up, the son has risen bitch
'Cause when I'm in the building
They in they feelings

Wait stop it
Pay homage
To the best sound out since Chronic
From the beats, to the pen, to the pockets
Ain't nobody out now this poppin'
And they're not artists
They're not starving
They just left throne here unguarded
So don't fuck around and get me started
This ain't your market
I marked my target
Living the dream
Tripled the money and doubled the streams
Started with fans, they turned into fiends
Look at the numbers you know what I mean
Look at the scene, I shoot at the screen
Look at my blood, this shit in my genes
Usually nothing's ever what it seems
But lookin' at me you gotta believe
I been copping a new yacht with a view
Ain't no wonder why the god damn kid so wavy
Locked in the booth, dropping a few platinum records this year
Vin about to go crazy
I been the truth, I been the proof
Ain't no wonder why they been hating lately
I been aloof to how I don't lose
Winning feels amazing, baby
I just elevate a craft
Hella way to rap
Yeah, I can blow the bag
And then make it back
Y'all ain't never made rack
Celebrate a plaque
Yeah or never did anything to compare to that
Y'all going down like muthafuckin' elevator shaft
I'm rising up to this day
I can air it out like a muthafuckin' Darth Vader mask
And destroy everything in my way, bitch