

It's getting colder  
Hoodie over my head  
Still sober by the wind  
It hit me when I hit the corner bend of the ave  
Sun hit me on my back and my shoulders  
Worn but I'm torn, why you torn?  
'Cause the shade on the ave [?]  
And my mother would be mad (She'd be pissed)  
That I'm chilling in this weather without a hat  
So I walk on the sunny side up  
I'm on broadway, all I see money signs up  
That's how it all translates  
Here and now I mandate  
Y'all can't eat up off my damn plate  
With a can of them yams straight  
Tired of tryna fuel the fires of the fan base  
Sucking up your industry [?] damn rate  
As long as me and the fam straight  
Come on, let's see what me and the fam make  
Death to those who can't get the damn plan straight  
Put you back in your damn place  
Scram, [?] told you for your damn sake, it can't wait  
It's funny how fate work

Sometimes them plays hurt  
Yeah, but sometimes them plays work  
Keep at 'em, stay perked up  
Even after a day's work  
They say you don't work  
All you do is say "Yerp"  
But these days I won't say nerp... til I get paid first  
Pay back for the way they played Pat  
Flaked on me when I played [?] late verse  
On the list, dipped out, came just to show face, first  
Y'all fake, y'all sicken me  
Need [?] to feel you as lit as me  
But don't even sit with me, rock with me  
Smoke with me, hit the reef  
Take a pic with me, fictitiously

[?] you was lit with me  
In the shits with me, you shittin' me?

This guy was hung out to dry