

Roof

Wiki

My roof is my favorite
My only kind of entertainment
My own private vacation
Hyper when the light graced him
From the sun when he waited with the right patience
I'm writing and I'm pacing
Looking at the cityscape, is it a simulation?
In the middle of the city in isolation
Some see it solely for the taking
See the only course to take and make it better 'fore I'm gone and wasted
Didn't play GTA, up the block and in the park where I was playing
At the monument where I was skating
Spitting the hardest shit at every party's how I made my way in
Don't be all high and mighty, ighty? Watch what you saying
I've been high and wildin', since a baby, I was faded (Gone)
Living in the Big Apple, isn't it amazing?
But it doesn't matter, nothing in this city's sacred (Nah)
I'm not gonna hate it, I'll tolerate it (I'll tolerate it)
But just know I'm the one that gotta save it
Do I wanna travel or remain with the same view from this roof that stays the
same but always changes?
I see a million faces beneath me racing
I'm just chasing the bag with my pen to the pad
Got the Benjamins off unemployment, hope it'll last
Do I really want shows to come back? I don't know
That's the only time I feel real, the times when I rap
Otherwise, need to get me this cash
I do not know, I'm stuck in a bind
No matter what I do, feel like I'm getting fucked from behind
I'm out of luck, out of time
I struck gold, cup overflowing with wine
At the function, we dine
But then everything fluctuates, you shrug and you sigh
Thinking all the dumb shit that you tried when you was fried
I even turned my roof to a church, pray for him
I even jerked off up there, should've gave warning
I stayed watching porn since the day I was born
Even done more, worse, I paid for it
I need to be scorned by the lord
Four Hail Marys, hopefully I'll get saved for it
When I feel my head, shit, I feel horns
I hope that they wasn't made for him
I hope it's just a bump on the head from the times I bumped a mic on my head
when I was touring
Back on my roof and ain't shit boring
My fit kicks Jordans with a Mets lid on 'em
Been wet since a jit, the kid had shit sorted
Last miss dipped on 'em, but now my chick foreign
Smoking illegal legally
Taking in the scenery, you seeing me?
Gotta walk six floors in order to court him
I sorta, for the summer, turned my roof into my private quarters (Just for t
he summer)
Cyphing quarters
While the landlord records us, but ignores us
Let's me be, let's me breathe, it's better for him
When the breeze hits (Uh) and the weather's gorgeous (Okay)

You know where I'll be, atop my fortress (Yup)
You ain't gotta see it, you can hear the portrait (You can hear it)
Can't stop, peering over, watching the ants walk from my rooftop, feeling enormous
And then the wind hits, filling me with endorphins
Uh
And now I know what's really important