

We celebrating tonight, yup
We celebrating tonight, what for
Life, cause we made it this far
It was late nights all the advice that I took to my heart
Mics that I tore apart on tour
I might just pour this whole bottle on the floor
For the ones that took flight, Jesus Christ
The ones I can't call up anymore
They used to call me W-I-K-I
Huddled in my lair
In trouble out there
Beat it on the double, player
Don't want a bubble not Moncler, more subtle
I'll help you up, reach out, my arm here
We on the roof in some lawn chairs, sippin brews
Feelin right at home like mom's there
But it's just me and my bro no contraire
Uhh, uncontested, look
Everything come second to the homies
No b, you don't gotta question if they know me
Low key, if they with me they my brodie
You'll just get me when you get me, nah
You don't gotta owe me
I break up when you roll weed
I got your back, you my day one
Even if you younger than me, you my OG
Six pack, three for you, three for me
They call me...

W-I-K-I
Huddled in my lair
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I'll help you up, reach out, my arm here