

I'll win this game this time
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They ask the same questions
"When you gonna get back with Des'n?
Ratking album, will there be a next one?"
Try and test him, feel the pressure
You know it well enough
No, we ain't well enough to stress it
Detention reach heat senses
It's released with each measure
That's a music word
See, I'm musical but not a music nerd
Don't know how to use the terms
Lot of cats confused and concerned, like
Wik, why you doing the third?
Y'all just wanna see what y'all seen first, but
Y'all ain't put your feet on my perch
Haven't seen what I seen, haven't been through the works
Like a motherfucking sandwich
Everything they threw at me I handled right
These days it's salmon, candlelight
Baby looking camera right, ready
Brand new like Betty
I'ma move steady while y'all move petty
Y'all still going through the rudimentary
I just put you on and you rude already?
Since day one it's been the real Wik'
You can hate some but you gotta feel this

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They askin' bout tour dates
They ask me to show more face
"Your name Wiki, how I'ma find you on that Explore page?
How you got that Wiki flag on that Dior cape?"
Huh, watch the Dior absorb paint
But you don't see my ass up on the fourth page
Got the cover, I ain't wore it in poor taste
'Fore that, only fashion I wore was North Face
Catch a wave but what happen when the shore breaks?
Hardly known, now you catchin' a court case?
I'm Smarty Jones at the horse race
Look, you gotta find that horse pace
Wait, last lap, go to first from fourth place
Can't force fate, can't stop the inevitable
Can't look back on the regrettable
Will the label hear more than what is sellable?
I hold it down for every syllable that I'm selling you
I'm telling you, I'm pitiful if not compelling you
But if I ain't lyrical you ain't well enthused
How I feel on that day, I'ma let it loose
Whether we rocking, breaking beats, or it's been a ruse